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RING W. LARDNER — KENNETH L. ROBERTS — WILLIAM T. ELLIS
KENNETT HARRIS — GEORGE WESTON — HELEN TOPPING MILLER

"WELL, YOU'RE HELPING SOME!"

Painted by G. J. Perrett for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name

—what really got him up in the world

BIG BEN is the kind of fellow you don't need to tell twice. You wind and set him and then forget it. The job's as good as done. He'll wake you on the dot.

Big Ben calls two ways—one long, steady ring or, if you like, he'll coax you out of the blankets with intermittent half-minute calls—the way mother used to get you up on those cold mornings when you wished the blamed old schoolhouse would burn down.

Now, the reason he does these jobs so well is inside the case—his Westclox construction. All clocks that bear Big Ben's family name are faithful timekeepers and good alarms. The word, Westclox, on the dial and orange-buff tag is a pledge of that.

So why shouldn't Big Ben be proud of this family name? It stands for Westclox construction. And *that* is really what got him up in the world.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.

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CREDITS FOR EXPORT

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

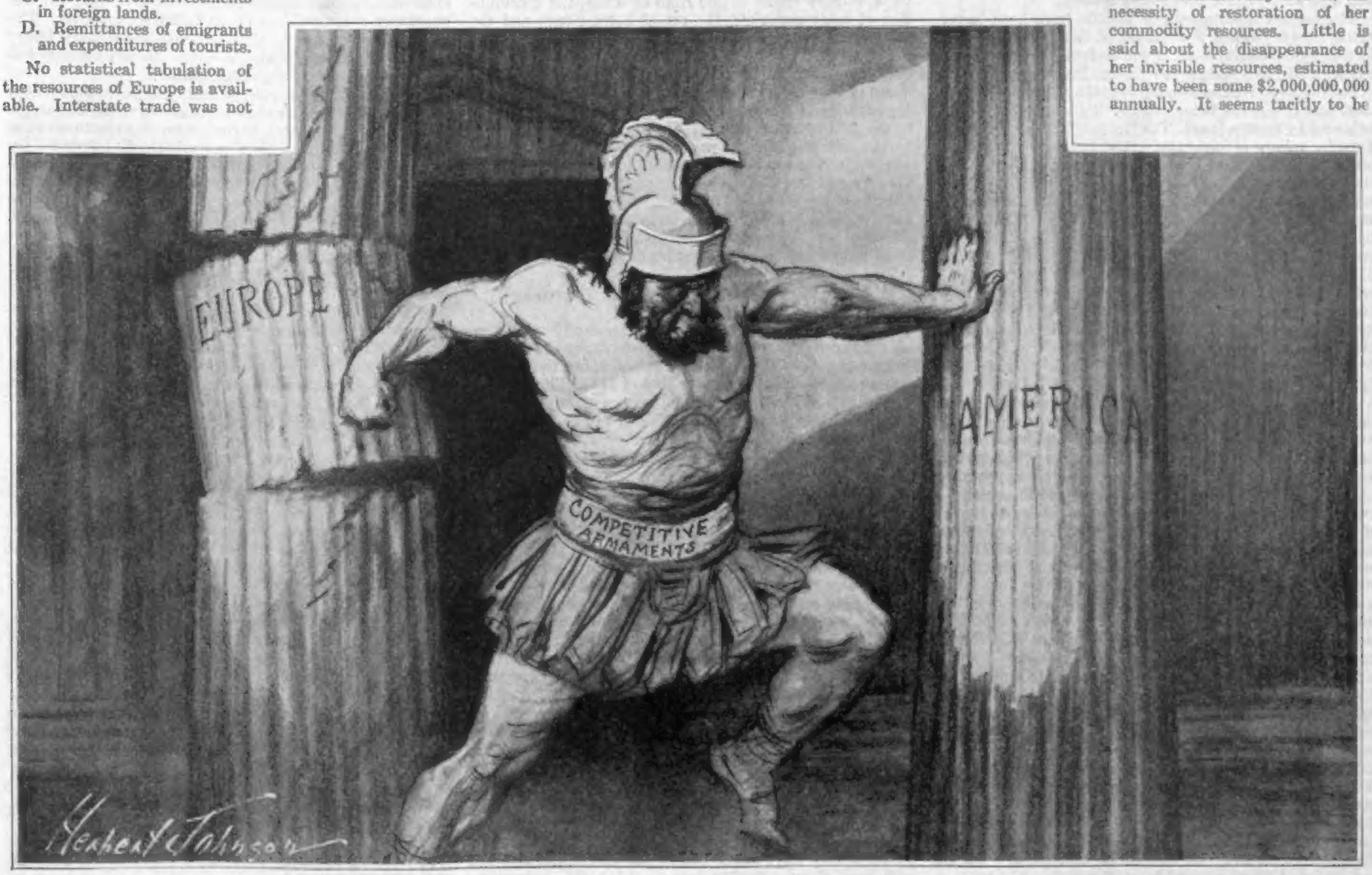
THE Economic Conference in Brussels has focused attention upon the industrial and fiscal problems of Continental Europe. Each nation there represented announced budget, income, expenditure, taxation, import, export, gold reserve and note circulation. In the sessions of the League of Nations in Geneva and at the more recent Brussels conference the European need of credits and raw materials was again discussed. The most recent meetings of the Reparations Commission were devoted to raw materials, about which the capacity for payments by Germany revolves.

In the Western Hemisphere producers clamor for governmental credits to enable Europe to purchase the stagnating surplus of commodities. The politicians represent commodity credits as solving all difficulties, as though the processes from raw materials to bills of foreign exchange were automatic. Europe faces to-day an unfunded balance of commercial accounts to this country of more than $3,500,000,000. She is also increasing her unfunded debt to the rest of the world. The materials represented in these purchases have made little showing in her exports. The ratio of finished exports to raw imports is low. Clearly the purchasing power of Europe's workmen is falling and unemployment is increasing throughout Europe. In order to form an estimate of the purchasing capacity of Europe with respect to her need of foods, feeds and raw materials it is necessary to analyze prewar conditions. One must analyze the mechanics as well as the economics of European export trade. Under Europe is understood Europe outside of Russia. The total resources of Europe were grouped under four headings:

A. Balance of trade of commodities, excess of exports over imports.
B. Services rendered by Europeans abroad.
C. Returns from investments in foreign lands.
D. Remittances of emigrants and expenditures of tourists.

No statistical tabulation of the resources of Europe is available. Interstate trade was not clearly segregated in the statistics of the several countries. Services, foreign investment returns, remittances of emigrants and expenditures of tourists were not matters of accurate record. It will facilitate the discussion to term A as commodity resources, and the sum of B, C and D as invisible resources. We may also designate A as visible exports and the sum of B, C and D as invisible exports.

The commodity resources of a year represented in general terms the work of that year. The invisible resources of the year represented largely the earnings of accumulated savings. With each year since 1900 the importance of the invisible resources has become more and more prominent. As the standard of living rose the commodity resources proved less and less able to pay for the requirements of the Continent, and the invisible resources took over each year an increasing share of the burden. In the years directly preceding the war the sum of the commodity resources and invisible resources of Europe was still considerably larger than the cost of living. But it is clear that had the standard of living continued to rise as it had been rising during the previous fifteen years, within a few years the cost of living would have equaled the sum of commodity resources and invisible resources. In other words, Europe was expanding her consumption faster than her production. Had the World War not intervened Europe might ere long have reached the day when to make both ends meet she would have been compelled either to increase her production at home, augment her earnings abroad or reduce her standard of living. The inevitable result of the war was the acceleration of the coming of that evil day. Europe is to-day limited in purchase of foreign commodities because of excessive purchases during the war. In current discussions on the reconstruction of Europe stress is continuously laid on the necessity of restoration of her commodity resources. Little is said about the disappearance of her invisible resources, estimated to have been some $2,000,000,000 annually. It seems tacitly to be



America Next?

taken for granted that if the commodity resources of Europe could be rapidly restored the reconstruction of the Continent would be accomplished, after a fashion at least. This is an assumption. If the commodity resources of Europe before the war did not support her standard of living, one cannot expect them to do it now. If Europe to-day produced and consumed as she did before the war she would face an enormous annual deficit. If we picture to ourselves the wiping out of the invisible resources of the Continent—the savings of generations—without the occurrence of war and with retention of the full productive powers of the prewar period, it is obvious that one year's standard of living on the prewar plane would have resulted in demoralization of exchange values.

Could Europe reduce her standard of living to the plane of her prewar commodity resources? Assuming the restoration of commodity resources, the immediate problem of Europe would be such reduction in the standard of living as would bring the cost down to the figure for commodity resources, or such increase in the production of commodities as to bring the figure up to the standard of living. It is useless to assume an imminent increase in the productivity of Europe. The best that could be hoped for would be the restoration of prewar productivity. If this were accomplished, could Europe so reduce her standard of living as to subsist upon her commodity resources alone? The situation of Europe may be compared with that of a New Englander living on a half exhausted farm and partly supported by the savings of his forbears, who suddenly has the savings wiped out. Can the work of Europeans in Europe earn her food and clothing? Is Europe in position to stand a decade of tariff wars and cutthroat competition?

Invisible Resources

JUST as writers do not adequately evaluate the volume of the prewar invisible resources of Europe, so the extent of the destruction of these resources by the war is not fully appreciated. The chief of European services were shipping and insurance. The prewar tonnage of the world has been more than restored, although it is less efficient than before the war. But Europe's share of the world tonnage has been greatly reduced. It is approximately correct to state that a volume of ship tonnage equal to that destroyed by the submarine, plus that taken from the Central Powers, has been transferred to countries outside of Europe. This deflection of ownership represents a heavy reduction in the income of Europe derived from services. Shipping returns and insurance profits have fallen heavily.

The foreign investments of Europe have been largely extinguished. When liquidation of German property in foreign lands is completed, it will be found that Germany, France and Italy possess few foreign investments. Those of Scandinavia, Holland—outside of the colonies—Switzerland and Spain are being rapidly liquidated by sales or balanced by foreign loans. The United Kingdom holds still a goodly volume of foreign investments, possibly four to five billion dollars, exclusive of government war loans. England appreciates fully the value of invisible resources, and is buying the foreign securities of Continental holders, even at the cost of depreciation of sterling. Against these stand her debts to the United States, though she is still a net creditor to the world.

When one considers the state of affairs in Russia, it is safe to infer that for the period of the next decade, at least, the invisible resources of Europe derived from foreign investments cannot be more than one-sixth to one-quarter the figure of the prewar period. The British returns from foreign investments cannot be spread over the Continent.

Remittances of emigrants fell to an almost negligible figure during the war, and recovery to prewar volume will not be soon attained. There is little certainty that during the next five or ten years foreign tourists will expend in Europe anything like the outlays of the prewar years.

The relation of imports to visible and invisible resources can be strikingly illustrated in individual countries, though it cannot be tabulated for the Continent. Let Germany and Italy be cited in illustration. In Germany, in 1913, the negative balance of trade resulted in a deficit of 660,000,000 marks. The invisible resources of Germany during this year were nearly 2,000,000,000 marks. In Italy the balance of imports over exports in 1913 was 1,134,000,000 lire. Remittances of emigrants were about 500,000,000 lire. Though a figure for other invisible resources does not exist, it is clear that they sufficed to pay this difference, since the normal exchange was maintained. How is one to visualize the Germany and Italy of 1913 if their invisible resources had not been available?

When R. W. Boyden, the unofficial American representative at the financial conference at Spa, remarked that Europe could not be considered a good risk he did not refer to her immediate situation of distress. He referred to the fundamental fact that a lending Continent cannot suddenly become a borrowing Continent—borrowing and lending are results, not causes, of conditions. Do the resources of Europe, outside of Russia, enable her economically to function as a borrower?

A study of the present condition of commodity resources of Europe resolves itself into an analysis of the indispensable factors of production. It has become almost platitudinous to say that Europe needs coal, transportation, the ambition of the *entrepreneur*, the will-to-work spirit of the laborer, raw materials and banking credits. It is equally true that production in Europe cannot be reëstablished until the liabilities of Germany to the nations of the Entente are fixed and the modes of payment established. The indemnities and depreciation of exchange are the direct expressions of the wastage of war. But equal emphasis is not laid upon the fact that Europe also needs markets. If markets are not available the possession of the other factors of production means opportunity rather than achievement. If Europe retains her old markets she occupies the situation of a going concern; if not, of a new business. And there is a profound difference between the two. In order to visualize the situation in the markets of the world and the transformations wrought by the war, let the earth be divided into four parts:

Europe outside of Russia.

Russia.

North America.

The rest of the countries, which we will call Other-World.

Russia can be disregarded in the contemplation of present problems. Her markets are for the time nonexistent, and her supplies also. But the future meaning of Russia to Europe can scarcely be overestimated.

It is necessary to include a consideration of the markets of the world because it is imperative that Europe export a large fraction of her industrial production. Viewed from the standpoint of the recovery of the Continent, there is little profit in discussing the industries that work for domestic consumption. The operation of industries for production of commodities for export will be futile if markets are not available.

How available to-day are the markets that before the war were the markets of Europe? What is the demand of the world for the commodities that Europe produces? To what extent have the manufacturing capacities of countries outside of Europe been developed during the last six years? Before the war Europe possessed what amounted to monopolies. Have they been retained?

To illustrate increase in capacity and output of manufactured goods we should not point to price totals, since that would lead to gross exaggeration. The volume of capital expansion in plants, the output of commodity units, railway traffic to and from factories, the consumption of basic materials, the use of horse power and the number of wage earners employed in manufacturing plants afford a reliable measure of increase in capacity and output of manufactured commodities. Conservative students of the subject estimate the increase in manufacturing capacity in North America and Other-World as fifteen to twenty per cent in excess of the expansion to correspond to the augmentation of population. The industries expanded by war are being metamorphosed into production plants for export trade. While Europe was engaged in war the rest of the world was occupied with developments that have resulted in emancipation from European commercial domination. Three large groups of industries may be cited in illustration—iron, textiles and chemicals.

The Situation of Steel and Textiles

THE iron and steel plants of the countries of Europe were expanded during the war. The destruction in Northern France and Belgium must be subtracted, but the result is still an increased capacity over that of 1913. The iron and steel plants of North America have been greatly enlarged, those of Other-World slightly. The sale of European iron goods in the world at large will therefore encounter a different competition from what it had before the war. We are producing more objects of iron and steel of the kind that we produced before the war; we are turning out better articles; we will do it more efficiently and cheaply when the period of price deflation is past; and we are manufacturing goods that we did not make at all before the war. Germany and England possessed respectively monopolies in certain manufactures of iron before the war. These have been lost. Before the war Germany imported thirty per cent of her iron ore; now she must import sixty-five. This will certainly make a difference in volume as well as in balance of trade. Before the war German iron occupied one-sixth of her industrial workers, supported one-tenth of her population and paid for one-sixth of her basic imports.

The iron requirements of the civilian world are increased as the consequence of depletion during the war. Assuming normal conditions of production and trade, it seems certain that the total world output of iron is equal to the normal demand, plus the amounts required to repair depletion. Later on, unless new markets are developed, the iron and steel plants of Europe will encounter international competition they have never before had to endure, and she will have great difficulty in recovering the commodity resources that before the war were derived from iron.

The textile equipments of the United Kingdom and Italy were augmented during the war; those of France, Belgium and Poland suffered deterioration; those of the other countries of Europe have probably remained stationary. No careful count of spindles and looms is available for 1920. But it is the judgment of competent men in the industry that the textile equipment and output capacity of the Continent have not been increased. Considerable of the equipment is idle. The textile equipment and output capacity of North America have been definitely increased, and notable additions have been made in Other-World, in South America, Japan and India. A serious depletion in cloth exists in Europe. No serious textile depletion exists outside of Europe. The world demand for textiles of European fabrication is not increased over 1913, and the competition of North America, Japan and India has greatly increased. Manchester and Chemnitz will feel competition they have never before experienced in the markets of the world. With warehouses bulging with wool, manufacture and export of woolen goods languishes in Great Britain. Would conditions in the cotton business there be any better if Great Britain could fill warehouses with cotton on credit?

Markets Taken From Victors and Vanquished

THE manufacture of chemicals was greatly expanded during the war, in Europe, North America and to some extent in Japan. Before the war we imported practically all of our alkali and cyanide. Now we can cover our own requirements and are able to enter the export trade. Before the war England used German cyanide; now she exports cyanide to mines in every continent. Before the war we were almost totally dependent on Germany, and Great Britain largely so, for coal-tar derivatives, including aniline dyes. During the past two years we have covered our requirements with domestic products, and are developing an export trade, though tariff protection will be required to maintain many lines of manufacture. The same is true of the United Kingdom.

Our present capacity for the manufacture of sulphuric acid is more than double what it was in 1913, a point of great importance, since sulphuric acid is a basic factor in many industries. Chemicals were in a peculiar sense a German industry before the war, although in terms of currency her export of chemicals was much smaller than that of iron and steel. German commercial leadership in chemicals has ceased to exist, and from now on German chemicals, syndicated though the industries may be, will encounter a competition never before experienced. The world requirements in chemicals are appreciably larger than before the war, but the world productive capacity has increased more than the visible demand.

Assuming now that Europe had for a year food enough for a normal ration, an abundance of raw materials, ample fuel, adequate transport, as competent organization and as diligent labor as before the war, could she find a market for the same volume of commodities that she exported before the war? Probably not. In the logic of human events, new industrial plants created during the war outside of Europe are not going to be scrapped in order to hand the markets back to European manufacturers.

India has expanded in the manufacture of yarn and cloth. Will she return to the prewar status and hand the trade back to Manchester? We have erected new plants for the manufacture of chemicals and dyes. Shall we close these plants and retire, in order that the German Aniline Syndicate may regain the trade?

Are the gold miners of the world to be advised that the new cyanide plants outside of Germany are to be closed in order that the German cyanide monopoly may be restored?

Will Cuba restore to Germany her sugar markets?

Before the war laboratory glass used in this country came almost exclusively from Germany. After a hard struggle our glassmakers have learned how to cover our requirements. Are American universities now to taboo American glass in order that Europe may resume her prewar volume of export of commodities?

Are all new makers of competitive commodities elsewhere in the world to enter into an undertaking to withdraw from competition with European products? In a word, are the developments in industrial plants, organizations and efficiencies accomplished during the war in countries outside of Europe to be abandoned in order that Europe may recover her prewar commodity resources?

As a practical proposition it is indefinable; and yet that is exactly what must happen if Europe is promptly to recover her prewar commodity resources. There is little difference between asking the world to relinquish markets to Europe and requesting the return of foreign securities sold by Europe. The Entente says to us: "You who have saved us have also taken our markets."

The Central Powers take up the refrain: "You who made our defeat inevitable have also taken our markets."

In this sense one should not speak of taking a market. But certainly the Europeans cannot recover them except through efficiency.

(Continued on Page 53)

ONLY ONE

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I GUESS I already told you about my sister-in-law, Kate, getting in bad with Lady Perkins out to the Decker Hotel on Long Island. Kate was standing behind Perk's chair in a bridge whist game and spilled what her ladyship had in her hand, right in the middle of the bidding. The game was for real sugar and Katie's gab must of kicked Perk's profits for a gool from field. Anyway, to hear what the Lady told her, you wouldn't of never thought that us and England was supposed to be Brother Moose.

Even before this come we hadn't went very big amongst the high mucky mucks that lived in the hotel, and when the other guests seen Perk shake us off, it certainly didn't start no stampede down our alley. We was all ready to call it a day and move back to Town. My Mrs. said the joint wasn't big enough to hold both she and Perkins.

"She treats us like garbage," says the Mrs., "and if I stay here much longer I'll forget myself and do her nose in a braid."

But Perk left first and saved us the trouble. Her husband was down in Texas looking after some oil gag and he wired her a telegram one day to come and join him as it looked like he would have to stay there all summer. If I'd of been him I'd of figured that Texas was a sweet enough summer resort without adding your wife to it.

We was out on the porch when her ladyship and two dogs shoved off.

"Three of a kind," said the Mrs.

And she stuck her tongue out at Perk and felt like that made it all even. A woman won't stop at nothing to revenge insults. I've saw them stagger home in a new pair of 3 double A shoes because some fresh clerk told them the 7 Ds they tried on was too small. So anyway we decided to stay on at the Decker and the two gals prettied themselfs up every night for dinner in the hopes that somebody besides the headwaiter would look at them twice, but we attracted about as much attention as a dirty finger nail in the third grade.

That is, up till Herbert Daley come on the scene.

He Was About Kate's Height, and Take Away His Adam's Apple and You Could Mail Him to Duluth for Six Cents

II

HIM and Katie spotted each other at the same time. It was the night he come to the Decker. We was pretty near through dinner when the headwaiter showed him to a table a little ways from us. The majority of the guests out there belongs to the silly sex and a new man is always a riot, even with the married ones. But Daley would of knocked them dead anywheres. He looked like he was born and raised in Shubert's chorus and the minute he danced in all the women folks forgot the feed bag and feasted their eyes on him. As for Daley, after he'd glanced at the bill of fare, he let his peepers roll over towards our table and then they quit rolling. A cold stare from Kate might have scared him off, but if they was ever a gal with "Welcome" embroidered on her pan, she's it.

It was all as I could do to tear Ella and Sis from the dining room, though they was usually in a hurry to romp out to the summer parlor and enjoy a few snubs. I'd just as soon of set one place as another, only for the waitress, who couldn't quit till we did and she generally always had a date with the big ski jumper the hotel hires to destroy trunks.

Well, we went out and listened a wile to the orchestra, which had bought a lot of new jazz from the Prince of Pilsen, and we waited for the new dude to show up, but he didn't, and finally I went in to the desk to buy a couple of cigars and there he was, talking to Wurz, the manager. Wurz introduced us and after we'd shook hands Daley excused himself and said he was going upstairs to write a letter. Then Wurz told me he was Daley the horseman.

"He's just came up from the South," says Wurz. "He's going to be with us till the meetings is over at Jamaica and Belmont. He's got a whale of a stable and he expects to clean up round New York with Only One, which he claims can beat any horse in the world outside of Man o' War. They's some other good ones in the bunch, too, and he says he'll tell me when he's going to bet on them. I don't only bet once in a long wile and then never more than $25 at a crack, but I'll take this baby's tips as often as he comes through with them. I guess a man won't make no mistake following a bird that bets five and ten thousand at a clip, though of course it don't mean much to him if he win or lose. He's dirty with it."

I asked Wurz if Daley was married and he said no.

"And listen," he says: "It looks like your little sister-in-law had hit him for a couple of bases. He described where she was setting in the dining room and asked who she was."

"Yes," I said, "I noticed he was admiring somebody at our table, but I thought maybe it was me."

"He didn't mention you," says Wurz, "only to make sure you wasn't Miss Kate's husband."

"If he was smart he'd know that without asking," I said. "If she was my wife I'd be wearing weeds."

I went back to the gals and told them I'd met the guy. They was all steamed up.

"Who is he?" says Kate.

"His name is Herbert Daley," I told her. "He's got a stable over to Jamaica."

"A stable!" says Ella, dropping her jaw. "A man couldn't dress like he and run a livery."

So I had to explain that he didn't run no livery, but owned a string of race horses.

"How thrilling!" says Katie. "I love races! I went to the Grand Circuit once, the time I was in Columbus."

"These is different," I says. "These is thurlbreds."

"So was they thurlbreds!" she says. "You always think a thing can't be no good if you wasn't there."

I let her win that one.

"We must find out when the race is and go," said the Mrs.

"They's six of them every day," I said, "but it costs about five smackers apiece to get in, to say nothing about what you lose betting."

"Betting!" says Katie. "I just love to bet and I never lose. Don't you remember the bet I made with Sammy Pass on the baseball that time? I took him for a five-pound box of candy. I just felt that Cincinnati was going to win."

"So did the White Sox," I says. "But if you bet with the boys over to Jamaica, the only candy they'll take you for is an all-day sucker."

"What did Mr. Daley have to say?" asked Ella.

"He had to say he was pleased to meet me," I told her. "He proved it by chasing upstairs to write a letter."

"Probably to his wife," said Kate.

"No," I said. "Wurz tells me he ain't got no wife. But he's got plenty of jack, so Wurz says."

"Well, Sis," says the Mrs., "that's no objection to him, is it?"

"Don't be silly!" said Katy. "He wouldn't look at me."

"I guess not!" I says. "He was so busy doing it in the dining room that half his soup never got past his chin. And listen: I don't like to get you excited, but Wurz told me he asked who you was."

"O Sis!" said the Mrs. "It looks like a Romance."

"Wurz didn't say nothing about a Romance," said I. "He may be interested like the rubes you see staring with their mouth open at Ringling's 'Strange People.'"

"Oh, you can't tease Sis like that," said Ella. "She's as pretty as a picture to-night and nobody could blame a man from admiring her."

"Especially when we don't know nothing about him," I says. "He may be a snow-eater or his upstairs rooms is unfurnished or something."

"Well," says Ella, "if he shows up again tonight, don't you forget to introduce us."

"Better not be in no hurry," I said.

"Why not?" said Ella. "If him and Sis likes each other's looks, why, the sooner they get acquainted, it won't hurt nothing."

"I don't know," I says. "I've noticed that most of the birds you chose for a brother-in-law only stayed in the family as long as they was strangers."

"Nobody said nothing about Mr. Daley as a brother-in-law," says Ella.

"Oh!" I said. "Then I suppose you want Katie to meet him so as she can land a hostler's job."

Well, in about a half hour, the gals got their wish and Daley showed up. I didn't have to pull no strategy to land him. He headed right to where we was setting like him and I was old pals. I made the introductions and he drawed up a chair and parked. The rest of the guests stared at us goggle-eyed.

"Some hotel!" says Daley.

"We like it," says the Mrs. "They's so many nice people lives here."

"We know by hearsay," I said, but she stepped on my foot.

"It's handy for me," said Daley. "I have a few horses over to the Jamaica race track and it's a whole lot easier to come here than go in Town every night."

"Do you attend the races every day?" says Katie.

"Sure," he says. "It's my business. And they's very few afternoons when one of my nags ain't entered."

"My! You must have a lot of them!" said Kate.

"Not many," says Daley. "About a hundred. And I only shipped thirty."

"Imagine!" said Kate.

"The Army's got that many," I says.

"The Army ain't got none like mine," says Daley. "I guess they wished they had of had. I'd of been glad to of helped them out, too, if they'd asked me."

"That's why I didn't enlist," I said. "Pershing never even suggested it."

"Oh, I done my bit all right," says Daley. "Two hundred thousand in Liberty Bonds is all."

"Just like throwing it away!" I says.

"Two hundred thousand!" says Ella. "And you've still got money left?"

She said this in a joking way, but she kept the receiver to her ear.

"I ain't broke yet," says Daley, "and I don't expect to be."

"You don't half know this hotel," I says.

"The Decker does charge good prices," said Daley, "but still and all, a person is willing to pay big for the opportunity of meeting young ladies like the present company."

"O Mr. Daley!" said Kate. "I'm afraid you're a flatter."

"I bet he makes them pretty speeches to every woman he meets," says Ella.

"I haven't met none before who I felt like making them," says Daley.

Wile they was still talking along these lines, the orchestra begin to drool a Perfect Day, so I ducked out on the porch for air. The gals worked fast wile I was gone and when I come back it was arranged that Daley was to take us to the track next afternoon in his small car.

III

HIS small car was a toy that only had enough room for the people that finds fault with Wilson. I suppose he had to leave his big car in New York on account of the Fifty-ninth Street bridge being so frail.

Before we started I asked our host if they was a chance to get anything to drink over to the track and he says no, but pretty near everybody brought something along on the hip, so I said for them to wait a minute wile I went up to the room and filled a flask. When we was all in the car, the Mrs. wanted to know if it wasn't risky, me taking the hooch along.

"It's against the prohibition law," she says.

"So am I," I said.

"They's no danger," says Daley. "They ain't began to force prohibition yet. I only wished they had. It would save me a little worry about my boy."

"Your boy!" said Katie, dropping her jaw a foot.

"Well, I call him my boy," says Daley. "I mean little Sid Mercer, that rides for me. He's the duke of them all when he lays off the liquor. He's gave me his word that he won't touch nothing as long as he's under contract to me, and he's kept straight so far, but I can't help from worr'ing about him. He ought to be good, though, when I pay him $20,000 for first call, and leave him make all he can on the side. But he ain't got much stren'th of character, you might say, and if something upsets him, he's liable to bust things wide open.

She Didn't Act Just Right, But She Wouldn't of Been Kate if She Had of, So I Didn't Think Much About It

"I remember once he was stuck on a gal down in Louisville and he was supposed to ride Great Scott for Bradley in the Derby. He was the only one that could handle Scott right, and with him up Scott would of win as far as from here to Dallas. But him and the gal had a brawl the day before the race and that night the kid got stiff. When it come time for the race he couldn't of kept a seat on a saw horse. Bradley had to hustle round and dig up another boy and Carney was the only one left that could ride at all and him and Great Scott was strangers. So Bradley lose the race and canned Mercer."

"Whisky's a terrible thing," says Ella. A woman'll sometimes pretend for a long wile like she's stupid and all of a sudden pull a wise crack that proves she's a thinker.

"Well," says Daley, "when Bradley give him the air, I took him, and he's been all right. I guess maybe I know how to handle men."

"Men only?" says Katie, smiling.

"Men and horses," said Daley. "I ain't never tried to handle the fair sex and I don't know if I could or not. But I've just met one that I think could handle me." And he give her a look that you could pour on a waffle.

Daley had a table saved for him in the clubhouse and we eat our lunch. The gals had clubhouse sandwiches, probably figuring they was caught fresh there. They was just one of Daley's horses entered that day and he told us he wasn't going to bet on it, as it hadn't never showed nothing and this was just a try-out. He said, though, that they was other horses on the card that looked good and maybe he would play them after he'd been round and talked to the boys.

"Yes," says Kate, "but the men you'll talk to knows all about the different horses and they'll tell you what horses to bet on and how can I win?"

"Why," says Daley, "if I decide to make a little bet on So-and-So I'll tell you about it and you can bet on the same horse."

"But if I'm betting with you," says Kate, "how can we bet on the same horse?"

"You're betting with me, but you ain't betting against me," said Daley. "This ain't a bet like you was betting with your sister on a football game or something. We place our bets with the bookmakers, that makes their living taking bets. Whatever horse we want to bet on, they take the bet."

"They must be crazy!" says Katie. "Your friends tell you what horse is going to win and you bet on them and the bookbinders is stung."

"My friends makes mistakes," says Daley, "and besides, I ain't the only guy out here that bets. Pretty near everybody at the track bets and the most of them don't know a race horse from a corn plaster. A bookmaker that don't finish ahead on the season's a cuckoo. Now," he says, "if you'll excuse me for a few minutes, I'll go down to the paddock and see what's new."

So wile he was gone we had a chance to look round and they was plenty to see. It was a Saturday and a big crowd out. Lots of them was gals that you'd have to have a pick to break through to their regular face. Since they had their last divorce, about the only excitement they could enjoy was playing a long shot. Which reminds me that they's an old saying that nobody loves a fat man, but you go out to a race track or down to Atlantic City or any place where the former wifes hangs out and if you'll notice the birds with them, the gents that broke up their home, you'll find out that the most of them is guys with chins that runs into five and six figures and once round their waist is a sleeper jump.

Besides the Janes and the fat rascals with them, you seen a flock of ham actors that looked like they'd spent the night in a Chinese snowstorm, and maybe a half a dozen losers'-end boxers that'd used the bridge of their nose to block with and always got up in the morning just after the clock had struck ten, thinking they'd been counted out.

Pretty near everybody wore a pair of field glasses on a strap and when the race was going on they'd look through them and tell the world that the horse they'd bet on was three len'ths in front and just as good as in; but I never heard of a bookie paying off on that dope, and personally when some one would insist on lending me a pair to look through I couldn't tell if the things out there racing was horses or gnats.

Daley was back with us in a few minutes and says to Kate: "I guess you'll have to bet on yourself in the first race."

So she asked him what did he mean and he said: "I had a tip on a filly named Sweet and Pretty."

"O Mr. Daley!" says Kate.

"They don't expect her to win," says Daley, "but she's six, two and even, and I'm going to play her place and show."

Then he explained what that was and he said he was going to bet a thousand each way and finally the gals decided to go in for $10 apiece to show. It tickled them to death to find out that they didn't have to put up nothing. We found seats down in front wile Daley went to place the bets. Pretty soon the horses come out and Kate and Ella both screamed when they seen how cute the jockeys was dressed. Sweet and Pretty was No. 10 and had a combination of colors that would knock your eye out. Daley come back and explained that every owner had their own colors and of course the gals wanted to know what his was and he told them Navy blue and orange sleeves with black whoops on them and a blue cap.

"How beautiful!" says Ella. "I can't hardly wait to see them!"

"You must have wonderful taste in colors!" says Kate.

"Not only in colors," he says.

"O Mr. Daley!" she says again.

Well, the race was ran and No. 10 was a Sweet and Pretty last.

"Now," I says, "you O Mr. Daley."

The gals had yelped themselfs hoarse and didn't have nothing to say, but I could tell from their face that it would take something more than a few pretty speeches to make up for that twenty men.

"Never mind that!" said Daley. "She got a rotten ride. We'll get that back on the next one."

His hunch in the next one was Sena Day and he was betting a thousand on her to place at 4 to 1. He made the gals go in for $20 apiece, though they didn't do it with no pep. I went along with him to place the bets and he introduced me to a bookie so as I could bet a few smackers of my own when I felt like it. You know they's a law against betting unless it's a little bet between friends and in order to be a bookie's friend he's got to know your name. A quick friendship sprung up between I and a guy named Joe Meyer, and he not only give me his card but a whole deck of them. You see the law also says that when you make one of these bets with your pals he can't give you no writing to show for it, but he's generally always a man that makes a lot of friends and it seems like they all want to make friendly bets with him, and he can't remember where all his buddies lives, so he makes them write their name and address on the cards and how much the friendly wager is for and who on, and so forth, and the next day he mails them the bad news and they mail him back

a check for same. Once in a wile, of course you get the bad news and forget to mail him the check and he feels blue over it as they's nothing as sad as breaking up an old friendship.

I laid off of Sena Day and she win. Daley smiled at the gals.

"There!" he says. "I'm sorry we didn't play her on the nose, but I was advised to play safe."

"Fine advice!" said Kate. "It's cost Sis and I $60 so far."

"Why, what do you mean?" says Daley.

"We lose $20 on the first race," she says, "and you tell us we'll get it back on the next one and we bet the horse'll come second and it don't."

So we had to explain that if a horse win, why it placed, too, and her and Ella had grabbed $160 on that race and was $140 ahead. He was $2000 winners himself.

"We'll have a drink on Sena," he says. "I don't believe they was six people out here that bet a nickel on her."

So Katie told him he was wonderful and him and the gals had a sarsaparilla or something and I poured my own. He'd been touting Cleopatra in the third race, but her and everybody else was scratched out of it except Captain Alcock and On Watch. On Watch was 9 to 10 and Alcock even money and Daley wouldn't let us bet.

"On Watch is best," he says, "but he's giving away twenty pounds and you can't tell. Anyway, it ain't worth it at that price."

"Only two horses in the race?" asked Ella.

"That's all," he says.

"Well, then, listen," she says, all excited: "Why not bet on one of them for place?"

Daley laughed and said it was a grand idear only he didn't think the bookbinders would stand for it.

"But maybe they don't know," she says.

"I guess they do," said Daley. "It's almost impossible to keep a secret like that round a race track."

"Besides," I said, "the bookworms owes you and Kate $70 apiece and if you put something like that over on them and they find it out, they'll probably get even by making you a check on the West Bank of the Hudson River."

So we decided to play fair and lay off the race entirely. On Watch come through and the gals felt pretty bad about it till we showed them that they'd of only grabbed off nine smackers apiece if they'd of plunged on him for $20 straight.

Along toward time for the next race, Daley steered us down by the paddock and we seen some of the nags close up. Daley and the gals raved over this one and that one, and wasn't this one a beauty, and so forth. Personally they was all just a horse to me and I never seen one yet that wasn't homelier than the City Hall. If they left it up to me to name the world's champion eyesore, I'd award the elegant barb' wire wash rag to a horse rode by a woman in a derby hat. People goes to the Horse Show to see the Count de Fault; they don't know a case of withers from an off hind hock. And if the Sport of Kings was patronized by just birds that admires equine charms, you could park the Derby Day crowd in a phone book.

A filly named Tamarisk was the favorite in the fourth race and Daley played her for eight hundred smackers at 4 to 5. The gals trailed along with $8 apiece and she win from here to Worcester. The fifth was the one that Daley had an entry in—a dog named Fly-by-Night. It was different in the daytime. Mercer had the mount and done the best he could, which was finish before supper. Nobody bet, so nobody was hurt.

"He's just a green colt," Daley told us. "I wanted to see how he'd behave."

"Well," I said, "I thought he behaved like a born caboose."

Daley liked the Waterbury entry in the last and him and the gals played it and win. All told, Daley was $4000 ahead on the day and Ella and Kate had picked up $160 between them. They wanted to kiss everybody on the way out. Daley sent us to the car to wait for him. He wanted to see Mercer a minute. After a wile he come out and brought Mercer along and introduced him. He's a good-looking kid only for a couple of blotches on his pan and got an under lip and chin that kind of lags behind. He was about Kate's height, and take away his Adams apple and you could mail him to Duluth for six cents. Him and Kate got personal right away and she told him how different he looked now than in his riding make-up. He said he had a new outfit that he'd of wore if he'd knew she was looking on. So I said I hoped he didn't expect to ride Fly-by-Night round the track and keep a suit new, and he laughed, and Daley didn't seem to enjoy the conversation and said we'd have to be going, but when we started off, Kate and Mercer give each other a smile with a future in it. She's one of these gals that can't help from looking open house, even if the guy takes after a pelican.

Daley moved to our table that night and after that we eat breakfast and supper with him pretty near every day. After breakfast the gals would go down to New York to spend what they had win the day before, and I'll admit that Daley give us many a winner. I begin betting a little of my own jack, but I stuck the proceeds in the old sock. I ain't superstitious about living off of a woman's money as long as you're legally married, but at the clip the two gals was going, it looked like their old man's war profits was on the way to join their maker, and the more jack I laid by, the less sooner I would have to go to work.

We'd meet every afternoon at the track and after the races Daley'd bring us back to the hotel. After supper we'd set round and chin or play rummy or once in a wile we'd go in Town to a show or visit one of the road houses near the Decker. The mail service on Long Island's kind of rotten and they's a bunch of road houses that hasn't heard of prohibition.

During the time we'd lived in Town Katie had got acquainted with three or four birds that liked her well enough to take her places where they wasn't no cover charge, but since we'd moved to the Decker we hadn't heard from none of them. That is, till a few days after we'd met Daley, when she told us that one of the New York boys, a guy named Goldberg, had called up and wanted her to come in and see a show with him. He's a golf champion or something. Well, Daley offered to drive her in, but she said no, she'd rather go on the train and Goldberg was going to meet her. So she went, and Daley tried to play cards with Ella and I, but he was too restless and finally snuck up to his room.

They wasn't no question about his feelings toward Kate. He was always trying to fix it to be alone with her, but I guess it was the first time in her life when she didn't have to do most of the leading, and she kept him at arm's len'th. Her and Ella had many a battle. Ella told her

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We Hadn't Went Very Big Amongst the High Mucky Mucks That Lived in the Hotel

The Pest and the Pie-Dough Cake

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

LORD BYRON, one remembers, apostrophized romance as "parent of golden dreams," and it is certain that many golden dreams are begotten and born in downtown offices. Some of them come true. Still they are not generally the sort that the original inventor and wearer of the sports shirt had in mind when he quilled his little piece. Speaking by and large, real romance of the old-fashioned kind isn't usually found in business establishments during business hours; at least, we hardly expect its intrusion into a conference concerning the consolidation of important business interests.

An unromantic setting: A plain and almost unvarnished room with a window affording a view of blank, unpierced brick and nothing more; a room whose sole furniture consisted of a long table with an even dozen of chairs set equidistant around it. On the table conventional blotters of customary blue, ordinary inkwells and orthodox penholders newly fitted with prescriptive pens.

Four prosaic and practical people seated at the table. Hard-headed citizens all of us, and I can hardly except our youngest member, even if he did have his mushy moments. Occupying a chair at the head was a middle-aged, massively built, dark-browed man with a choleric eye and a bristling black mustache clipped in a straight line over a firmly set mouth that opened now and then to emit crisp sentences in a staccato bass. That was Daggett, the big man of the proposed merger. On his right sat his formidable business rival, Hosea Goss, an elderly gentleman with a broad, pink face who wore very bright and very thick shell-rimmed spectacles and tapped a pencil end between a set of extraordinarily white and regular teeth as he listened to our youngest member, Lionel Pauling, of the law firm of Pauling & Pauling, who was then speaking with his accustomed force and lucidity. Pauling was still a trifle on the sunny side of thirty, but had already achieved a professional reputation that promised to carry him beyond his father's well-established and clean-shining mark. He dressed rather fastidiously, was popular in the social world, and the Municipal Voters' League had an approving eye on him. In person he was tall and of an athletic frame, a little inclining to corpulency, and his face would have been remarkably handsome if it had not been marred just then by a black-silk patch over his left eye and a swelling and discoloration of his right lower jaw. He had explained to us that he had recently been in an automobile accident.

"The Woman Seized the Boy, Stretched Him Scientifically Across Her Knees and Paddled Him Vigorously"

The fourth person was myself; I being an accountant and actuary, dealing in the latter branch of my profession with general commercial organization rather than with insurance, in which business I was formerly employed exclusively.

"Ye-e-s, I s-see," said the pink-faced old gentleman, with the hiss that was the sole defect of his teeth. "But as-s-s to S-s-s-stillwell ——"

"All right," snapped Daggett impatiently. "'Smatter with you? I told you Stillwell would come in, didn't I? Smoke up!"

Daggett was a self-made man, given to the use of slang and not at all polite, but people who knew him overlooked his rudeness and crudeness and discounted his bluster. He was liked.

"But he s-says-s ——" Mr. Goss persisted.

"He'll come in, I tell you! Positively! On our terms. I have reason to believe ——"

There was a distinct rap at the door. Daggett was very intolerant of interruption, and we all expected an explosion; but he only smiled grimly and, looking at the door, seemed to wait.

Another rap, to which he made no response, and then another and another, with the regularity of a metronome. For more than a minute this continued, and our presiding genius merely looked at the door, with a slight broadening of the smile under his clipped black mustache. Then he turned to us.

"He'd keep that up all night, and as long as he thought I was here," he said. "Rest of the men might lock up and go home, but he'd stay until the pangs of hunger drove me out for breakfast, damn him." He raised his voice to a roar. "Come in!"

The door opened and closed noiselessly behind a rather undersized young man whose impudent nose and aggressive chin were oddly at variance with his modest and serious demeanor. A clerk, I assumed. He did not speak, but a quick glance of his gray eyes took us all in, lingering perhaps for an instant on our youngest member and his black patch, and then resting calmly on his employer's scowling countenance. I fancied that our youngest member was a trifle discomposed by that regard, brief as it was.

"I suppose you were told that I was engaged with these gentlemen," said the big man, gruffly sarcastic. "Not that it would make any difference to you; but why knock?"

"I understood you to say that you required that preliminary to my entrances, sir," the young man answered respectfully. "I was informed that you were engaged, as you suggest, and I was very unwilling to disregard your wish to be undisturbed. I hope that you, and these gentlemen"—he bowed inclusively—"will excuse what ——"

"All right. Now get out!"

"—— what must appear to be an unwarrantable violation of your privacy," the young man went on, quite unperturbed by the almost ferocious tone of his dismissal. "At the same time I considered that what I had to report to you was of sufficient importance to justify the infraction of a perfectly proper and necessary rule, and that its bearing on what I assume to be the subject ——"

"Less of it, William, less of it!" the big man admonished. "Did you land him?"

"The surest thing you know," William answered, and a grin of satisfaction lit up his face.

It also sent an illuminating flash into the dark recesses of my disused recollection. I had been wondering where I had seen that auburn mop of hair and tip-tilted nose before, and had been trying vainly to fit them to a young janitor whom I had once known. Yet time had passed, and I reckoned that my janitor friend would now be some twenty years this young fellow's senior. The grin did the business, however. I had my man placed.

But I had to attend to this conversation, so for the moment I dismissed the little picture from the past, flashed, as I said, from my subconscious to my conscious mind.

"Landed him, eh?" said Daggett. "Fine! Will he be sufficiently recovered to attend a meeting here at this time to-morrow?"

"Recovered?"

"From you."

The young man grinned again.

"I took the liberty of making the appointment for two o'clock to-morrow, and he promised to attend." He touched the back of a vacant chair and drew it slightly aside. "My time is now at your disposal," he hinted.

"Then spend a little of it outside—say, an hour."

"May I remind you ——"

"Not more than a million times, and this is the million and oneth," said the big man angrily. "We don't need you—not now anyway. Oh, wait! I thought you were going to report to me at noon."

"I have been occupied until now with a matter that is in a way personal and private, but which in another sense concerns you indirectly, Mr. Goss; more especially ——"

"Don't you dare to address me or refer to me, sir!" shouted the old gentleman, his pink face assuming a reddish-purple tinge. "I won't have it! I'll deal with you in my own way, by George, and I'll make you sweat before I'm through with you!"

To me this was a perfectly amazing outbreak. I had found Mr. Goss at all times an exceedingly suave and mild-mannered man, and during the long period of my examination of his books and inspection of his factories in Chicago and North Bend I had never heard him speak to even the meanest of his employees save in terms of politeness, or show the least sign of irritation under irritating circumstances,

to say nothing of the passion that he now displayed. Daggett, our big man, looked at him curiously. Pauling's visible eye was fixed blankly on one of the documents before him. He seemed uncomfortable, but not surprised.

"And Mr. Pauling is also an interested party," William added, his equanimity admirably sustained. "If you will allow me ——" He drew the chair back from the table with the evident intention of seating himself.

"By George, I won't stand this!" exclaimed Mr. Goss, pushing his own chair back and rising.

Daggett bent his black brows on the young man.

"William," he said sternly, "outside!"

"Why, certainly," said William pleasantly. "But I venture to hope that you will first ——"

"Take the air!"

There was a menace of something imminent and disagreeable in the command. It was so unmistakable that even William obeyed it. Without another word he bowed and withdrew.

"He'll be back again," Daggett predicted, looking at his watch, "I should say in five minutes. Sit down, Goss."

For a few moments there was an expectant sort of silence, which I broke, addressing Mr. Daggett.

"Is that young man's name William Drender, by any chance?" I inquired.

"William is his first name and Drender his last," replied Daggett. "His middle name is Adhesive, and he is closely related to the Burr family, and seldom comes home without a slab of bacon tucked under his arm. Do you know him?" He turned to Mr. Goss. "You are evidently acquainted with him, Goss."

"I have seen him before, and I know of him."

"And you, Pauling? He said something about you having some interest in this little private affair of his."

"I know him," said Pauling. He hesitated a moment and then jerked out, "And I have a high respect for him."

"You?" cried Mr. Goss, shifting to glare at him.

"Yes, sir," replied Pauling shortly, and I heard Mr. Goss gasp an apostrophe to his Creator.

Daggett leaned back in his chair with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and looked from one to another of us for something further on the subject. It was not immediately forthcoming. Mr. Goss had picked up his pencil again and was tapping his teeth. Pauling was looking over our tentative articles of agreement.

"Come," said Daggett at last, "if you gentlemen have anything to say about Mr. Drender I should like to hear it"

"I haven't," said Mr. Goss.

"Nor I," declared Pauling.

"How about you?" Daggett asked me testily. "Come! This is business."

"How?" Mr. Goss challenged. "What has this scoundrel got to do with any business of ours?"

Daggett smiled his grim smile and leaned forward, his arms on the table.

"Because Mr. Drender, it seems, is to be the general manager of this new corporation of ours—unless some good and sufficient reason can be shown against him."

Here was another bombshell. It was an announcement that certainly took my breath; but I give Mr. Goss a good deal of credit, inasmuch as he hardly winced.

In view of what had transpired, there could be no doubt that he was amazed and outraged, but he spoke calmly and with his usual urbanity.

"May I ask why you propose this?" he queried.

"Principally because Drender has made up his mind to it, I believe," Daggett answered. "Of course I consider him the best man available for the position, with the most intimate knowledge of the business and the broadest vision compatible with a practical mind. There may be others as well qualified, but I don't know 'em. And then Drender wants the job—keep that in mind. I confess that he has sold me; but I'm still open to conviction, and if you've got anything on him this is a good time to get it off your chest. Let's get at this. You were going to tell me something, Evenson, weren't you?"

"Nothing much," I answered. "When this M. Drender came in here I thought that his face seemed familiar to me, but it was with some difficulty that I recalled the time and place of our last meeting. The time was some twenty years ago—thereabout. The place was an old-fashioned kitchen with red geraniums blooming in pots on the window sill. There was a large stove, blackleaded within an inch of its life, in one corner of the room, and by its side a wood box of proportionate size covered with brown-and-gilt wall paper. On a shelf there was an old walnut clock with a smiling pastoral scene entitled Lincoln, Nebraska, on the lower part of its glass door. I mention these details to show you how clear and distinct my remembrance is."

"Go ahead in your own way," said Daggett. "There was probably a tortoise-shell cat basking in the sun on a rag rug that you might tell us about. We've all the afternoon before us."

"I'll get on to the actors in the scene," I told him: "A stout, middle-aged woman, girt with a blue checked apron and with flour on her arms. She was standing before the table by the window, rolling out crust for pies, and near her, with the sorrel top of his head hardly above the table's level, was an undersized youngster perhaps four or five years of age, with a little upturned snub of a nose and a good deal of chin, considering his age. He asked the woman to make him a pie-dough cake.

"The woman laid down her rolling-pin, turned on him suddenly and shook him with considerable violence. 'I've told you twenty times that I am not going to make you a pie-dough cake,' she said in tones of extreme exasperation.

"The boy bore the shaking stoically, and when it was finished and the woman was resuming her operations on the crust he said, 'Well, why can't I have a pie-dough cake?'

"Once more the woman laid down her rolling-pin, seized the boy, stretched him scientifically across her knees and paddled him vigorously. She then slammed him down on a chair and turned her flushed face to me

"'That young one is an absolute pest,' she exclaimed. 'I don't see what ails him.'

"'I want a pie-dough cake,' the pest explained, and at this she jerked him from his chair, flung open the door of a closet and bundled him in. 'That's that!' she said triumphantly as she turned the key in the lock. It was not more than an ordinarily thick door, however, and the howling that ensued was more than audible. The woman bore it for nearly five minutes, and then opened the door and let the child out. 'There, there,' she murmured, soothingly. 'Stop crying now; you aren't much hurt. Stop now, dear.'

"'Will you make me a pie-dough cake?' sobbed the boy.

"'Will you be good if I do?'

"'Yes,' he answered, and grinned—in much the same way as Mr. Drender grinned when he told you that he had landed somebody. Drender is not a common name. I imagine therefore that I am not mistaken in supposing that your William Drender and mine are identical. That's all."

Daggett chuckled appreciatively. Pauling smiled and then put his hand to his swollen jaw as if he had suffered a sharp twinge. Mr. Goss clearly saw no humor in my little story, but he seized on the remark made by the boy's mother.

"An absolute pest," he said. "The woman was right. I can confirm her statement from my own experience."

"Let's hear your own experience," Daggett requested.

"I shall beg to be excused," said Mr Goss. "I can only say that Mr. Drender will not be general manager of any company that I am interested in."

Daggett's hairy fist clenched and he raised it, but checked himself and let it descend almost gently on the table. He laughed.

"Well, I'll tell you how I became acquainted with William," he said. "There's a tag to the tale, and if you aren't too mule-headed you may profit by it. It happened about four years ago, when, as you perhaps remember, you were crowding me to the wall rather inconsiderately, and the concern wasn't what it is to-day. I was sitting at my desk one morning, busy and in a bad temper, when somebody knocked at the door. I yelled 'Keep out!' and Mr. Drender, whom I had never before laid eyes on, came in.

"'Good morning, sir,' says he. 'I am representing the Dodo Mutual Life Insurance Company, and I have a rather exceptionally advantageous proposition to make to you.'

"'I'm insured up to the handle,' I told him. 'Good day.'

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"He Almost Struck Her Hand Aside When She Would Have Helped Him Up, and His Exact Words Were, 'What Do You Want to Come Butting In For? Beat It!'"

THE RICHELIEU DIAMONDS

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

MAURICE'S earliest recollection was of a beautiful lady who sometimes kissed him, and who always smelled either of vanilla rice pudding or of cigarette smoke. As nearly as he could make it out later, they lived near Central Park then, in a house which had a number of rooms downstairs where he was never allowed to go. Then, apparently for no reason whatever, the beautiful lady gradually faded out of his life, and only his father and the servants were left.

Maurice never liked his father—much. For one thing, he looked so stern; and for another thing, he seldom spoke when he was spoken to, a thing distasteful to all children, and especially to those who have curly heads and inquiring minds.

Then came a troubled night—Maurice couldn't have been more than four years old—when he was aroused from sleep by the sound of an ax beating on the front door, and looking out of the window of his room on the top floor he saw the street full of people and police wagons, and somewhere in the distance a youth's shrill voice arose, "Faro Frenchy's being raided!" A little later a number of shots in the house made the people outside instinctively duck their heads and bless their lucky stars that they were there to hear them rather than to feel them! Maurice's next memory was that of being carried downstairs and bidding his father good-by.

"Up With Your Hands, You Big Stiff, or You'll Never See Fifth Avenue Again!"

It was the first time that they had ever embraced each other, and something told Maurice that it would be the last. At this he made a noble outcry, and was only pacified when a stout, handsome gentleman gave him a watch to play with, lifted him in his arms, slipped a silver half dollar into the pocket of his nightie and whispered that there were plenty more to follow it when that was gone.

Silver half dollars in a nightshirt pocket! Is it surprising that grief became lost in wonder, or that a young imagination began to flip around among the unnumbered possibilities of fifty cents?

Maurice's father said something then, and the handsome gentleman replied, "I'll take care of him, Jean; don't you worry."

"You mean it—truly?" asked the other.

"Mean it?" demanded the handsome gentleman. "Did I ever tell you anything and didn't mean it?"

"No," sighed Maurice's father, "you—you never did," and with the same sigh he started upon that strange and wonderful journey for which we are all booked the day we are born, and for which none of us is allowed to lose the ticket, no matter how ingeniously we may try.

Maurice's next recollections were centered around his home with the Chevaliers, that being the name of the handsome gentleman who took him from the house near Central Park. The Chevaliers lived on West Twenty-sixth Street, in the old French quarter of New York, a colony that is rapidly passing away. First there was m'sieur, who seemed handsomer and more fascinating every time Maurice looked at him. Next came Madame Chevalier, a pale, stout, capable woman, who regarded m'sieur, nevertheless, as though he were one of the gods. Then came old Margot, the cook, and the ancient Pierre, a sort of butler, both of whom evidently shared madame's opinion about her husband—an opinion, indeed, that Maurice had entertained ever since the first time he had seen him. Whenever m'sieur was away the house was as still as a convent when the bishop is making his call, but just as soon as he entered the front door the bird began to whistle and the cat began to sing and madame went running to meet him and generally got such a buss that old Pierre would echo it in the kitchen with a lingering "Ah-h-h-h!" to which Margot would say, "What are you ah-ing at, you old ninny?" and get the Gallic answer, "When the master takes snuff, at least I can sneeze. You hear him? He's at it again. Ah-h-h-h-h!"

Then during the dinner Monsieur Chevalier would chat about his adventures of the day, throwing himself into every part that he talked about—growing indignant, calm, facetious, ironic, anything you please; whispering mysterious and roaring invectives; bristling his mane when he played an angry part, and making exquisite play with his mustache when he told of something particularly killing that he had said. And often he would show madame a piece of jewelry, generally in diamonds—a ring, perhaps, or a brooch.

"You see that? Five thousand dollars, if it's worth a squ—and I got it for twenty-two hundred," to which he would add, if he thought Maurice wasn't listening, "I tell you, Gaby, you can say what you like, but that boy has brought us luck!"

You can imagine how little Maurice drank all this in, his eyes sticking out of his head like a young calf getting its first good swig at the pail.

Nor were these the only things that made his eyes resemble little painted saucers. He hadn't been at the Chevalier's more than a year when the stork appeared there for the first and last time, and left a girl behind it—one of those marvelous babies that are born with golden topknots and the undeniable knack of breaking hearts. M'sieur nearly went out of his head with mingled joy and pride.

"Didn't I always tell you that the boy brought us luck?" Maurice heard him crowing to Madame Chevalier. "I made more money last year than I ever made in my life before, and now this angel from the skies! I will tell you, mamma, what I have been thinking. Heretofore an office has sufficed for my business, but now I am going to rent a store—a whole store—upon Fifth Avenue—Chevalier et Cie—a place mysterious, romantic, with velvet curtains and carpets, and every morning a stick of incense to give it the proper atmosphere. And there, *mon Dieu*, I am going to become a fine gentleman and an American millionaire, so that when this beautiful angel becomes of the proper age every young man in New York but one shall hang himself to the nearest tree because he may not become the lucky husband of the only daughter of the il-lus-t-r-r-r-e Chevalier!"

After that it may come as an anticlimax that the baby was named Louise, after her mother, but at least there were no diminishing chords about the threatened store upon Fifth Avenue.

It is true that the place selected was rather far uptown for those days, and as you can guess, it didn't cover half the block; but to hear m'sieur describe it you would think it a combination of the Grand Central Station, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines, Ltd., of Kimberley, South Africa.

"I shall carry two lines, and two lines only," m'sieur remarked—little Maurice drinking it in, every word, like that thirsty young calf aforesaid—"pictures and precious stones. Nothing less than a thousand dollars, and nothing sold to the poor."

"You must be careful, Edouard!" said madame in sudden alarm.

"Careful?" he cried, throwing out his chest. "Am I not always careful? Have they ever caught me yet?"

At that they both turned quickly and glanced at Maurice, but that young dissembler gave them such a disarming smile that neither of them suspected that he was thrilling at the fruity words of m'sieur.

Then bit by bit, as the years went by, Maurice gradually became acquainted with the more picturesque side of Chevalier et Cie's mysterious and romantic business—the annual trip to Europe, when madame had charge of the store; the calls of shabby men and women at the house, often dressed as immigrants, who came as though looking for employment and left gems behind them that had never seen the appraiser's stores; artists who could paint like Fragonard or Watteau or Rousseau; vases that were picked up for fifty dollars and sold for a thousand; delicious bits of gentlemanly pawnbroking; the old disciple of Cellini who worked for m'sieur year in and year out and made a specialty of copying family jewels.

You mustn't think from this, however, that all the business of Chevalier et Cie was flavored with mystery.

"Wherever I find a game, I will try to play it," he often said in his Olympian manner; "but wherever I find that trust is reposed in me, I will never abuse it."

Wherefore, much of his business was simply a solid buying and selling of legitimate wares, especially of diamonds and French masters, on both of which subjects m'sieur was a connoisseur; but if he had been confined to those two items of business he would probably have shuffled off this mortal coil in purest ennui, so brightly

burned within him the desire for adventure and those quickening tingles of excitement which only the burglar and the lover and the big-game hunter know. A man, in short, who was born for action.

"Drive me quickly," he sometimes said to the taxi drivers, "and I will pay you like a madman," and when they were held up at a corner, "Name of a name," he would burst out, "but can't we have more speed?"

"You work too hard, Edouard," madame warned him one Sunday. "Do you think it is worth it? Suppose you die to-morrow. What good is the business then?"

"You are right," he said after a moment's pause. "I do not intend to die to-morrow, but I will begin to break in Maurice and teach him what I know."

"What?" scoffed madame gently. "That baby?"

"Baby?" demanded m'sieur, opening his eyes. "Was he not eighteen years the other day?"

"In years, yes," acknowledged madame, and thinking of the night when he first came to their house, with his fifty cents in his nightshirt pocket and the tears still on his freckled nose, she added, "But to me he will always appear a baby, just the same."

It was just at that moment that Louise and Maurice came in from a walk. Maurice was nearly as tall as m'sieur, thin, alert, and under the olive shade of his cheeks he was possessed of a color which was particularly rich that morning—a color which caused madame to whisper to her husband, "You see? That flush upon his cheek? I am sometimes afraid he is going to take after his father."

Instead of answering, m'sieur looked at his daughter, and saw a reflection of the same warm tints.

"M-m-m-m," thought he, as all fathers reflect at times, even as their fathers and grandfathers have reflected before them, and then aloud he said, "Maurice, I would like to speak to you a minute, if you please."

II

"I HAVE just been thinking," began m'sieur in his large manner, "that the time has come when you should begin to learn something—to lay the foundation, in effect, of doing something fine and wonderful in the world, even as I have done before you. How would you like to work in the store, for instance, and learn at least some part of the business that was founded by myself?"

"Oh, m'sieur!" stammered Maurice, his face brightening with pleasure. "I will try so hard!"

He found it harder than he had expected though. First, Cellini took hold of him and taught him all he knew; and then m'sieur took hold of him and taught him as much as was good for him; and then the war took hold of him and taught him a great deal more. He finally found himself in the aviation service, testing and adjusting the instruments around the pilot's seat; and when the war was over he came back to New York and found that Louise had grown into a perfect beauty—although it must be confessed that she had the deadly sin of sloth—that is, she hated to get up in the morning—and that all the knowledge which Cellini and m'sieur and Mars had taught him didn't amount to a hill of beans compared with the knowledge which Louise had acquired of doing up her hair and walking like a shy young princess on her way to the coronation chair.

Oh, and that was a famous year for Chevalier et Cie! The Russian jewels were coming on the market, thick and fast, like frost-nipped leaves from a maple, and both madame and Louise were at the store all day long, working on the books and doing whatever else they could. Not only that, but an assistant was hired to help Cellini, and finally another salesman had to be engaged, a very precise and immaculate elderly gentleman whose name was Monsieur Nancy and who secretly prided himself upon three things—his dignity, his beard and the way he could sell to the ladies. And oh, but Monsieur Chevalier was kept busy those days—and had to be careful, too, for he had always made it a cardinal point of honor never to let Louise suspect the mysterious nature of part of his business. And whether it was because of his extra exertions or his unusual necessity for control, or whether it was simply his natural habit of mind, one day he was talking in the telephone booth of the store, growing more and more excited with every word he spoke, when suddenly through the glass door he was seen to collapse, and in less than a week poor Maurice appeared at the shop in black, and after a long interval both madame and Louise followed him in the same somber garb.

Chevalier et Cie—the name upon the window, in small gold letters surmounted by a crest—was still the same; but the shop itself seemed but a shell of its former self. Gone was its master spirit, its voice, its presence, its color, its pulse, its glory—in short, its guiding genius. The great safe was still there, and the glass-topped cabinets that served as counters, and the vases on the shelves and the paintings on the walls and the velvet curtains that divided the shop into three compartments; but instead of beating with life they seemed more like properties that had been laid out by a mortuarian, an effect which was heightened by the occasional sighs of Madame Chevalier as she sat at her desk in the rear with Monsieur Nancy and looked over the mail which had been accumulating there. In the cashier's cage near the front door was Mademoiselle Louise, pale and altogether beautiful, her eyelashes sweeping her cheeks as she worked on the books. And behind one of those glass-topped cabinets stood Maurice, alternately watching Louise and frowning at the partition which divided the store from the office in the rear. Finally he could stand it no longer, but went to the cage to speak to Louise.

"And soon," he said, pointing to the office in the rear and speaking not without bitterness, "they will go out to lunch together."

"*Eh, bien*," sighed Louise, sadly shaking her head, "I am sure I cannot help it."

"But if I want to go to lunch with you — "

"Mamma thinks we are too young."

"A girl can never be too young."

"No, but a man can; at least mamma thinks so. The other night I said something to her about taking your advice instead of Monsieur Nancy's, and she said to me, 'Maurice is young yet; he has still to prove himself.'"

"Like the young knight in the schoolbook," said Maurice thoughtfully, "who had to kill the dragons before he could win his golden spurs. But where shall I find the dragons?"

The office door opened and out came Monsieur Nancy, accompanied by Madame Chevalier.

"We are going to lunch," said madame.

Maurice opened the door for them, and stood there for a long time watching the passers-by.

"Yes," he thought, studying the more successful-looking men, "most of you look as though you had killed your dragons and won your golden spurs. Oh, if something would only happen to me!" he added with a sigh, going back to his place behind the counter. "Something that would make it possible for me to tell Louise how much I love her, although, in fact, I think she already knows."

Perhaps it was telepathy. However that may be, Louise looked up from the daybook and gave him a smile that made his heart play tag with his ribs. At the same moment an automobile stopped at the curbstone half a block away—a car of a make that was noted for its speed. There were two men in this car. One of them now got out and left the other in the driver's seat.

"Remember now," said the one on the sidewalk, "after five minutes you're to give me three shots. I shall do the trick between the second and the third shots. If anyone says anything, remember it's gas exploding in the muffler."

"I get you," said the other impatiently. "I got you long ago. Go to it! Good luck!"

The man on the sidewalk turned and made his way up the avenue until he reached the shop of Chevalier et Cie. There, drawing a full breath, he turned and opened the door.

"Back again, you see," he said to Maurice.

Maurice looked at him with his disarming smile.

"Ah, yes, m'sieur," said he. "You wish to see the rubies once more?"

"If you please."

"If you please, m'sieur."

Together they moved nearer to the great safe. Outside the waiting automobile slowly rolled forward and stopped again unnoticed, the driver's eyes glued upon his watch.

III

A MOMENT now, if you please, mesdames; and a moment now, if you please, messieurs—while we look at Maurice's customer. He was about forty, and if you had looked very closely into his eyes you would have seen that glance, half hungry and half furtive, which sometimes comes to middle age and seems to say:

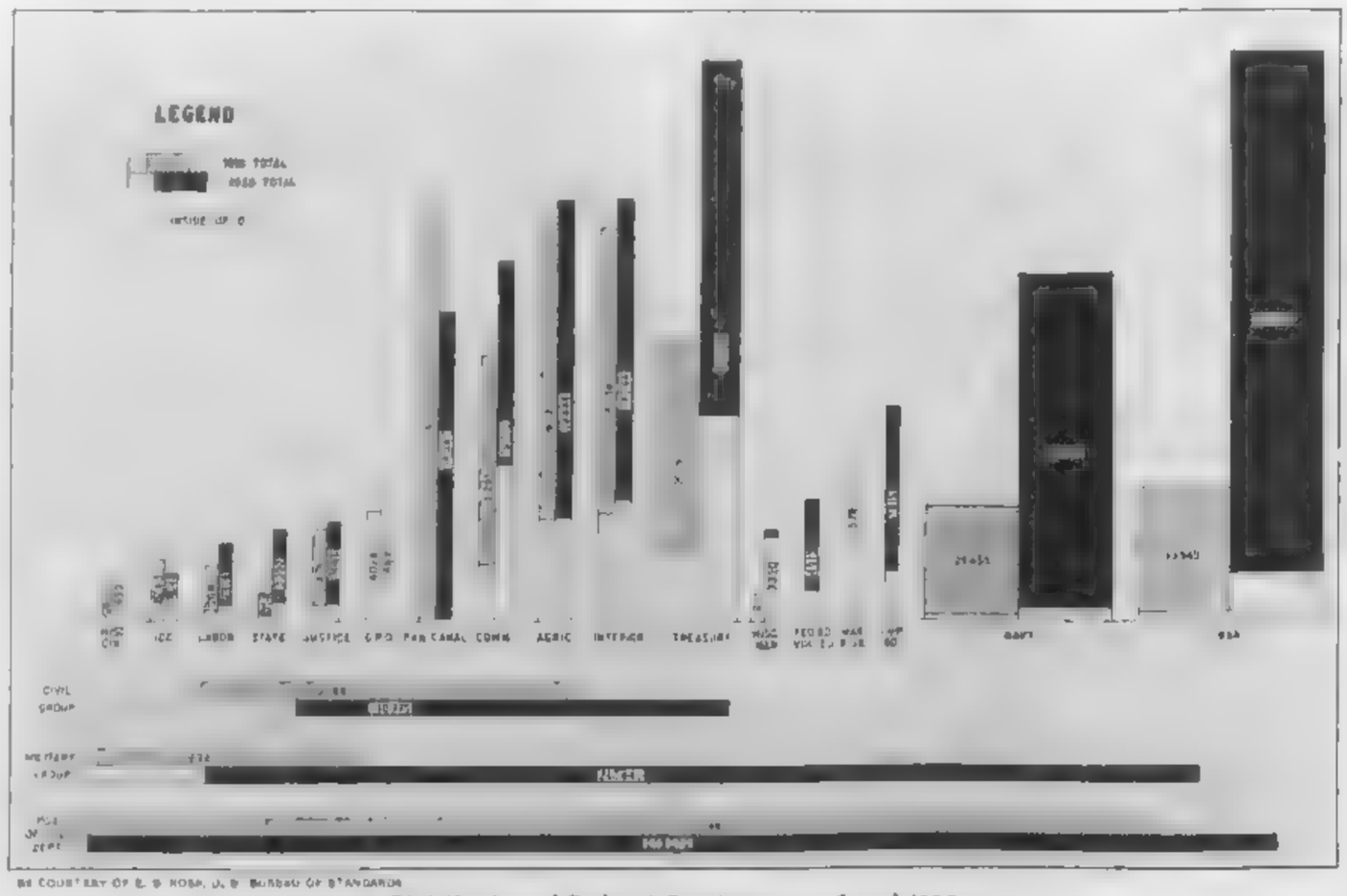
"Time is fleeting, and I have yet to make my fortune. Wherever I look, I see thousands who are not so clever as I, and yet they are rolling in riches, while I can only look and long and mourn. By heaven, I am sick of it! From this time forward I am out to get the money—catlike, pantherlike, tigerlike—any way I

(Continued on Page 86)

Louise Didn't Say Anything, Instinct Telling Her That She Had Reached One of Those Moments of Life When It Is More Blessed to Listen Than to Speak

WE, U. S. & CO.—By Edward G. Lowry

IN THE SERVICE



Distribution of Federal Employees, 1916 and 1920

I HAVE told, or rather the Civil Service Commission, which is the Government's employment agency, has told, how more than 500,000 men and women are recruited for the Federal service. They are brought in normally at the rate of 50,000 a year.

What happens to them after they are hired? Who, if anybody, sees that the round pegs are fitted into the round holes and the square pegs into the square holes? Who, if anybody, sees that the efficient are promoted and the inefficient are demoted or dismissed? Who, if anybody, sets a standard of production in quantity or quality for all the craftsmen, technicians, clerks, professional men, scientists and unskilled workers employed by the Government? What general agency, if any, plans and supervises the work and workers of this immense, intricate, comprehensive industrial and business organization that carries on the daily routine processes of the nation's business?

Fair question, certainly—and pertinent too. We who pay ought to know the answer. It is a shareholder's selfish duty to ask and his legal right to know all these things about his business.

I went first to the Civil Service Commission. As the employing agents, naturally enough they would be interested in knowing how the men and women they had tested turned out. The commission talked to me plainly enough. This is what I was told:

The civil-service law is a good instrument as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Beyond certification by the Civil Service Commission for appointment of those applicants who are proved by examination to be eligible, the merit system is not fully operative even in connection with the positions to which it applies. Haphazard practices in assignments of work and in promotions have brought about inequalities which are discouraging to the workers. This and other unfavorable conditions cause a turnover in the government service that could not long be withstood by private business.

Except with regard to entrance examinations, decentralization has taken place in a very considerable degree. There is little central jurisdiction after appointment. The Civil Service Commission is, however, authorized to pass upon and veto, if the circumstances warrant such action, a promotion from one grade to a different grade of work. For example, a general clerk cannot be made a law clerk until he has qualified as such before the commission. The commission has no voice in the matter of raises in salary within a grade.

Basic Defects of the Civil Service

IT SEEMS safe to say that more promotions are made on what the promoting power believes to be merit than otherwise; but Federal employees make daily complaint to the Civil Service Commission that personal favoritism and outside influence are effective in the matter of promotions. There is little attempt at real efficiency ratings as a basis for promotions.

Our administrative system presents the anomaly of filling certain inferior positions through the test of merit under the civil-service law and excluding from the scheme great numbers of the higher offices. No lengthy argument should be needed to convince any intelligent person that the prospect of advancement through merit to the supervisory offices would tend to improve the quality of applicants for government employment.

The proper training of an administrative officer of the Government up to the point where he may have a vigorous grasp and accurate knowledge of his duties is very costly. Under the present system, however, the chief too often enjoys a sinecure, his principal subordinate being the real executive. The chief's salary is a total loss to taxpayers.

There are about 13,000 presidential offices. About 11,000 of these are postmasters at first, second and third class offices. Positions of postmaster at first, second and third class offices, although not classified under the law, are filled through competitive examinations held by the commission, unless filled by promotion. There is no provision in the orders affecting postmaster positions for the promotion of a postmaster from a smaller office to a larger one. The public seems to be wedded to the idea that the office of postmaster in a particular city rightfully belongs to a member of that community, and the executive orders are framed with this idea in view.

Why should not a $2400 postmaster be promoted to an office paying $3000, and so on up until a vacancy in the position of postmaster at New York, which pays $8000 a year, could be filled through the promotion of a postmaster at a $6000 office, such as Pittsburgh, Washington, Buffalo or Cleveland?

This same plan could be made to apply to collectors of customs, collectors of internal revenue and similar offices. There are few offices below the cabinet which could not properly and profitably be filled through promotion.

Under present conditions, employees of the Government who hold their positions as the result of competitive civil-service examinations are reluctant to accept appointments outside the operation of the civil-service law, for with a change of administration the patronage system is likely to deprive them of the fruits of years of effort.

A system of promotions under central authority in which the employees themselves, the departments interested and the central agency are all represented seems to be feasible.

Generally speaking, except in certain manufacturing plants of the Government, there is no check on the production of employees, except such as in scattered cases may be enforced by supervisors of small units.

The commission is at a disadvantage in its work by being unable in most cases to give any idea to potential applicants as to what the government service offers in the way of a career—in other words, what promotion may reasonably be expected if good work is performed.

The commission has no voice in determining who shall be promoted except in its own office. It does, however, have authority to pass upon promotions from one grade to a different grade of work, and it gives an examination for such promotion if it deems an examination necessary.

The legal restriction regarding three years' service before transfer from one department to another adds to the unattractiveness of the service. The three-year requirement may be waived in a proposed transfer from the departmental service to the field service, or vice versa; but it cannot be waived in a proposed transfer from one department to another in Washington, for it is specified by law in such cases.

Another obstacle is the legal prohibition of transfer from a position in one department to a lump-fund position in another at a higher salary, no matter how much such promotion is merited or how strongly it is recommended by the department officials concerned. The commission has repeatedly recommended that these two transfer restrictions be removed.

There is no record kept anywhere of persons seeking transfer, and no systematic system of listing the vacant positions which might be open to persons seeking transfer. While, of course, transfers should not be permitted indiscriminately, at the same time the public service would be benefited by having always available information concerning persons seeking transfer and positions open for such persons. Undue restrictions on transfers hinder development.

Technical, professional and scientific employees of the Government in most cases acquire experience in their work which is valuable to them in the industries, and government employees of these classes are often sought by the industries. The rank and file, however, of government employees acquire little knowledge in their government work which would be useful to a private employer. There is but one United States postal service, one United States customs service, and so on. There is no bid for the services of a trained postal clerk or a trained customs employee. Therefore, with this competition removed, the development of an employee within the service should not be hampered. Closing the door at the top and making political appointments to the higher positions is the worst possible discouragement.

The records show that, with a few breaks, the rate of turnover has gradually increased from 5.5 per cent in 1904 to 11.4 per cent in 1915; that is, the rate of turnover doubles in twelve years. From 1916 to 1919, however, there was a conspicuous increase in the turnover rate, reaching fifty per cent in the latter year. It is as great now. Fewer technical, professional and scientific men have been willing to enter the government service in recent years than formerly. A considerable number of those who now enter the service treat it as a sort of post-graduate course, and use the government training as a means to fit themselves for better paid positions in private employ.

Some Glaring Inconsistencies

THE places of those leaving are in many cases taken by those less experienced and less competent.

A stable force would make possible a smaller force. Ex-Secretary Lane said:

"Ability is not lacking, but it is pressed to the point of paralysis because of an infinitude of details and an unwillingness on the part of the great body of public servants to take responsibility. Everyone seems afraid of everyone. The self-protective sense is developed abnormally, the creative sense atrophies. Trust, confidence, enthusiasm—these simple virtues of all great business are the ones most lacking in government organizations."

Government salaries generally do not compare favorably with those in private employ.

Glaring inconsistencies abound. Clerks doing exactly the same work are paid widely different salaries, not only if they are employed in different offices, but often when they are employed side by side in the same office.

The Government has no wage policy worthy of the name.

Wonder is often expressed that any of the scientific and technical employees of the Government should remain in the service. It is explained by the fact that these employees appreciate the opportunity of carrying on researches and constructive public works in the public interest, and of being able to make investigations and publish results unfettered by commercial considerations. In consideration of these advantages many are willing to remain in the government service at less salary than could be earned elsewhere.

Until late years the Government has been able to retain its able men on the average nearly as well as the colleges and industries. During the past few years, however, circumstances in this respect have changed. Though the cost of living has nearly or quite doubled, and salaries in industries and in many of the colleges have been considerably increased, government salaries have increased very little,

and in the higher grades not at all. The result is that in many cases men cannot support their families, and are obliged to seek employment or to accept employment offered them at a living salary. In many cases men who are making a splendid success and have regarded the government service as their career leave their positions from necessity and with great reluctance. These positions often cannot be filled, and the work suffers or ceases altogether.

The large manufacturing plants of the Government, such as navy yards, ordnance establishments and others where skilled mechanics are employed in considerable numbers, have wage boards, the members of which are selected by the officer in command, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Navy or the Secretary of War, as the case may be. The members of a wage board are invariably employees working in the establishment served by the board, and represent the various skilled occupations included in the force of the establishment.

The wage boards gather information regarding wage conditions in factories in the vicinity of their respective plants, and the Government's scales of wages for the plants are made up accordingly. The government scales for these plants are approximately the same as those followed in private plants in the vicinity. In some cases the government scale is slightly lower than the scale of private employers, the more certain tenure and other advantages of government employment, such as vacation and sick leave with pay, offsetting the slight difference in wages.

An Outline of Analytical Management

WAGE boards are not organized in government establishments where only a few mechanics are employed, nor do they in any case represent the great mass of government employees made up of clerks, stenographers, technical and scientific employees and the like; in other words, the army of office employees are not represented.

A carpenter in the Department of Agriculture at Washington may possibly receive a salary of $1000 a year, because the law provides that that department may employ a carpenter at $1000 a year and no more. The War Department in Washington may possibly employ a less competent carpenter at $1400 a year, because its lump-sum appropriation permits it to do so—or this situation may be reversed. The point is that there is no uniform wage for carpenters of equal ability in the departments of the Government at Washington.

What has been said of Washington carpenters applies as well to clerks, stenographers, technical and scientific employees, and so on, not alone in Washington but throughout the country. Congress alone can provide a remedy.

So much for the testimony of the Civil Service Commission about conditions in the service. It is clear that as a government agency it has no authority or power to reorganize or to remedy the defects that it knows to exist from hearsay and observation. When the commission has tested by examination and certified as competent a prospective employee its work is done. Now, in every well-conducted large private business, behind the employing

PHOTO. BY H. M. BROWN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

New Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington

agency or employment manager is a planning board responsible for production, recording and stimulus, the individual and machine efficiency of the workers, the planning and scheduling of work and the general study of the business organization. One of the competent and successful heads of one of the planning boards in private business explains to me:

"This whole subject of analytical management breaks down into different classes. These are roughly:

"Developing simple and economic systems.

"Establishing methods and units of measurement.

"Establishing standards of work.

"Operating the whole thing on a common-sense basis.

"Careful and analytical study of purpose and aims, together with intimate knowledge of the real facts, costs, statistics and tendencies of the business."

And then he summed up the essence of the whole common-sense reason for a planning board by saying that each executive and employee must constantly and honestly ask himself: "Would I spend my own money in the same way, if I were doing this particular thing, that I am now spending the money of my employer?" Or in the case of the government employee—"as I am now spending the money of the people?"

That seems to me so concisely and accurately to define and isolate the whole problem and relation of public as well as private employment that I set about finding the nation's planning board. It didn't take me long to discover that the United States has among its numerous agencies no such departmental division or unit. The nearest approach to such a thing is possibly the United States Bureau of Efficiency. It is a unique governmental edifice with rather an interesting history, and apparently has possibilities susceptible of development. That will be for Congress to determine when it takes up in earnest, as it inevitably must, the whole question of the organization of the business of the Government.

In the meantime the Bureau of Efficiency is an independent establishment, unrelated to any of the executive departments, and not subordinated to any cabinet officer. It consists of a director appointed by the President and reporting directly to the President, and a number of subordinate clerks in the classified civil service, all supported by a lump-sum appropriation from Congress. The bureau has no authority to enforce its findings or recommendations. It is an agency of the presidential office. I venture to doubt whether Mr. Wilson knows it exists. Certainly he has never shown any interest in its activities. The President fixes the director's salary and the director fixes the salaries of his subordinates. The usefulness of this agency as a money-saving device is sharply delimited by the lack of interest in its possibilities that has been shown by the executive authority. The bureau is in a sense the residuary legatee of the economy and efficiency commission that had a brief life under President Taft. Mr. Herbert D. Brown, director of the bureau, is the only chief it has ever had. As the head of the Federal agency most nearly resembling a planning board, I asked him for the history and function of his bureau. He gave me this information:

"The present Bureau of Efficiency began on March 4, 1913, as a division in the Civil Service Commission, with an appropriation of $12,000 for the first year. It became an independent establishment on February 28, 1916, and this year it has an appropriation of $125,000."

The Bureau of Efficiency's Work

"GENERALLY speaking, we do two classes of work. First, we handle problems specifically assigned to us by Congress, either by statute, by resolution of either House of Congress, or more or less informally by the various committees and individual members of Congress. The second general class of work which we do is to assist heads of departments and bureaus in developing better methods and procedures for doing their work."

The bureau has worked in six departments and six independent establishments, and up to this time has prepared and submitted about seventy separate reports. These reports cover office methods, filing and indexing, labor-saving devices, cash accounting, property accounting, cost accounting, pay system, auditing methods, duplication of activities, organization, statistical, actuarial, employment methods, efficiency ratings and work reports.

The personnel troubles of the executive departments are generally due to two conditions peculiar to government employment. In the first place, the important administrative positions in the service are filled ordinarily by persons who make no claim to administrative or

(Continued on Page 49)

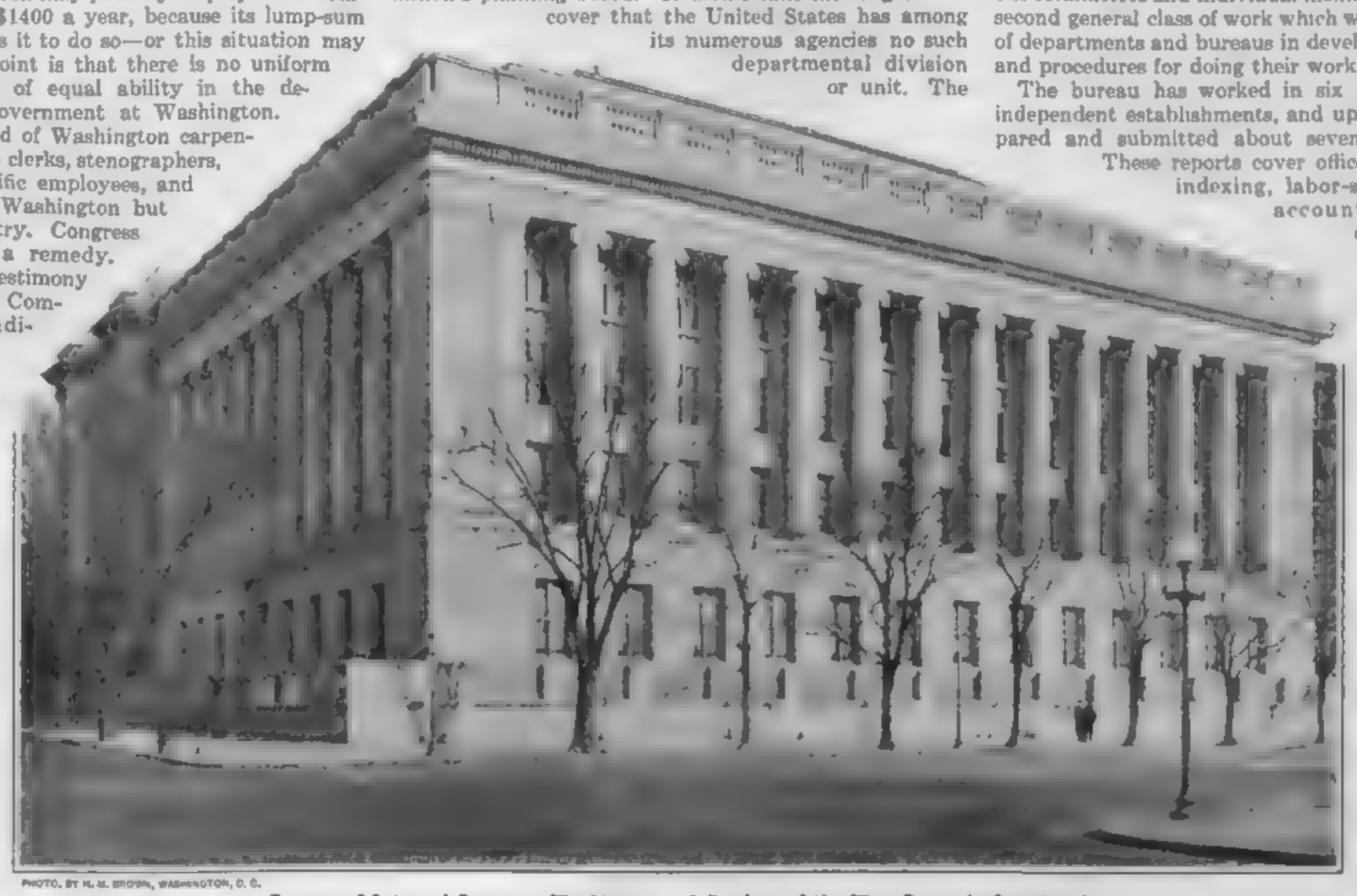


PHOTO. BY H. M. BROWN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bureau of Internal Revenue, Washington. A Product of the War, Recently Completed

WHITE SHOULDERS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XVII

I WALKED over to the hotel where Cole Hawkins was boarding then and asked for him. "He just went out, judge," said the clerk. "I expect you'll find him over at the garage. He just started over there in that direction, sir."

They all stopped their talking. I could feel their eyes on my back, looking at me, when I went out.

So I went over to the garage and found Cole just climbing into the long low red child of hell.

"Take me in that thing," I told him, "and drive me over to my office. I've got something I want to talk over with you."

He looked up at me under those black eyebrows without answering. But he went.

"All right. Climb in," he said.

And we went snorting and barking over to my office—in about ten snorts.

"Now then," I said, when I had him upstairs and sitting down by my desk again, "just what is it you're trying to do now?"

"Do—what?" he said, giving me an ugly look.

"You know what I mean," I told him.

"Maybe I do—and maybe I don't!" he answered back, still holding me off, looking black.

"Is it true," I asked him straight then—"what they're telling round town—that you're out hunting young Calvert with a gun?"

"S'pose I was—what of it?"

"Why? What's the object?"

"You've got your nerve with you!" he said to me. I could smell his breath clear across the desk.

"Why?" I went on asking him. "What do you want to kill him for?"

"He's lived long enough—that's one reason," he said. "And a good enough one too—for most people!"

I saw I had him started.

"I've been looking for that fat yelping poodle dog for some time," he told me then, "if you want to know."

"Look here, Cole," I said to him. "This ain't Mexico. Folks ain't going round the streets of Carthage any longer shooting each other full of lead because they don't like the color of each other's hair. What's going on here, anyhow?"

"You know as well as I do," he said, loosing up a little bit more. "Or if you don't you will before long. But I ain't talking about that, either!" he said, stopping.

"What is it, Cole?" I asked him. "Come on now—tell me. I want to know—and you've got a right to tell me."

"I'll tell you what it is," he said then finally, staring back into my eyes, "if you've got to know! For your own information, strictly! You know what I was telling you about that other evening, about wanting to find out whether there were any more false scandals started about that person I was speaking to you of?"

"Yes."

"Well—I've found out, that's all. There were. And it's that thing—Calvert!"

"Calvert!" I said after him.

"Yes, sir. You know how he is—how he's been in this town for years—laughing and sneering and lying about folks that he didn't fancy or had turned him down—or he just thought would make good targets to aim his funny thoughts at—or start some scandal about."

I nodded, with my eye on him.

"Well, he's done his last slandering of women round this place, that's all!"

"How so?"

"Well, this time he's done it once too often. He's been round town here lately peddling a lot of lies about this girl I'm talking to you about—shaming them out of town. And nobody's had the manhood to come out and tear his lying insides out of him. But this is the time he's going to be come up with. I'm after him this time," he said, and stopped, holding his dangerous black eyes into mine. "And I've sent word to him so."

"You mean to tell me ——" I started saying.

"I've got the same compassion for him," he said, "as for a sick toad. He's driving them out of town—trying to," he said. "But he's going out—on a blamed sight longer journey. They've got him hid away somewhere now—in some stinking hole. But I ain't worried. I'll catch up with him before I'm through. And when I do he's going out on that long journey I was telling you about—to a blamed sight warmer country. And if I go with him—so much the better. I'm getting generally sick hanging round this world, being in the way of others—never making good! Maybe they'll find some more use for me in hell."

"Cole," I told him, "you're a fool."

"Maybe I am, judge," he told me, very cool and calm and ugly, "but nobody can say I don't do what I say I will."

"You've been drinking again."

"Maybe I have."

"I thought you'd straightened out," I said, "and done away with the drinking—since you'd been with that girl."

"I did, judge—while I was with her. I would now, if I still was, I expect. But that ain't any business ——"

"Don't you know," I broke in on him, "that anything like this isn't going to help the girl any—what you are doing now?"

"What I know is this," he told me—"just this: I'm through. I understand that. I may never speak to her again. But just the same, nobody's going round circulating low-down lying scandals about her—and live."

"What were the scandals?" I asked him.

"I don't know. Some lie about her and her mother coming on here from the slums of St. Louis—backed by that cheap crooked dressmaker. I don't know—some lie on the face of it—to anybody that knows the girl and ever talked with her."

"Well, if it's a lie," I said, shivering inside to see how the thing was going, "it'll kill itself. It will ——"

"That's the trouble," he broke in on me. "It's a damned plausible lie some ways, like everything else he gets up. That's the worst of it. Now is that all?" he said, getting to his feet.

"Look here," I said, trying to keep him there. But he wouldn't be kept.

"Is that all?" he repeated.

"You're making a mistake all round, Cole. Sit down again," I begged of him.

"No. I ain't just in a real talkative mood to-night," he told me, and went out the door.

I sat there thinking long after I heard him and his child of hell go roaring and barking up the street, patrolling round, maybe, for a sight of Calvert. I was thinking of it a good part of the night—there in my office and in my bedroom. I couldn't appear to work it out. If I couldn't influence and hold him back I didn't know who could—unless perhaps one person—who wouldn't naturally be available! And, moreover, I couldn't very well go to anybody else anyhow—with what I'd got in confidence.

It looked bad to me. It did the next morning. It was all over town now—about the two men—though the girl's name wasn't in it so very much yet. Calvert was hid away still somewhere, they said. He was away from the boarding house, I knew that. Hawkins was still drunk, racing down the road.

"He almost got another car last night," a man called me up to say on the telephone. "Something's got to be done about him—that's certain sure."

And not two minutes afterward the phone rang again, and I heard a woman's voice—quick and sharp and breathless—on the wire.

"Hello, judge."

"Hello."

"This is Virginia."

"Why, hello, Virginia. Hello, girl. Ain't you up kind of early this morning?"

"Judge," she said, not answering me, "I want to come down to your office—right now! Are you alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "Come right down."

I suspicioned from her voice what it might be.

She was white when she came in; more than ever the girl of ivory they first talked about.

"Judge," she said, not sitting down, "is it true? Is it true, sir—that Cole Hawkins is hunting to kill that Calvert?"

I didn't answer.

"For what he said about me?"

"Sit down first," I told her, "and tell me what you're driving at, and then maybe I'll answer your question."

She sat down and told me. That white-livered, yellow-haired Calvert had sent word to her—to save his mean skin.

"What did he want you to do?" I asked her. "What did he say?"

"He said he knew—if I went to him—to Cole—and told him to stop—to tell him that he knew that he was wrong ——"

"Calvert knew, you mean?"

"Yes. And would apologize—to me, or anybody—why, then, he knew, judge, that would fix it with Cole—for everybody. For me and my reputation!"

"Your reputation!" I said. "Your reputation! The low-down hound!"

"Yes, sir."

"But it wouldn't. It wouldn't fix it—with Cole Hawkins or your reputation either—if he apologized a million times. I don't believe you can hold Cole off him now."

She was almost whispering when she answered me.

"I could stop him, judge," she said—"in one way!"

"What way?"

"I could go and tell him—that he couldn't blame Calvert," she said, talking even lower.

"Couldn't blame him!" I broke in.

"Because—what he told—was the truth!"

I sat and stared at her.

She straightened up a little and talked louder then. "That would fix it, judge," she said.

"The truth!" I answered her. "You don't know what Calvert's said. You don't know it is the truth. It probably ain't."

"It's near enough, judge," she told me, with that old hopeless tone she used to have at first coming back into her voice, "so he won't be killing anybody—on my account—any more!"

"Virginia. Girl," I said. "I won't stand for it. I won't stand for anything of the kind. I won't allow you, ma'am."

"You can't help yourself, I expect," she told me.

"No, sir. You can't go to him—not the way it is with you two," I told her. "I'd go myself first—if that was the thing to be done!"

"What good would that do, sir?" she asked me. "He wouldn't believe you, you know that—even if you did tell him what I've been. He'd only want to kill you, probably—add you to Calvert! No, sir," she said. "There's just one way—and one person. I've got to do it."

"That's no such thing," I said. "You know yourself what you said about it—about how that was the only thing left for you now—not to tell him or see him even, after he knew. That it would kill you to stay and look him in the face—after he heard about you. And now you're purposing to go yourself and ——"

"Don't make it any harder, judge," she told me, "than it has to be for me. For it's going to be done."

"Not for that cur, Calvert," I said.

"No, sir. No, sir," she said, very slow and quiet. "Not for him—or for myself either."

"No, ma'am," I said. "No! Cole Hawkins ain't worth that, either."

"Yes he is, judge," she said. "He is—to me! Let alone what he is to me—now. He cared for me—he was kind to me—not to my looks, my body. To me! The only man I ever knew—I think. He always did all kinds of things for me—that first time, when I was in trouble. Oh, I know—how it all started.

"Do you think after that," she went on after a while—"after all he's been to me—that I'm just going to run away and let him get into any bad trouble like this for me now? No, sir. Never!"

"Virginia," I said, getting to my feet, "stand up here. I want to tell you, ma'am, right here and now, you're the finest woman God ever made, ma'am. And I'm proud to know you. And I'd like nothing better than to think you were my daughter. I believe, as it is, I'll adopt you, ma'am!"

"I wish you would, judge—sometimes!" she said.

"I will," I said to her. "Right now!"

And she looked up after a while from where I had my arm about her and said: "After this, judge—after I get this done—can I go, sir, then? Will you help me off to some big place—where I can just hide and hide and hide myself—forever?"

"From everybody but me, you can," I told her, comforting her.

"Yes, sir," she said after a while more, and stood back again and wiped her eyes.

"Where are you going now?" I asked her.

"Just to the telephone," she said. "That's all."

XVIII

I WOULDN'T be much surprised if she had used that telephone number before. Anyhow she hit the right place at the right time to find the man whom she was calling for. I stood there staring, listening to see what was going on.

She told him who it was.

"Who?" came back his voice on the receiver.

I could hear it speaking out half across the room. Eager and quick—like a boy's voice should be.

"Virginia," she said again. "I want to ask you a favor."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you be willing to take me riding again—if I asked you?"

"Would I be willing?" the voice in the receiver came back—the instrument blurring from its loudness. "When?"

"Could you to-night?"

"Could I to-night? No. Not a bit! When?"

"The—the same time."

"Right. Right," came the loud surprised voice again. "That is, if that's the earliest time there is."

"That will be the earliest—the best, anyway, I expect," she said, and closed him off with a short laugh.

She came over to me with a very red face. "It will be easier when I get started, I expect, judge!" she said—to say something, apparently.

"You're not going to do that," I told her.

"What?"

"You're not going out riding with Cole Hawkins—to-day, to-night or any other time! You know the way

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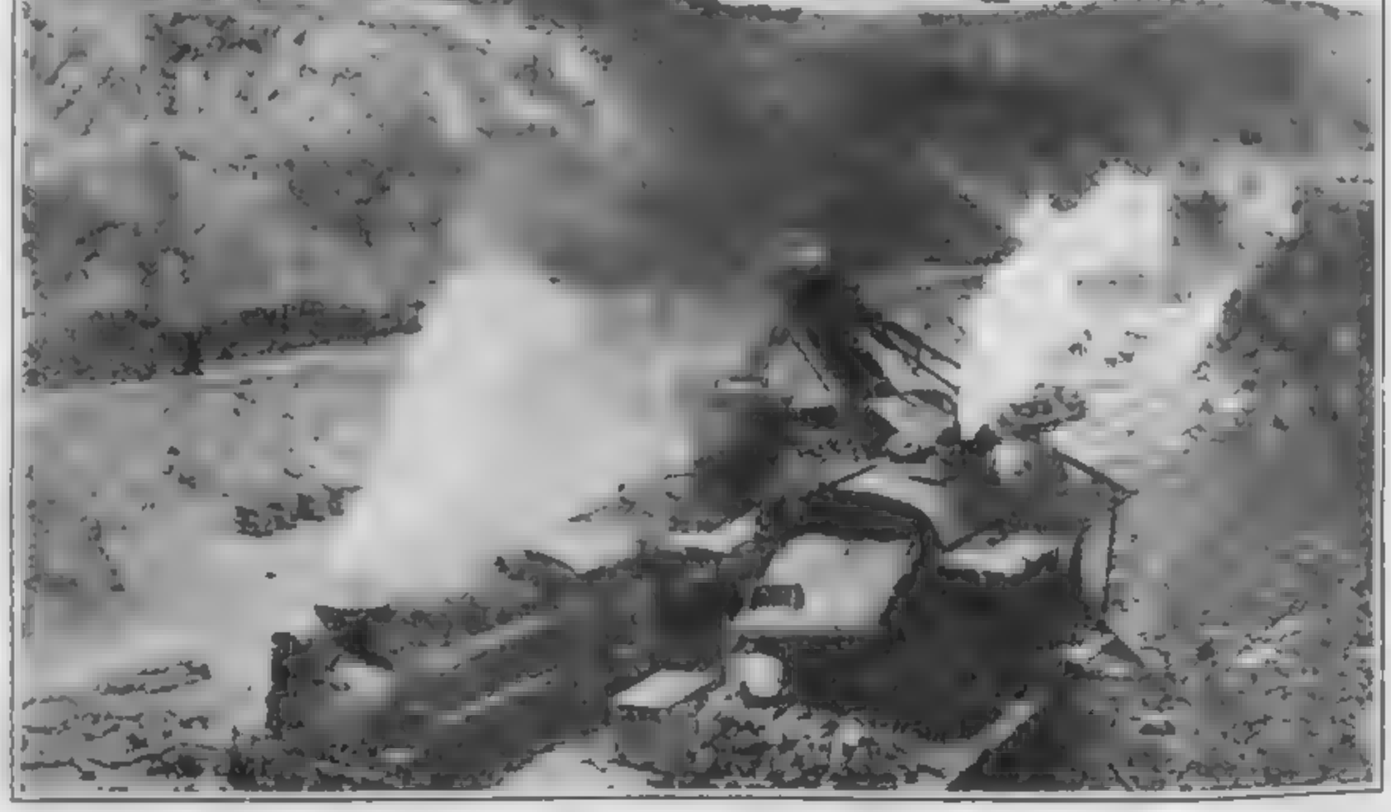
And Then the Nurse Opened the Door and It Closed After Them

THE CONGO TO-DAY

By Isaac F. Marcosson



American Steam Shovel at a Katanga Copper Mine. Contrast This With the Picture Above of Primitive Copper Mining by Natives in the Katanga

UNFOLD the map of Africa and you see a huge yellow area sprawling over the equator, reaching down to Rhodesia on the southeast and converging to a point on the Atlantic Coast. Nearly equal in size to all Latin and Teutonic Europe, it is the abode of six thousand white men and twelve million blacks. No other section of that vast empire of mystery is so packed with hazard and hardship. Across it Stanley made his way in two epic expeditions. Livingstone gave it the glamour of his spiritualizing influence. Fourteen nations stood sponsor at its birth as a free state and the whole world shook with controversy about its administration. Once the darkest domain of the Dark Continent, it is still the stronghold of the resisting jungle and the last frontier of civilization. It is the Belgian Congo.

During these past years the veil has been lifted from the greater part of Africa. We are familiar with life and customs in the British, French and to a certain degree the Portuguese and one-time German colonies. But about the land inseparably associated with King Leopold there still hangs a shroud of uncertainty as to régime and resource. Few people go there, and its literature is meager and unsatisfactory. To the vast majority of persons, therefore, the country is merely a name—a dab of color on the globe. Its very distance lends enchantment and heightens the lure that always lurks in the unknown. What is it like? What is its place in the universal productive scheme? What of its future?

I went to the Congo to find out. My journey there was the logical sequel to my visit to the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia, which I have already described. It seemed a pity not to take a plunge into the region that I had read about in the books of Stanley. In my boyhood I heard him tell the story of some of his African experiences. The man and his narrative were unforgetable, for he incarnated both the ideal and the adventure of journalism. He cast the spell of the Congo River over me, and I longed to see this mighty mother of waters. Thus it came about that I not only followed Stanley's trail through the heart of Equatorial Africa, but spent weeks floating down the historic stream, which, like the rivers that figured in the World War, has a distinct and definite human quality. The Marne, the Meuse and the Somme are the rivers of valor. The Congo is the river of adventure.

An Audience With King Albert

IN WRITING, as in everything else, preparedness is all essential. I learned the value of carrying proper credentials during the war, when every frontier and police official constituted himself a stumblingblock to progress. For the South African end of my adventure I provided myself with letters from Lloyd George and Smuts. In the Congo I realized that I would require equally powerful agencies to help me on my way. Wandering through sparsely settled Central Africa, with its millions of natives, scattered white settlements and restricted and sometimes primitive means of transport, was a far different proposition from traveling in the Cape Colony, the Transvaal or Rhodesia, where there are through trains and habitable hotels.

I knew that in the Congo the state was magic, and the king's name one to conjure with. Accordingly, I equipped myself with what amounted to an order from the Belgian Colonial Office to all functionaries to help me in every possible way. This order, I might add, was really a command from King Albert, with whom I had an hour's audience at Brussels before I sailed. As I sat in the simple office of the palace and talked with this shy, tall, blond and really kingly looking person, I could not help thinking of the last time I saw him. It was at La Panne during that terrible winter of 1916–1917, when the Germans were at the high tide of their success. The Belgian monarch had taken refuge in this bleak, sea-swept corner of Belgium, the only part of the country that had escaped the invader. The king lived in a little chalet near the beach. Every day he walked up and down on the sands while German aëroplanes flew overhead and the roar of the guns at Dixmude smote the ear. He was then leading what seemed to be a forlorn hope, and he betrayed his anxiety in face and speech. Now I beheld him fresh and buoyant, and the ruler of the country in Europe that had most thoroughly settled down to work.

King Albert asked me many questions about my trip. He told me of his own journey through the Congo in 1908—he was then Prince Albert—when he covered more than a thousand miles on foot. He said that he was glad that an American was going to write something about the Congo at first-hand, and he expressed his keen appreciation of the work of American capital in his big colony overseas.

"I like America and Americans," he said, "and I hope that your country will not forget Europe."

There was a warm clasp of the hand, and I was off on the first lap of the journey that was to reel off more than twenty-six thousand miles of strenuous travel before I saw my little domicile in New York again.

Before we invade the Congo let me briefly outline its history. It can be told in a few words, although the narrative of its exploitation remains a serial without end. Prior to Stanley's memorable journey of exploration across Equatorial Africa, which he described in Through the Dark Continent, what is now the Congo was a blank spot on the map. No white man had traversed it. In the fifties Livingstone had opened up part of the present British East Africa and Nyasaland. In the Luapula and its tributaries he discovered the headwaters of the Congo River, and then continued on to Victoria Falls and Rhodesia. After Stanley found the famous missionary at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika in 1871, he returned to Zanzibar. Hence the broad expanse of Central Africa from Nyasaland westward practically remained undiscovered until Stanley crossed it between 1874 and 1877, when he traveled from Stanley Falls, near where the Congo River actually begins, down its expanse to the sea.

As soon as Stanley's articles about the Congo began to appear, King Leopold, who was a shrewd business man, saw an opportunity for the expansion of his little country. Under his auspices several international committees dedicated to African study were formed. He then sent Stanley back to the Congo in 1879 to organize a string of stations from the ocean up to Stanley Falls, now Stanleyville.

En Route

THE founding of the Congo State was the greatest single achievement of Stanley's life. Nothing else so completely capitalized his persistency and his genius for organization. In 1885, the famous Berlin Congress of Nations, presided over by Bismarck, recognized the Congo Free State, accepted Leopold as its sovereign, and the jungle domain took its place among recognized governments. The principal purposes animating the founders were the suppression of the slave trade and the conversion of the territory into a combined factory and a market for all the nations.

The world is more or less familiar with subsequent Congo history. In 1904 arose the first protest against the alleged atrocities perpetrated on the blacks and the Congo became the center of an international dispute that nearly lost Belgium her only colonial possession. With that campaign we are not concerned. The only atrocities that I saw in the Congo were the slaughter of my clothes on the native washboard, usually a rock, and the American jitney that broke down and left me stranded in the Kasai jungle. As a matter of fact, the Belgian rule in the Congo has swung around to another extreme, for the negro there has more freedom of movement and less responsibility for action than in any other African colony. To round out this brief history, the Congo was ceded to Belgium in 1908 and has been a Belgian colony ever since.

We can now go on with the journey. In the preceding article I left off in Rhodesia. From Bulawayo I traveled northward for three days past Victoria Falls and Broken Hill, through the undeveloped stretches of Northern Rhodesia, where you can sometimes see lion tracks from the car windows, and where the naked Barotses emerge from the wilds and stare with big-eyed wonder at the passing train. Until recently the telegraph service was considerably impaired by the curiosity of elephants, which insisted upon knocking down the poles.

While I was in South Africa alarming reports were published about a strike in the Congo, and I was afraid that it would interfere with my journey. This strike was without doubt unique in the history of all labor troubles. The whole Congo administration walked out when their request for an increase in pay was refused. The strikers included government agents, railway, telegraph and telephone employees and steamboat captains. Even the one-time cannibals employed on all public construction quit work. It was a natural procedure for them. Not a wheel turned;

A Native Market at Kindu, Thick With Gayly Clad Purchasers

The Train From Kongola to Kindu is Something of an Event

not a word went over the wires; navigation on the rivers ceased. The country was paralyzed. Happily for me, it was settled just before I left Bulawayo.

Late at night I crossed the Congo border and stopped for the customs at Sakania. For the first time I realized the potency that lurked in my royal credentials, for traffic was tied up until I was expedited. I also got the initial surprise of the many that awaited me in this part of the world. In the popular mind the Congo is an annex of the Inferno. I can vouch for the fact that some sections break all heat records. The air that greeted me, however, might have been wafted down from Greenland's icy mountain, for I was chilled to the bone. In the flickering light of the station the natives shivered in their blankets. The atmosphere was anything but tropical, yet I was almost within striking distance of the equator. The reason for this frigidity was that I had entered the confines of the Katanga, the healthiest and best-developed province of the Congo, and a plateau more than four thousand feet above sea level.

The next afternoon I arrived at Elizabethville, named for the queen of the Belgians, capital of the province and center of the whole Congo copper activity. Here I touched two significant things: One was the group of American engineers who have developed the whole technical side of mining in the Katanga, as elsewhere in the Congo; the other was a contact with the industry which produces a considerable part of its wealth.

There is a wide impression that the Congo is entirely an agricultural country. Although it has unlimited possibilities in this direction, the reverse, for the moment, is true. The nine hundred thousand square miles of area—it is about eighty-eight times the size of Belgium—have scarcely been scraped by the hand of man, although Nature has been prodigal in her share of the development. Wild rubber, the gathering of which loosed the storm about King Leopold's head, is nearly exhausted because of the one-time ruthless harvesting.

Cotton and coffee are infant industries.

The principal product of the soil, commercially, is the fruit of the palm tree.

Mining is, in many respects, the chief activity, and the Katanga, which is really one huge mine, principally copper, is the most prosperous region so far as bulk of output is concerned. Since this area figures so prominently in the economic record of the country, it is worth more than passing attention. Like so many parts of Africa, its exploitation is recent. For years after Livingstone planted the gospel there it continued to be the haunt of warlike tribes. The earliest white visitors observed that these natives wore copper ornaments and trafficked in a rude Saint Andrew's cross—it was the coin of the country—fashioned out of this metal. When prospectors came through in the eighties and nineties they found scores of old copper mines which had been worked by the aborigines many decades ago. Before the advent of civilization the Katanga blacks dealt mainly in slaves and in copper.

The real pioneer of development in the Katanga is an Englishman, Robert Williams, a friend and colleague of Cecil Rhodes, and who constructed, as you may possibly recall, the link in the Cape-to-Cairo Railway from Broken Hill, in Northern Rhodesia, to the Congo border. He has done for Congo copper what Lord Leverhulme has accomplished for palm fruit and Thomas F. Ryan for diamonds. Congo progress is almost entirely due to alien capital. Williams, who was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, went out to Africa in 1881 to take charge of some mining machinery at one of the Kimberley diamond mines. Here he met Rhodes, and an association began which continued until the death of the empire builder. On his deathbed Rhodes asked Williams to continue the Cape-to-Cairo project. In the acquiescence to this request the Katanga indirectly owes much of its advance. Thus the constructive influence of the colossus of South Africa extends beyond the British dominions.

In building the Broken Hill Railway, Williams was prompted by two reasons: One was to carry on the Rhodes project; the other was to link up what he believed to be a whole new mineral world to the needs of man. Nor was he working in the dark. Late in the nineties he had sent George Grey, a brother of Sir Edward, now Viscount Grey, through the present Katanga region on a prospecting expedition. Grey discovered large deposits of copper and also deposits of tin, lead, iron, coal, platinum and diamonds. Williams now organized the company known as the Tanganyika Concessions, which became the instigator of Congo copper mining. Subsequently the Union Minière du Haut Katanga was formed by leading Belgian colonial capitalists, and the Tanganyika Concessions acquired more than forty per cent of its capital. The Union Minière took over all the concessions and discoveries of the British corporation. The Union Minière is now the leading industrial

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A Caravan on the March Through the Jungle. Above—The Congo Steamer Comte de Flandre

TWO AND TWO

By Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry

V

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AT THE Palace Hotel, Sunday morning, where I went to pick up Worth Gilbert before we should call for little Miss Wallace, he met me in high spirits and with an enthusiasm that demanded immediate physical action.

"Heh," I said, "you look fine. Must have slept well."

"Make it rested, and I'll go you," he grinned cheerfully.

He'd already been out, going down to the Grant Avenue corner for an assortment of Bay cities papers not to be had at the hotel news stands, so that he could see whether our canny announcement of Clayte's fifteen-thousand-dollar defalcation had received discreet attention from the Associated Press.

For my part our agency had been able to get hold of three women who had seen Clayte and remembered the event: Mrs. Griggsby; a stenographer at the bank; and the woman who sold newspapers at the St. Dunstan corner. Miss Wallace's suggestion had proved itself, for these three agreed with fair exactness, and the description run in the late editions of the city papers was less vague than the others. It gave Clayte's eyes as a pale gray-blue, and his hair as dull brown, eliminating at least all brown-eyed men.

Worth asserted warmly, "That girl's going to be useful to us, Boyne."

I couldn't well disagree with him, after using her hint. We were getting out of the elevator on the office floor when he looked at me, grinned boyishly and added, "What would you say if I told you I was being shadowed?"

"That I thought it very likely," I nodded. "Also I might hazard a guess at whose money is paying for it."

He gave me a quick glance, but asked no questions. I could see that he was enjoying his position up to the hilt, considered the attentions of a trailer as one of its perquisites.

"Keep your eyes open and you'll spot him as we go out," he said as he left the key at the desk.

It was hardly necessary to keep my eyes open to see the lurking figure over beyond the easy-chairs, which started galvanically as we passed through the court, and a moment later came sidling after us. Little Pete had left my machine at the Market Street entrance—Worth was to drive me—and we wheeled away from a disappointed man racing for the taxi line round the corner.

"More power to his legs," Worth said.

"Oh, I don't know," I grunted as we cut into Montgomery and negotiated the corner onto Bush Street's clear way, striking a fair clip at once. "That end of him already works better than the other. How did you get wise?"

"Barbara Wallace telephoned me to look out for him," he smiled, and let my car out another notch once we'd passed the traffic cop at Kearny.

I myself had foreseen the possibility—but only as a possibility—that Dykeman would put a man on Worth's coat tails, since I knew Dykeman and had been at that bank meeting; yet I had not regarded it as likely enough to warn Worth; and here was this girl phoning him to look out for a trailer. Was this some more of her deductive reasoning or had Cummings dropped a hint?

Her Eyes Seemed to Go Wider Open With a Sort of Horror, Her Face Paled

She was waiting for us in front of the Haight Street boarding house that served her for a home, and we tucked her between us on the roadster's wide seat. At the St. Dunstan we found my man, left there since the hour of the alarm the day before, and everybody belonging to the management surly and glum. The clerk handed me Clayte's key across the morning papers spread out on his desk. Apartment houses dislike notoriety of this sort, and the St. Dunstan set up to be as rabidly respectable, as chemically pure as any in the city. Well, no use their blaming me; Clayte was their misfortune; they couldn't expect me to keep the matter out of print entirely.

The three of us crowded into the automatic elevator, and I pressed the seventh-floor button. The girl's eyes shone under the wisp of veil twisted round a knowing little turban. She liked the taste of the adventure.

"That man came this way—with that suitcase," she breathed. "Maybe set it down right there when he pressed the button—just as Mr. Boyne did now!"

It was a fine morning; the shades had been left up and Clayte's room, when I opened the door, was ablaze with sunlight.

"How delightful!"

Barbara Wallace stopped on the threshold and looked about her. I expected the scientific investigating to begin; but no—she was all taken up with the beauty of sunlight and view.

The seventh was the top floor. The St. Dunstan stood almost at the summit, where Nob Hill slants obliquely to north and east, and Powell Street dizzies down the steep descent to North Beach and the bay. The girl had run to a window and was looking out toward the marvelous show of blue-green water and distant Berkeley hills.

"Will you open this window for me, please?" she asked.

I stepped to her side, forestalling Worth, who was eying the room's interior with curiosity.

"You'll notice the burglar-proof sash locks," I said as I manipulated this one. She gave only casual interest, her attention still on the view beyond. The steel latch, fastened to the upper sash, locked into the socket on the lower sash by a lever catch. "See? I must pull out this little lever before I can push the hasp back with my thumb—so. Now the window may be shoved up." And I illustrated.

"Yes," she nodded; then: "Look at the wisps of fog round Tamalpais' top. Worth, come here and see the violet shadows of the clouds on the bay."

"North wind coming up," agreed Worth, stepping to the farther window.

"It's bringing in the fog," she said; then giving me the first hint that Miss Wallace considered herself on the job: "Will it not latch by itself if you jam it shut hard?"

"It will not." I illustrated with a bang. The latch still remained open. "I must close it by hand." I pushed the hasp into the keeper, and, snap—the lever shot back and it was fast.

"But a window like that couldn't be opened from outside, even without the locking lever," she remarked, gazing again toward the Marin shore.

"A man with the know—a burglar—can open the ordinary window latch in less than a minute," I told her. "With a jimmy pinched between the sash and the sill, a recurring pressure starts the latch back; nothing to hold it. This—unless he cuts the glass—is burglar-proof."

Worth, at her shoulder, now looked down the sheer descent which exaggerated the seven stories of the St. Dunstan; because of its crowning position on the hill and the intersection of streets we looked over the roofs of the houses before us, far above their chimney tops.

I caught his eye and grinned across the girl's head, suggesting. "Besides, we weren't trying to find how someone could break into this room, but how they could break out. Even if the latches had not been locked there wouldn't be an answer in these windows—unless Clayte could fly."

"Might have made his way to the fire escape," Worth said, but I shook my head.

"He'd be seen from the windows by the tenants on six floors; and nobody saw him. Might as well take the elevator or the stairs, which he didn't."

But the girl wasn't listening to any of this. Her expression attentive, alert, she was passing her hand round the

edge of the glass of either sash, as though she still dwelt on my suggestion of cutting the pane; and as we watched her she murmured to herself, "Yes, flying would be a good way."

It made me laugh.

And then she turned away from the windows and had no more interest in any of them, going with me all over the rest of the room with rather the air of a person who thought of renting it than a highbrow criminal investigator hunting clews.

"He lived here—years, you say?" I nodded.

She slid her hand over the plush cushions of a morris chair, threw back the covers of an iron bed in one corner and felt of the mattress, then went and stood before the bare little dresser.

"Why, the place expresses no more personality than a room in a transient hotel!"

"He hadn't any personality," I growled, and got the flicker of a smile from her eye.

"What about those library books he carried in the suitcase?" Worth came in with an echo from the bank meeting.

"Some more bunk," I said morosely. "So far, we've not been able to locate him as a patron of any public or private library, and the hotel clerk's sure his mail never contained a correspondence course; in fact, neither here nor at the bank can anyone remember his getting any mail. If he ever carried books in that suitcase, as Knapp believed, it was several years back."

"Several years back," Miss Wallace repeated, low.

"Myself, I've given up the idea of his studying. This crime doesn't look to me like any sudden temptation of a model bank clerk, spending his spare hours over correspondence courses. I rather expect to find him just plain crook."

"Oh, no!" the girl objected. "It's too big and too well done to have been planned by a dull, commonplace crook."

"Right you are," I agreed with restored good humor. "A keen brain planned this, but not Clayte's. There had to be an instrument—and that was Clayte; also, likely, one or more to help in the get-away."

The get-away! That brought us back with a thump to the present moment. Our pretty girl had been all over the shop now, glanced into bathroom, closet and cupboard, noted abandoned hats, clothing and shoes, the electric plate where Clayte got his breakfast coffee and toast, asked without much interest where he ate his other meals, and nodded agreeingly when she found that he'd been only an occasional customer at the neighboring restaurants, never regular, apparently eating here and there downtown. She seemed to get something out of that; what, I didn't know

"You speak of this crime as not being committed on impulse," she said to me at length. "How long ahead should you say he planned it?"

"Or had it planned and prepared for him," I reminded her.

"Well, that, then," she conceded with slight impatience. "How long do you think it might have been planned or prepared for? Years?"

"Hardly that. Not more than a year probably. A gang like this wouldn't hold together on a proposition for many months."

The black brows over those clear, childlike eyes puckered a bit. I saw she wasn't at all satisfied with what I had said.

"Made all the observations you want to, Bobs?" Worth asked.

"All here. I want to see the roof."

She gave us rather a mechanical smile as she silently ticked her points off on her fingers, appealing to me with:

"I'm depending upon you for such facts as I have been unable to observe for myself, so if you give me wrong facts—make mistakes—I'll make mistakes in deduction."

There was such confidence in her deductive abilities that a tinge of irony crept into my tones as I replied: "I'll be very careful what opinions I hold."

"I don't mind the opinions," this astounding young woman took me up gayly. "I never have any of my own, so I don't pay attention to anybody else's. But do be careful of your facts!"

"I'll try to," was all I said. Worth cut in with: "Do you consider the roof one of the facts, Bobs?"

"I hope to find facts there," she answered promptly.

"Remember," I said, "your theory means another man up there, and you haven't yet ——"

"Please, Mr. Boyne, don't take two and two and make five of them at this stage of the game!" She checked me hastily; and I left them together while I took a hurried survey of the hall ceilings, looking for the scuttle. There was no hatchway in view, so I started down to the clerk to make inquiry.

As I passed Clayte's open door Miss Wallace seemed to be adjusting her turban before the dresser mirror, while Worth waited impatiently.

"Just a minute," I called. "I'll be right back," and I ducked into the elevator.

VI

WHEN I returned with a key and the information that the way to the roof ran through the janitor's tool room at the far end of the hall, I found my young people already out there.

Worth was trying the tool-room door.

"Got the key?" he called. "It's locked."

"Yes." I took my time fitting and turning it. "How did you know this was the room?"

"I didn't," briefly. "Bobs walked out here, and I followed her. She said we'd walk into this one."

She guessed right again! I wheeled on her, ejaculating, "For the love of Mike! Tell a mere man how you deduced this stairway. Feminine intuition, I suppose."

I hadn't meant to be offensive with that last, but her firm little chin was in the air as she countered: "Is it a stairway? It might be a ladder, you know."

It was a ladder, an iron ladder, as I found when I ushered them in.

My eyes snapped inquiry at her.

"Very simple," she said. Worth was pushing aside pails and boxes to make a better way for her to the ladder's foot. "There wouldn't be a roof scuttle in the rented rooms, so I knew when you called in to tell us there was none in the halls."

"I didn't. I said nothing of the sort." Where was the girl's fine memory, that she couldn't recollect a man's words for the little time I'd been gone! "All I said was, 'Just a minute and I'll be back.'"

"Yes, that's all you said to Worth." She glanced at the boy serenely as he waited for her at the ladder's foot. "He's not a trained observer; he doesn't deduce even from what he does observe." There were twinkling lights in her black eyes. "But what your hurried trip to the office said to me was that you'd gone for the key of the room that led to the roof scuttle."

Well, that was reasonable—simple enough too; but: "This room? How did you find it?"

She stepped to the open door and placed the tip of a gloved finger on the nickeled naught that marked the panels.

"The insignificant zero again, Mr. Boyne," she laughed. "Here, it means the room is not a tenanted one, and is therefore the way to the roof. Shall we go there?"

"Well, young lady," I said as I led her along the trail Worth had cleared, "it must be almost as bad to see everything that way—in minute detail—as to be blind."

"Carry on!" Worth called from the top of the ladder, reaching down to aid the girl. She laughed as she started the short climb.

"Not at all bad! You others seem to me only half awake to what is about you—only half living." And she placed her hand in the strong one held down to her. As Worth passed her through the scuttle to the roof I saw her glance carelessly at the books and

"Not Interested?" Cummings Repeated. "I Think You Are. My Telegram's From the Coroner"

(Continued on Page 73)

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 12, 1921

Peace

A CERTAIN land had been ravaged for many years by wars between its several states, so that the people groaned under the burden of taxation and despaired of reconciling prosperity and patriotism. The wise men of the several states, perceiving that the people were weary of strife, met to make an end of wars. The chairman of the meeting, who was wisest of all, made a little speech, in which he said: "Our first task will be to hang all the historians. The histories of my state which are studied in the schools are little more than records of military campaigns made palatable with boastings. We cannot lessen the lust for war while teaching our sons that war is a pathway to fame."

The other wise men agreed that the way to kill a tree is to dig it out by the roots, and though the historians were spared they were required to revamp their works until periods of combat appeared only as ugly incidents in the peaceful progress of a state. Where formerly the historian had devoted eight chapters to the description of a campaign and employed an average of three adjectives to the line, he now was required to content himself with a footnote in small type: "March, 1716, to April, 1717, war against Delcoland; got licked; cost 82,040 lives; made 163,207 cripples; increased taxes 132 per cent."

The expurgation of the histories was not the only concern of the wise men. They recognized man's normal desire to excel his fellows and to win their praise, and inaugurated a new standard of merit whose functioning is made apparent in a quaint book of the day wherein are set forth the accomplishments of men considered worthy of immortality.

"Smith, James Howard," the book reads, "born 1873, native of Glenway. Twice cited before the citizens of his town for unflinching courtesy under the most trying conditions; involuntary bankrupt in 1903; paid creditors in full in 1906 and received iron bar of the first class; died 1917 without once having complained of his hard lot in life. Statue by Roling at entrance of Druid Park."

And again: "Howard, Hiram, born in 1828, native of Clearbrook. Received Order of St. Thomas with shield in 1842 for raising sow weighing 932 pounds; Congressional Medal granted in 1876 when his fourth son graduated from agricultural college. Died in 1882, leaving his land in better state than it was when he acquired it. Admitted to Hall of Fame in 1883."

Another: "Wharton, Billy, 1810–1853, birthplace unknown; wit, story-teller and comedian. Made 2,432,622 people laugh and forget their troubles; cited 1832–33–34–35–36; Order of Golden Heart 1837; Congressional Medal 1838; thanks of the Congress 1839; Arch of Triumph designed by Sardon at entrance of Capitol grounds."

Thus it came about that schoolboys learned to covet honors that could be won in the arts of peace; for in their schoolbooks was praise of good workmen and good citizens, but no mention of battles or of generals. Wars were mentioned, to be sure, but only in explanation of destruction wrought and of taxes levied, and pupils were not required to remember the dates.

"The ten-year period from 1786 to 1796 witnessed a fearful and shameful conflict between men," a professor of history would say, "and yet this period brought into prominence three of our most illustrious citizens. Can any young gentleman in the class name them and give a summary of their achievements?"

And then a young gentleman would get to his feet and say: "Will Golding, who perfected the seedless watermelon; Anna Waite, who made the first lemon pie; and Harley Crowden, who invented automatic bricklaying."

Once a schoolboy said to the professor: "The lesson says the town of Huntingwald was added to our possessions in 1801. Did we pay for it?"

"Yes, my son," answered the professor. "We paid 6322 eyes, 14,827 legs and arms, and the bodies of 8720 young men. And we are still paying taxes for it."

The Housing Famine

CONSERVATIVE students of housing conditions estimate that the people of the United States will have to build two million dwelling houses before the supply catches up with the current demand. More impressionistic observers have no hesitation in putting the figure as high as five million. Assuming that the truth lies midway between these extremes, no fewer than fifteen million persons are inconvenienced by the prevailing housing famine. According to the American Health Association abnormal overcrowding affects from twenty to thirty per cent of the population of cities having more than 200,000 inhabitants.

As long ago as July, 1919, Mr. Calder, of New York, introduced in the United States Senate a bill to encourage home ownership through the establishment of a system of Federal building-loan banks. In the meantime the situation has been steadily growing worse. Only a few weeks ago Dr. Royal S. Copeland reported to the Senate Committee on Reconstruction that overcrowding had already propagated and spread tuberculosis. He declared that the relation of bad housing to child health is startling, and that infant mortality is fifty per cent higher in districts where there is the greatest overcrowding.

In an emergency such as now exists state aid has one practical advantage over remedial plans in which persons desirous of building are thrown upon their own resources. The state is in a position to allow its beneficiaries to tap reservoirs of capital that are immediately available, whereas private citizens in modest circumstances, acting in their own behalf, must accumulate working capital by the slow but wholesome process of saving it out of income. State aid may indeed be effective in meeting an emergency; but individual effort with its invaluable training in thrift, self-denial and farsighted prudence, will, in the long run, yield infinitely greater results when measured in terms of sturdy self-reliance, new ability to shift for oneself and heightened good citizenship.

Europe has had far more experience in dealing with housing problems than we have, and several foreign governments have enacted much beneficial legislation for the encouragement of workingmen who wish to build and own the houses they are to live in. It is not unnatural, therefore, that our publicists should have devoted a great deal of study to these overseas experiments and should have directed too little attention to what has been done at home by private citizens banded together for united coöperative effort. These operations are worthy of intensive study, for they have been crowned with success.

American experience indicates that what men do for themselves, on their own initiative, is better done and more satisfactorily done than what paternalistic government attempts to do for them. This is a strong argument in support of the belief that the possibilities of the old-fashioned building-and-loan association have by no means been exhausted.

Though these organizations are avowedly designed for persons of small or moderate means, the aggregate of their operations runs into very large figures. Two adjoining commonwealths afford the best field in the world for the study of what may be accomplished by building-and-loan associations. In Pennsylvania and Ohio alone there are three thousand of these societies, with more than a million and a half members and combined assets of three-quarters of a billion dollars. These two states are responsible for one-third of the building-and-loan-association activities of the entire country. The volume of their operations is conclusive evidence that the nation as a whole has scarcely scratched the surface of the potentialities of this method of coöperative home building.

The reasons for the extraordinary success of these associations in the states named are not far to seek. In the first place, they are strictly coöperative societies. They are self-contained institutions. Members are not only in the position of savings-bank depositors but they assume the functions of bank directors as well, and personally lend the accumulations of their own savings. Membership often consists largely of friends and neighbors who have been acquainted from childhood. Their operations are in familiar neighborhoods, where present values and future trends are matters of common knowledge. Lenders and borrowers have a background of acquaintanceship. Still another advantage exists in regions where these associations have long been operating. Experience has perfected their organization, their rules, policies and methods. Procedure has become standardized until it is as nearly foolproof as human skill can make it.

Coöperative building associations of this type cannot be expected to put an immediate end to the housing famine; but it is well within the bounds of possibility that an early and substantial increase in the number of such societies can not only be of great assistance in easing the existing situation but can prevent the recurrence of housing crises. The sooner young people of both sexes form such organizations and begin making their monthly payments, the sooner they will be in a position to strike out for themselves, build their own homes and pay for them on easy terms.

A Man Who Paid His Debts

AT A TIME when the commercial press teems with complaints of impaired business morality and cynical indifference to contractual obligations and every trade body is endeavoring to raise the ethical standards of its calling, it is stimulating to reflect upon the behavior of a young man who does not enjoy a high reputation as a successful merchant, but who, none the less, has an unsurpassed name for fair dealing and won unstinted praise in fields far removed from buying and selling.

It appears that this young merchant, handicapped by a drunken partner, bought a village store on credit. It was a losing venture from the first, and the new owners presently resold it, also on credit. The purchaser speedily failed and disappeared, and the dissolute partner died of drink, throwing upon the penniless young man the entire responsibility for the debts of the partnership. Without any difficulty and without much reproach, he could have freed himself by bankruptcy; but that was not the course he chose. Mindful of his old father's injunction, "If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter," he determined to pay the partnership debts in full; and after fifteen long years of grinding toil and self denial, pay them he did, to the last penny.

It is easy to guess that a young man endowed with such untiring energy and such vigorous moral stamina was bound to make his mark in the world. He did not develop into a rich and prosperous merchant, but he did become a great and good man. He died nearly-fifty-six years ago. Every year on the twelfth of February millions of persons do honor to his memory, and a mighty republic still holds his name in grateful remembrance and affectionate veneration.

Plain Remarks on Immigration for Plain Americans

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

IMMIGRATION has grown to such proportions that immigration experts are stating coldly but firmly that it has become a matter of life and death for the American people. Representatives of the United States in every part of Europe—many of whom have hitherto been in favor of allowing almost anyone to go to America—have become universally aware of the danger. During the year 1920 American officials in Europe were, for the first time, brought into direct contact with the countless myriads of foreigners who were determined to reach America by fair means or foul. It has set them determinedly against immigration, as it would set anyone whose private interests in the matter were not more important than the interests of America at large. They are frightened to-day. You can hear them all over Europe.

"Our immigration laws," they say, "are worse than useless. We must have new ones. Immigration must be stopped. This is a matter of life and death for America. Immigration must be handled in America by people who know what this immigration means. The people who are handling it don't know anything about it, because they haven't seen it at its source and cannot see what is coming."

The men who are saying these things are in many instances the men who, early in 1920, were saying that America was a nation of immigrants, and that the person who advocated stopping the flow of immigrants was advocating cutting off the flow of blood into our national veins, or bunk to that effect. In other instances they are men who have for years foreseen the inevitable results of unrestricted immigration. But now they are as one in saying that immigration must be limited to the irreducible minimum.

"It's easy to be sentimental and see plenty of reasons why it shouldn't be stopped; but America has got to stop it! This isn't a matter of sentiment; it's a matter of life and death for our people!"

It is a matter of life and death because with the tremendous numbers that are actually going and preparing to go, and with the greatest human reservoirs of Europe, hitherto untouched, waiting to burst their gates and pour their floods into America, the United States will either be populated in comparatively few years by a new composite race of people wholly different from the Americans of the present day, or by a number of racial groups which will fight and bicker and haggle among themselves over their alien racial differences.

An Alarming Outlook

BUSINESS men of the type who have hitherto advocated unrestricted immigration are becoming frightened at the alarming changes that the present enormous immigration is working beneath their very eyes. They are going in increasing numbers to the State Department and demanding that it be stopped. Many big employers of labor, for the first time in our history, are declaring that America cannot handle the numbers that are coming.

The regulation of immigration to-day is in the hands of the Department of State and the Department of Labor. The Department of State, through its consuls in Europe, attends to investigating prospective immigrants and to placing on their passports a visé which permits them to proceed to a United States port. The Department of Labor rejects the immigrants at the port of entry or accepts them and turns them loose on the country.

The Department of State has been in genuine contact with immigration only since visé control of immigrants came into effect with the war. The size and character of the immigration didn't burst dazzlingly on it until 1920, when ships formerly used for transports and hospital ships were put back into passenger service and so caused immigrants to flock to consular offices for permission to go to America. The flood was so sudden and so overwhelming that it completely numbed the department. All through 1920, when liners filled with immigrants were lying in midstream off Ellis Island because Ellis Island was so crammed with immigrants that it couldn't handle the rush, the Department of State was passing its cold hand to its hot brow and wondering what was hitting it. In the summer of 1920 it had recovered sufficiently to realize that immigration was the biggest thing it had ever tackled.

Not only does it cause the greatest amount of clerical and routine work ever placed upon the shoulders of the consular service, but it also gives rise to the collection of the greatest amount of revenue ever received for services rendered by consular officers since the inauguration of the

100% Impure

ten-dollar visé fee in July, 1920. It also entails far more bookkeeping, expert accounting and banking operations than have ever before been known in the foreign service of the United States or of any other country. There are some American consulates in Europe collecting one hundred thousand dollars monthly in visé fees—all of which money, by the way, is paid into the Treasury and is not made available for carrying on the extra work that immigration imposes on the consular service.

It was not until the late autumn of 1920 that the State Department sat up groggily and decided that it had better take a good look at this awful monster that had dealt it such a stunning series of wallops. It accordingly sent one man to Europe on a flying trip to look over the situation.

The consular service of the United States in Europe is an important adjunct of the Department of State. It had been brought to a high state of efficiency during the war and was in a position to be of inestimable value to American business men and to the country at large after the war. To-day, because of the enormous amount of visé work which must be done in practically every consulate, the United States consular service in Europe has degenerated into an organization which is merely doing the dirty work for the Department of Labor. Consular desks are piled high with letters from American business men which the consuls can find no time to answer. And the sad part of all this congestion and toil is that it is absolutely useless, as I shall show later.

If specific instances are desired, the American consulate in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, is so loaded with visé work that practically all other work has been suspended; in the Bucharest consulate the office files and accounts are months out of date and no commercial work whatever is being done; in the Athens consulate the visé work has almost completely wrecked the getting out of commercial and crop reports; in Dantzig the consulate has been so busy with visés that the gathering of commercial reports has been impossible; in Zagreb, Jugo-Slavia, the immigrants haunt the consulate in such numbers that only the absolutely necessary material work can be done in addition to the visé work; in Warsaw at a time when Poland was making important contracts with foreign countries, so that the consulates should have been devoting themselves to gathering business information, the American consulate had a staff of fifty-three persons, and forty-nine of the fifty-three were working exclusively on visés; in Vienna no work other than visé work can be done unless the entire consulate staff works at night and on Sundays. The staffs couldn't be increased because the Congressional appropriation for the consular service had been entirely used up.

The Department of Labor ostensibly is in charge of immigration. The fact of the matter is that the Department of Labor knows no more about immigration—except after the arrival of immigrants in American ports—than it knows about the habits of the viviparous blenny or the gambling systems in use at Monte Carlo. The Department of Labor has to do with labor; and immigration, as at present constituted, has about as much in common with labor as could be placed on the point of a number ten needle. Though the Department of Labor has ostensibly been in charge of immigration for many years it had made no effort to acquaint itself with the changes in immigration movements until it sent the Commissioner General of Immigration abroad as late as December, 1920. It has never made any effective effort to remedy any of the glaring and obvious evils which are resulting from it.

Discrimination Against Americans

THE Assistant Secretary of Labor during 1920—when it was becoming painfully apparent that immigrants needed to be kept away from slums, educated to American beliefs and freed from the influence of radical agitators—released many radical aliens who had been segregated for deportation, and refused to permit the American Legion to utilize its plans and machinery for Americanizing immigrants. There is no more reason for the Department of Labor to have jurisdiction over immigration than there is for the Bureau of Fisheries to have control of the prohibition-enforcement laws.

It is generally conceded by immigration authorities that Italy, of all the nations, has the best immigration laws and has devoted more time and thought to the subject of emigration than all the other nations put together. Italy has placed her Bureau of Emigration under the Foreign Office; for it is a matter which has to do with international relations. The idea of placing her Emigration Bureau under the Department of Labor would strike Italy as an absurdity, because Italy has studied emigration and knows that it is more than an interna. matter.

Italy, however, is in a different position from the United States as regards immigration. The movement of the Italian people is, in effect, entirely outward; whereas with the United States it is almost entirely the incoming masses of foreigners which are causing all the trouble. The United States has nearly reached the end of her rope as regards immigration, and has got to stop it, even though our more recent citizens of alien descent protest bitterly against the stopping. If the Bureau of Immigration were under the Department of State—which corresponds to the Italian Foreign Office—and the machinery for stopping immigration were regulated by consuls or other State Department employees, there would be constant friction between foreign governments and our State Department employees in Europe. Since our State Department employees are in Europe to get various kinds of information for the United States their sources of information would be gradually closed to them and their ultimate fate would be to sit stupidly around their embassies and consulates and wait for the natives of the country in which they were sitting to vent their displeasure at America.

A level-headed American consul general in a large European city said to me recently: "Every foreign government understands that never in the history of the world was there such a movement of peoples as there is to America to-day. All the governments understand that we have every right to go into the case of every immigrant with extreme thoroughness, because it is becoming a matter of life and death for our people."

Possibly he was right. Possibly the different nations do understand it. If so they take odd ways of showing their understanding. The price of an American visé to any incoming alien is ten dollars. They all pay it, and there is no discrimination. The price is high; but it was purposely made high some time ago in an attempt to cut down the number of immigrants that were stampeding to America. As a restrictive measure, by the way, it was a complete failure. All restrictive measures are useless so long as they are general. They must be particular and definite and rigid in order to have any effect at all. At any rate, ten dollars is the price of a visé for America to the citizens of every nation.

Several nations have become incensed at this price and are retaliating by charging Americans more money to enter their countries than they charge the citizens of other nations. Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, for example, charge an American the equivalent of ten dollars for a visé, and charge other nationalities a small fraction of that amount for the same thing. Their consular representatives, when making the charge, explain the discrimination by saying defiantly: "You charge us ten dollars to enter America, so we charge you ten dollars to enter our country." The Germans and the Poles also discriminate against Americans, charging them far more to enter their countries than they charge Frenchmen or Italians or Englishmen.

Who Shall Handle Immigration?

THIS fact is valuable so far as it shows the failure of European governments to grasp America's right to safeguard herself against undesirable immigration by any means she chooses to employ. America wants no more shoals of foreigners cramming her slums, lowering her standards of living and sowing the seeds of European unrest and race hatred among her population. Yet the Europeans insist on coming; right to come; lie and steal and forge in order to come. Their idea in coming is always to take something from America. At the same time the governments of European countries are urging and praying that Americans will come to their countries, because a traveling American makes many purchases and is a commercial asset to the country he is in. America makes a flat rate for all foreigners, and wishes that most of them would stay at home; Europe discriminates against Americans, yet wants them all to come there and spend their money. "If you discriminate against us," I said to a Czecho-Slovak consular official, "why shouldn't we discriminate against you?"

"But," said he, "you charge our people ten dollars to go to America."

"Quite true," I replied, "but we also charge the Eskimo and the Fiji Islander and the Armenian ten dollars. We discriminate against no one. If you discriminate against Americans by charging them ten times as much to enter your country as you charge the Spaniards or Danes, why shouldn't we charge Czecho-Slovaks one hundred dollars to enter America?"

Like Mr. Lardner's friend, he didn't have no adequate come-back, but continued to mumble rancorously that America charged ten dollars.

At any rate, the authorities most familiar with our immigration problems agree that the Department of Labor is unqualified to be in charge of immigration, and that the Department of State should not be handicapped by being put in charge of it. Both departments provide the machinery for handling immigration at each end—the consulates as the machinery of selection in the country of origin, and the immigration officials as the receiving and distributing machinery in America. Our consulates in Europe, at the expense of all their other business, have succeeded in working out an almost perfect immigration selective machine; but owing to the reluctance of the Department of Labor to allow a strict or broad interpretation of the present inadequate immigration laws, the consuls are given no opportunity to do any selecting. They find innumerable cases of immigrants who for mental, moral, physical or pecuniary reasons are excludable from the United States. The law, in fact, provides for their exclusion. But the consuls cannot stop these people; for under the present interpretation of the immigration laws they are allowed the right of appeal before the immigration officials in a United States port. A consul can tell a person that he is excludable under the law, and that he probably will be excluded if he goes to America; but he has no right to withhold a visé from that person if the person demands it, unless the person is a Bolshevik or an anarchist or a habitual criminal. A consul, through the machinery which has been built up in Europe, knows when prospective immigrants are idiots, insane, tuberculous, contract laborers, prostitutes or persons likely to become public charges, but he's got to give them a visé if they demand it. This puts our consuls in the embarrassing position of having degenerate, offensive, undesirable products of the sink holes of Europe step into their presence and tell them what to do. The consuls can and do warn the immigration officials in America of the arrival of these menaces; but in spite of that between thirty and fifty per cent of them are allowed to enter. This is because they have friends or relatives in the United States, and the friends and relatives bring such pressure to bear that the immigration laws, weak as they are, are ignored, and the scum floats in with the flood.

This brings me to the lack of understanding displayed by the people and the legislators of America as regards the immigrant tide. The United States immigration laws contain restrictive measures which six years ago would have been—and were—considered cruelly severe. The literacy test now in use, for example, was fought bitterly for years before the war as being an insurmountable barrier to immigrants. Yet the literacy test has dammed the immigrant flow with about the same success that a rope portière would have in damming Niagara Falls. The determination of the people of Central and Southeastern Europe to reach America is so strong that as long as there is a single loophole in an immigration law through which they can squirm or lie their way, the law is worthless. To be effective a law must be rigid and air-tight.

An immigration law which proposes to restrict immigration by permitting only those aliens to enter who have relatives in America is no restriction at all, because all the immigrants now going to America can produce letters and affidavits from relatives or friends in America. If the law read that only those could come who had relatives who were American citizens in America the numbers wouldn't decrease at all, because every immigrant could produce such a relative in America. There are organizations in Poland which have apparently been able to provide husbands, wives and mothers in America for immigrants who actually have no nearer relative in America than a fifth cousin twice removed.

Paris newspapers early in December, 1920, carried a dispatch with a Washington date line which stated: "The House Immigration Committee has approved tentatively a bill placing a ban on immigration. During this period the entry for permanent residence is limited to parents, grandparents, sons and grandsons under eighteen, unmarried or widowed daughters and granddaughters of citizens, or of aliens who have signified their intention of becoming naturalized."

Wireless Flashes From Slum to Slum

IF THIS bill is made into law it will not—contrary to the belief of the House Immigration Committee—prove to be a restrictive measure. It will stop nobody from coming to America except a few people who are too stupid to ask their neighbors what to do about it. Stupidity is not rife in Europe as regards emigration to America, especially in those countries which are sending us hundreds of thousands of congenital slum material. News flashes like wireless messages from slum to slum and from city to city. For example, after the Bolshevik push against Poland in the summer of 1920 a number of Hebrews from Poland fled across the line into Czecho-Slovakia. They were a tiny part of the three million Polish Hebrews who wanted to go to America. So they went to the American consulate in Prague and asked to be allowed to travel to America although they had failed to obtain a visé on their passports from the American consulate in Poland. The American consul at Prague cabled to the State Department asking for permission to do this, and the State Department cabled its assent for a limited period. These persons were allowed to go. The word flashed back to Poland, and at the expiration of a few days trainloads of Hebrews began pouring into Prague from Poland and besieging the American consul for similar permission. They didn't get it, however.

I repeat that the desire throughout Europe to emigrate to America is so strong that the immigrants will practice any chicanery to break through the weak spots in an immigration law. Times have changed as regards immigration. Economic distress throughout Europe is so great—and will be so great for another decade—that America at

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Price Reduced

December Twenty-seventh, 1920

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

What makes them so wholesome?

Campbell's Beans are so digestible that people frequently ask us how we make them so. They are slow-cooked. This means more than just thoroughly cooked. It means that Campbell's method produces beans so readily assimilated by the digestive system that they are beneficial, invigorating food, both for youngsters and grown-ups. And a food they like!

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Price reduced Dec. 27, 1920

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Falling Prices—By a Country Banker

FOR forty years—an even forty the first day of last July—I have stood behind the counter of a country bank or sat at a desk. If I told the name of the town nobody would be any wiser, really, and in view of what I am going to say some of my customers might be madder. My town is five hours from Chicago by train and contains about two thousand inhabitants. Anybody who knows anything about the northern half of the Mississippi Valley can get a line on it from that. Principal streets paved with brick, cement sidewalks everywhere, good city water, gas and electric light. I've looked over the show on upper Fifth Avenue in New York, but as a place to live in there's nothing there that I would trade my house on Maple Street for. Just for human living, my trees and flowers alone are worth any half dozen blocks of that seven-figure architecture—the way I look at it. I seem to remember something about a boom in my town when I was a youngster, not long after the Civil War. But before I got through public school the population was about two thousand, and it's been about two thousand ever since.

I am putting in these details because I want anybody who reads this to get me correctly located and sized up. Born in a comparatively small Middle-Western country town, lived there all my life, public-school education, went into the First National Bank as an apprentice when I was twenty-one, been there ever since, vice president now; not rich, but I'll dare anybody to keep me awake nights worrying over the budget. So, whether you agree with me or not, you can't say I'm trying to sail under false colors.

This is a fine farming country. Seventy per cent of the bank's depositors are farmers. They are all complaining of falling prices. The sign on our front window mentions that we are members of the Federal Reserve system. To one of our farmer depositors at least, that sign is like flourishing a red rag at a bull. The other day he spent twenty minutes leaning over my desk bawling out that system, with assault and battery on the desk. He said the Federal Reserve system had gone into a conspiracy with Wall Street and other hellions to shut off credit, force prices down and ruin the farmers. I don't say that this man is a strictly typical farmer. He talks deep and plows shallow. But the complaint is general.

It was this man's outburst that set me to thinking more particularly, and emboldened me to try putting some ideas down on paper for publication. As far back as I can remember, complaint about prices has been general. Prices have never been right within my recollection, and there have always been schemes afloat for correcting the wrong in them.

What Makes Times Good?

AT THE time of the greenback movement in the seventies I was too young to hear much about it. But I had been in the bank fifteen years when the free-silver movement came along. I read "Coin" Harvey's book. Sorry to say I can't remember the name of it now, but I do remember that I was a lot impressed by it. Maybe I'd have voted for Bryan in '96 if that hadn't seemed a sort of sneaking thing to do when the president of the bank, whom I liked very much personally and who had been a mighty good friend to me, regarded voting for Bryan as substantially the same thing as setting fire to an orphan asylum. Harvey's book—if your recollection doesn't go back that far—showed that prices had been falling ever since silver was demonetized and a single gold standard of money adopted. There it was in cold figures. Demonetize silver and prices fall; remonetize silver and prices will rise. It looked sort of convincing to me when I studied the statistics then. But everybody who has bought anything, from a paper of pins to a farm, the last five years knows that prices may go to the sky without remonetizing silver.

The prices that our farmers now consider monstrously low are, say, a dollar sixty a bushel for wheat, sixty-five cents for corn, nine dollars a hundred for hogs. But back in '96 wheat sold for fifty cents, corn for ten cents and hogs hardly paid the freight to market. And ten years ago, when wheat got up to only a dollar a bushel, the whole country was agitated about rising prices and the high cost of living. I remember reading articles about that in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In short, it is chronic. Prices are never right. Always people are figuring out schemes to make them right. Well, I have figured out a scheme of my own. The object of writing this is to submit it. I believe it is bullet-proof and water-tight.

But again I don't want to sail under false colors. Up to the time I was, say, fifty years old I was pretty busy thinking about things in particular—things that came up in the day-to-day course of business, like whether or not a certain loan was good and how a certain account might be got into our bank. So I seem not to have had much time, or maybe not much inclination, to think about things in general. By that time my older boy and girl were in college. Their friends were coming to the house. A neighbor's son had become instructor in the department of economics at the state university. The last ten years I have read quite a lot of books and articles about economics in general, written by professors of that science. That is what got me into the way of theorizing about it.

When times are good prices rise; when times are bad prices fall. That is the first proposition. Good times and rising prices go together. Bad times and falling prices go together. There is plenty of theorizing as to whether good times cause rising prices or rising prices cause good times. But let's not stop to argue whether the egg or the chicken came first. Let's simply say that flush times and upward prices go together; hard times and downward prices go together.

If you consult the books in order to find out what makes times good at one period and bad at another, the answers boil down substantially to this: People with money to lay out—all sorts and conditions of people with money, whether a lot of money or a little—feel hopeful, confident of the future. So they lay out their money, buying goods to consume, also extending plants, putting up buildings, and so on. That gives full employment to labor; wages look upward.

With more money to spend, labor consumes more freely, food prices rise, which gives farmers more money to spend, so they buy more of the products of wage labor, which is consequently still more fully employed at still higher wages—and so on round the circle.

You might reduce it to a bargain between a bright young man of our town who has set up a little factory to make churns that he invented himself and a township farmers' convention.

Says the young man to the convention, "If you'll buy my churns at a good price I'll buy your flour and bacon at a good price and raise the wages of my hands so they can buy."

Says the convention to the young man, "If you'll buy our flour and bacon at a good price we'll buy your churns at a good price." As soon as somebody leads off the bargain works.

But all this buying and building and higher wages and higher prices requires more credit. It takes twice as much bank money to carry two-dollar wheat as to carry one-dollar wheat. If the pay roll doubles, the manufacturer needs more credit to carry him along until he sells the goods. If the goods cost more, jobber and retailer need more credit. Every new plant that goes up puts in its demand for credit. The banks get loaned up or overloaned. They get nervous about that and begin to restrict credit. Other people get nervous about that and let up on buying and building. Labor is not so fully employed and has less buying power. Food prices fall and farmers have less money to buy goods with. We all go round the circle in the opposite direction.

But it is not a contraction of credit that starts the ball rolling in the opposite direction. In the last four or five months we have had the biggest fall in commodity prices that ever happened in the United States—at least, that is what the statisticians whose statements I have read say about it. We have had a sharp down turn in industry and business, a rapid change from full employment of labor to considerable unemployment, a big falling off in steel orders, smaller movement of goods, and so on. But the last Federal Reserve statement—the one for last week—showed that loans the country over were much larger than a year ago, when prices were going up; in fact, they stood substantially at the top notch. The banks had not reduced credit; they had simply refused to expand it any further.

More Talk Than Action

SO FAR as my knowledge goes, that is always the case. There is no actual reduction of credit until the down turn is well under way. When we used to have panics, the panic happened not after bank loans had been materially reduced, but when they stood at their highest point. It isn't a contraction of credit that gives the signal, but a refusal to expand credit any further and a fear that credit is going to be contracted.

In September a year ago I was in Chicago. Naturally, I am pretty well acquainted with the officers of the bank we correspond with there, and I have some other business acquaintances. This time I was invited to a dinner given by a bankers' association. It was one of those big oratorical dinners that give a country jake a good chance to mix with men of larger experience. Everybody I talked to in Chicago on that trip—I mean everybody occupying such a position in business as gives a man a wide outlook—was saying the same thing. They were all saying that credit was too much extended, prices were too high, there ought to be a halt.

That was in September, 1919; but nobody halted then. So far as I can see, everybody went right ahead—credit expanding all the while, prices going up all the while—for nearly a year.

Men up at the top were talking about the desirability, or necessity, of halting; but it was a whole year before any important change occurred. And once the change started, it seemed to come all of a heap—pell-mell; looked as though everybody had halted at once.

There is more credit now, when prices have been going down headlong for weeks, than there was a year ago last September, when prices were going up hand over fist; the total of bank loans is larger; but everybody is afraid of credit contraction and a further fall in prices now, while nobody was really afraid of that in September, 1919. At least, though some people were talking about it, nobody was acting as though he really feared it. In short, when you look for the bed-rock reason why we are going up at one period and down at another the statistics are not of

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But Fire is working faster than our builders can

THE house that burns down to-day is more than a loss to its community, it is a drag. It diverts unnecessarily the labor, materials and financing so badly needed to catch up with a building program now so lamentably behind. It puts increased demand on restricted supply. It keeps prices up and progress down.

Yet still they burn—and still we need a million homes.

It's shameful when we analyze the figures and see that more than half of America's million dollar a day steady fire loss is not only preventable, but easily preventable.

What makes the national figures so big? It is communicated fire that, leaping from roof to roof, wipes out an entire community in a few hours —and *that* is absolutely preventable —for your roof, now a fire hazard, becomes a fire barrier the moment you make it all-mineral—Johns-Manville Asbestos.

And what is more, it gives you an *economical* roof.

You naturally associate Johns-Manville Asbestos with fire resistance, but bear in mind that the same qualities that give it rock resistance to fire also provide it with rock resistance to decay—a double saving by simply putting on a Johns-Manville roof instead of the inflammable kind.

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Inc., Madison Ave. at 41st St., N.Y.C.
Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE, Ltd., Toronto

NOT only is Johns-Manville Asbestos the all-mineral roof—but also the all-purpose roofing.

—in built-up form for flat roofs.
—in ready roll form for sloping roofs.
—in corrugated form for roofing and siding.
—in shingle form for dwellings.
—all approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.
—and all sanctioned by the hundred or more cities and towns that have ordinances against inflammable roofs.

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INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
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that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Why Don't the Churches Settle Things?—By William T. Ellis

TRAVELERS know that a volcano sometimes erupts at the side of a mountain rather than at the peak. The internal fires simply have to find vent somewhere, and naturally the thinnest spot blows out. The really important fact about the phenomenon is not the location of the eruption but the existence of the inner forces.

My mind harks back to volcano experiences as I read arguments upon Sunday observance in the American press. There has been a sudden eruption of the Sunday question in the newspapers, in legislative halls and in the churches. With intense feeling, partisans of an outgrown conception of Sabbath-keeping have joined issue with a queer assortment of liberal-minded Christians and of anti-Christians and of sheer secularists. A battle royal is raging, and it is deemed so important that it is getting first-page position and long editorial comments in the metropolitan press.

Everybody is talking of the new volcano that has broken loose—and everybody is ignoring the internal fires of which it is a symptom. Before discussing the interesting recrudescence of Sabbatarianism let us first get hold of the really significant and essential condition, which is that the deeps of American life and thought are afire and aboil with a portentous spiritual unrest. Lacking opportunity or occasion for their logical and normal expressions, these profound and inchoate feelings have broken loose at the point of Sunday observance. A larger, fuller, freer manifestation of our time's tumultuous inner forces would have obviated this incidental outbreak.

Every large city in America harbors cults of spookism and Orientalism and of strange faiths that range from the crude graft of fakers imposing upon the spiritually restless to organizations of sincere seekers after soul-satisfaction. The Holy Rollers—of whom there are now well-nigh fifty-seven varieties in the land—are really the spirit kin of some of the varied cults both old and new that would indignantly disown them. All are symptoms of a quest that is so pervasive and profound that it may be considered one of the major phenomena of our time. Humanity's internal fires are at the red-hot. Nothing can hold them in.

The Revival of Religious Interest

THERE never before was a greater interest in religion in America than to-day—or a smaller interest in the churches. This is the paradox of our times. Church attendance is confessedly on the decline everywhere. Nevertheless, let any man arise professing to have a message concerning things eternal and no auditorium is big enough to hold the multitudes that throng to hear him. Theater meetings of unorthodox preachers get crowds, while neighboring churches remain empty. Divine healers draw multitudes and provoke discussion. Unconventional books upon religion are bought avidly. Newspaper and magazine articles dealing with the churches and spiritual topics secure a continuing attention not given even to Jiggs or Mutt and Jeff.

Novelists who know little of theology or of historic religion find readers responsive to even the superficial treatment of the perpetual question of man's relation to the unseen and the eternal. Statesmen, soldiers, business men, economists, editors and publicists of every sort, from the Sultan of Turkey to Herbert Hoover, are insisting that only religion can untangle our times. The old apothegm that "man is an incurably religious animal" never had completer illustration than to-day.

Recently I was riding through Virginia and, entering the smoking room of the Pullman, I found two men deep in a discussion of the possibility of the church's rising to the present emergency; since they agreed that nothing short of religion can effect the profound changes needed to stabilize the present social order of the world. I was admitted to the conversation, and learned that the men, chance-met fellow travelers, were not churchmen, but that one was a physician and the other a banker. Their talk was not idle, superficial criticism of religion or the churches, but the thoughtful, reverent, spacious consideration of a grave topic by intelligent men. They were representative of the highest type of democracy. I had heard no such appreciative treatment of the spiritual needs of the day from clergymen or professional religious workers.

A short time before this incident I had been sitting, at an annual trade dinner, between two business men who are nationally known for their products. In the course of the evening both of these men, who have no identity as churchmen—at least not beyond their possible local church affiliations—opened up to me separately upon the subject of religion. They had what the Quakers call a "concern" for the world's present condition, and a clear perception of the relation of religion thereto. As I listened I contrasted an experience earlier in the same day when I had sat at luncheon with two able and distinguished clergymen, and their talk had been preachers' shop talk, all of ecclesiastical trivialities, with never once a note of deeper perception of the spiritual mood of our restless times.

That incident brings me squarely up against one of the most uncomfortable, perplexing and tragic situations in connection with this entire theme of the strange spiritual stirrings of the race to-day. Many clergymen seem scarcely aware of what is going forward beneath the surface of life. Many experts upon religion, who are the ministers of the Gospel, have seemingly failed to hear "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." Otherwise we should find them gathering with agony of soul in protracted sessions of prayer. Ever since the war began, the country has been listening for a clear trumpet note from some prophet of the living God. In vain. During the dark days of 1918 I was talking in Paris with a great-hearted, broad-minded bishop of the Episcopal Church, an army chaplain who had been joyously risking his life at the Front with our boys, for whom he had a father's admiration and passion, who said to me, "The only great religious utterance of the war up to date is the manifesto of the British Labor Party." That bishop himself, incidentally, has since the war filled a unique place as a spiritual interpreter of the world's new needs, and has done more than a little to remove the church's reproach of having failed in her prophetic function.

What people want from the pulpit is information and inspiration concerning a living God, in satisfaction of the deepest needs of their nature. They may be temporarily entertained by sensationalism and by lectures on current events, although they know that they may get better entertainment, even of the same sort, elsewhere. Not because he is a good fellow or a smooth talker or a shrewd organizer do men honor a minister of the Gospel, but only because of his personal holiness and his expertness as a forthteller of the unseen. One of the pathetic sights of our day is the spectacle of clergymen turned into vice raiders, municipal reformers, prohibition enforcers, lyceum lecturers, board and society secretaries, life-insurance agents, and almost everything else.

To make the eternal timely, and to bring the infinite near, and to introduce burdened and dissatisfied men and women to the sufficiencies that lie outside the realm of physical senses—this is the mission of the minister. For him to accept any other position, however eminent, is a descent.

Morbid minds could easily persuade themselves that there is a present visitation of blindness upon the teachers of religion. One large and increasingly militant group of Christians, the premillennialists, are so sure of this that they joyously hail the "spiritual darkness" of the churches, along with the other calamities of our times, as sure evidence that the world is going completely to smash; which calamity they deem a prerequisite to the imminent personal return of Jesus to earth. The happiness that devout souls have in this conception of events is one of the bewildering aspects of contemporary religion and human nature.

Signs of the Times Unheeded

AN OBVIOUS evidence of the current spiritual obfuscation in the churches finds its way weekly into the newspaper reports of ministerial meetings. If one were to judge religion by these gatherings of the city clergy he would be surely justified in assuming that the major interests of the churches are such matters as the use of cigarettes, the length of women's skirts, fashions in the movies, Sunday baseball, local politics and the minutiæ of ecclesiastical mechanics. With the whole earth in such agony as it has never before known; with vast spiritual fermentation and unrest a world-wide condition; with the very foundations of Christian civilization imperiled; with a nation steadily loosening its hold upon the elementals of faith—the spiritual shepherds of mankind seem too busy with trivial and ephemeral matters of individual taste and practice to give heed to the deep and desperate needs of their flocks.

Stress is laid by many observers upon the economic aspects of the question of the clergy's strange inadequacy in this era of world transformation. Bluntly they say, "The preacher is so seriously underpaid that he cannot rise above the struggle for mere maintenance." There is so much truth in this contention that one hesitates to remark that it is not the whole truth. An underpaid ministry is to-day the scandal of the Christian church. It is worse than a scandal; it is a stupidity. The strong laymen of the churches would never blunder so egregiously in their own business affairs. One of the first symptoms of a revival of religion in the churches would be a general increase in the salaries of the clergy—followed by a required increase of efficiency on the part of the clergymen themselves. The rank and file of ministers, even though handicapped by the commiserating sisters of the congregation or by the tendency of all solitary and introspective workers to think themselves overworked, are conscientious and assiduous and devoted, so that their merits should not be overshadowed by the ineptness of that proportion who are really overpaid, whatever their salaries. As one who has met thousands of American clergymen, in all parts of the land, I am constrained to testify to their faithfulness and sincere piety, and sometimes too humble eagerness to accept instruction and leadership. They practice the principle of a sacrificial ministry. Should the sacred calling ever become so safe and easy and prosperous as to attract young men into it as a career, there

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It is very probable that more people, the world over, speak with unrestrained enthusiasm of the Cadillac today, than ever in its history.

But the splendid things they say of it are *the same fine things which Cadillac owners have always said.*

The tribute has simply swelled and grown in volume until it has become an almost universal chorus of unstinted praise and approval.

When all of the automotive engineers in France and England expressed amazed admiration at the astonishing reliability of the Cadillac in military service, they were merely discovering what Cadillac owners have always known.

The thrill and the elation which a Cadillac owner feels at the splendid buoyancy of his car when he starts out in the morning, is a doubly delightful experience because he knows that every morning will bring him the same delight.

Reliability is really a poor word in which to attempt to portray the never-ending sense of security common to all Cadillac owners.

But it is the only single word after all, which expresses that root-difference in the Cadillac which has won world-wide admission of its greatness.

Ready to be released whenever they are called for—though the call be made ten thousand times in the course of a year—are qualities in the Cadillac which make of motoring a continuous and ever-increasing source of delight and satisfaction.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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C A D I L L A C

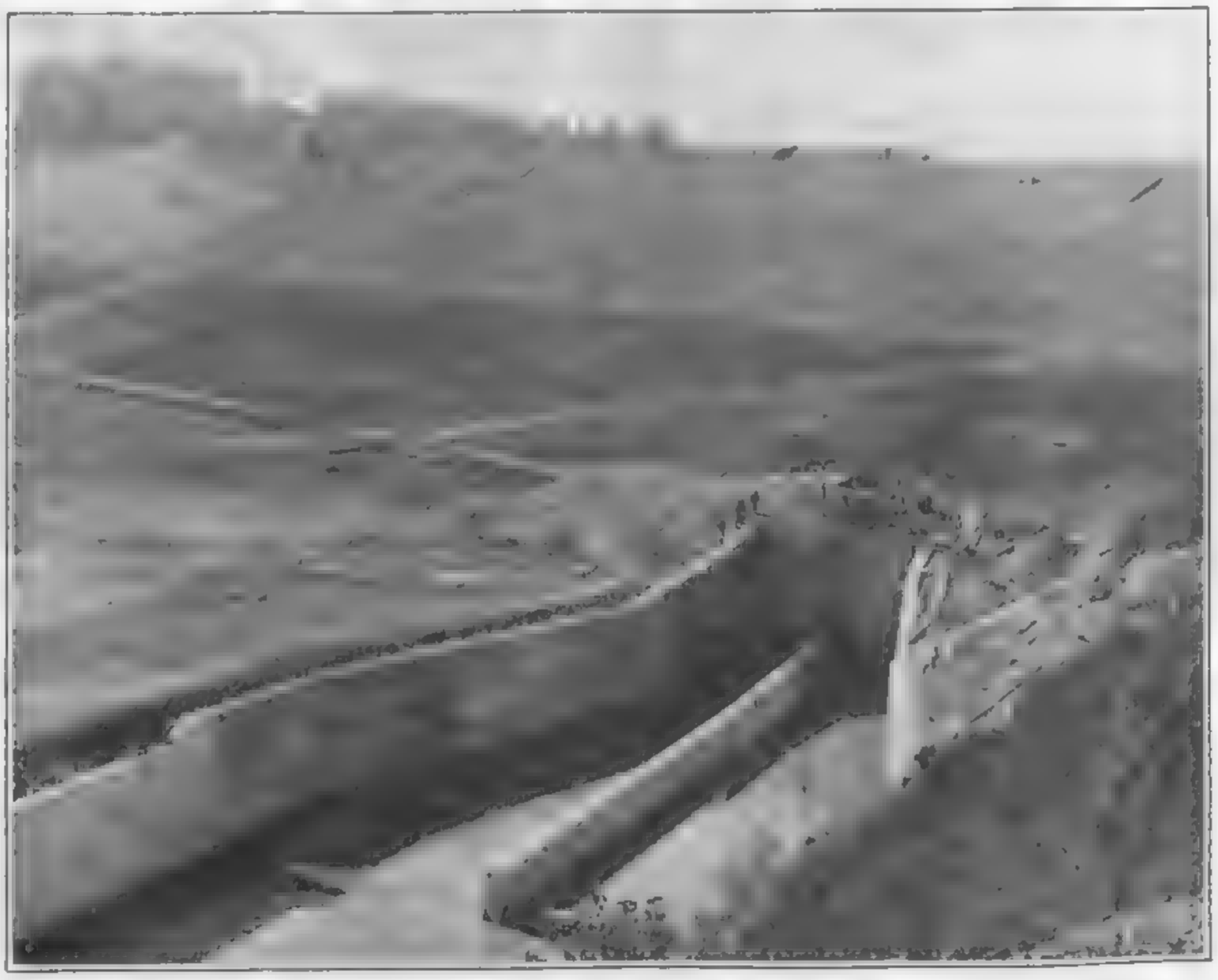
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Regional Flood Control

OUT in Ohio is a great fertile region known as the Miami Valley. In 1913 a flood swept over the district, dealing death to several hundred persons and causing a property loss of many million dollars. The story of the night of March twenty-third in the year mentioned and the horrors of the days following have been recited time and again, so that the tale is still vivid in the minds of many. There was no warning of the danger, and the inhabitants of the towns and villages were without protection. On the afternoon of the first day of the disaster the Miami River and its tributaries were swollen by heavy rains, but were still safely held within the boundaries of their own channels.

Before midnight of that same March day the streams in the upper part of the valley had overflowed their banks and several towns were under water, and the people were battling with the savage elements minus power and light.



Germantown Dam, One of the Miami Valley Dams and its Conduit, Up to Full Height, November 3, 1920

Early the next morning the city of Dayton was engulfed and by nightfall the entire valley as far down as the junction of the Miami and Ohio rivers was submerged. In some of the towns and cities the water had risen in the streets to a height of from ten to twenty feet. Street cars and vehicles of various kinds stood abandoned. Citizens old and young sought refuge on the higher elevations, while thousands who were cut off by the record rise of the waters squatted on housetops, afraid even to enter the upper floors of the homes in which they lived. Now and again tired, hungry, chilled unfortunates, no longer able to do battle with the rushing waters, slipped from their points of temporary safety and while friends looked on helpless were swallowed up by the turbulent flood.

Then the waters returned to their usual channels, and the people of Ohio looked on a scene of death and devastation not paralleled in kind in modern history. While thousands of citizens in Dayton and the other towns were carting away several hundred thousand tons of mud and débris in a frantic effort to clear the streets and make possible a resumption of business, a small band of leaders in the commercial life of Dayton was framing a resolution that no such catastrophe should ever again occur in the Miami Valley. Before the street cars were again running on regular schedule a fund of two million dollars had been raised through popular subscription by a Dayton committee to determine the cause of the flood and to discover what steps would be necessary to prevent a recurrence of the disaster.

All history confirms the fact that people never rise to such heights of fortitude and self-sacrifice as when misfortune prevails. Almost everyone in Dayton had suffered a serious financial loss, but everyone gave what he could. Then on top of this splendid demonstration of unity and coöperation the town dedicated the entire fund of two million dollars to the common cause of safeguarding the whole valley rather than devoting its money to the protection of the Dayton district alone. The people of Hamilton and the other towns were quick to feel and understand the spirit of the Dayton move, and before many days had passed the majority of the inhabitants of the afflicted region stood as one in their fixed resolve to effect a remedy that would not only stand the test of centuries but would solve the problem for every town and village in the whole valley.

Here in America, as elsewhere, no great work, whatever its virtues, can be consummated without opposition from members of that numerous class who are always mentally suspicious and morally opposed to the will of the majority. Arthur E. Morgan, a noted engineer of Tennessee, with wide experience in problems of flood control and a fighting constitution, was called in as chief adviser to the big committee that proposed to save the Miami Valley. None of the citizens in Dayton or the surrounding towns overlooked the fact that the losses occasioned by the flood were only a part of the losses they would have to sustain unless the region was known to be safe from a simular disaster in the future. You can't build great cities and prosperous towns in the face of an ever-threatening catastrophe. Manufacturers won't build factories and sane citizens won't construct homes in communities that may likely be washed away.

Mr. Morgan spent weeks in studying the region and drawing up a proposed law that would permit the people of the whole valley to unite and remove the menace by considering the entire problem as one big job to be undertaken in a spirit of partnership and coöperation. It would undoubtedly have been easier at the beginning for each community to view the matter in the light of its own local interest. If this had been done the future of the region would not be so bright as it is now. If the people in the different towns had refused to work hand in hand, subordinating their more immediate personal advantage to the ultimate good of the whole project, the country would now lack an example of civic teamwork that marks the commencement of a new era in regional endeavor.

Engineer Morgan and his associates in the great work found the sledding quite rough. Their Conservancy Act was opposed at every turn. Their educational campaign was met by an equally vigorous campaign. Speakers for the opposition were sent throughout the valley telling the people that earthen dams were a menace, and that even if these dams were built they eventually would be used to generate water power for commercial enterprises, and property owners would be compelled to sell their land for this purpose, which was not originally contemplated. The politicians hid their real objections, which were based on their disapproval of any plan that proposed to break down city, township and county lines without offering an opportunity for additional political patronage. The law that was proposed had been prepared solely from the standpoint of engineering efficiency, and that was something new to many in the legislative game. Worse than all else, the board of control was to consist of but three members, and there were no subsidiary committees to do little and get much.

But the people of the Miami Valley stood firm in the face of the violent arguments, insisting that the job should be classed as a public work and be carried out by municipal and county governments. The critics of the project insisted that if the law were enacted it would mean the surrender of the rights of home rule. Every possible force was brought to bear to compel the amendment of the law so that each county and community might raise its own money and spend the sum as it saw fit in completing its share of the proposed job.

But the opponents of the conservancy measure were defeated, and the valley about Dayton is the scene of the greatest engineering work undertaken by Americans since the building of the Panama Canal. Some say it is the greatest flood-prevention work ever attempted in the world. The total cost of the project will be thirty-five million dollars, and the development will cover a territory one hundred miles long and include parts of nine Ohio counties. Aside from the improvement of the river channels there will be five great dams, and at the base of each dam will be concrete conduits so designed and proportioned that no more water can pass through them than the regular river channels can carry away. All flood water in excess of this will be confined by the dams in retarding basins, and will be let loose only after the danger has passed.

So great has been the work and so unusual the method employed in this great flood-prevention job that engineers from all parts of the world have journeyed to Dayton to see and study the engineering feat there being achieved.

At least once every ten years for a century the fertile Miami Valley has been swept by a flood. Science says, "Never again!" Not only are the waters to be controlled, but man proposes revenge and intends to make them work to redeem the losses they occasioned in the past. Such flood waters as accumulate in the future will be permitted to cover only the farm lands, and by dropping the rich silt they carry the floods, instead of destroying the farms of the valley, will be utilized to enhance the fertility of the soil.

When the preliminary survey leading up to the present development was finished one fact stood forth—floods in the Miami Valley could not be prevented by simply widening and improving the channels of the main river and its tributaries. A careful investigation showed that the river channels in and about the cities had a capacity less than one-third what would be required to carry a flood such as the one that occurred in 1913. In order to make the channels large enough to carry safely such a quantity of water, millions of dollars would have to be spent in constructing levees and bridges, while at the same time such work would entail hundreds of changes in street and property grades. Finally, it was plain that such a remedy would be neither permanent nor satisfactory.

The cities are dependent upon the prosperity of the surrounding country, and though improving the river channels might have safeguarded the big towns the near-by farming regions would have been at the mercy of the waters. The people decided, therefore, that the problem must be solved in a way that would protect the valley as a whole.

When it came to a show-down the big idea won, and the people decided to build for the future rather than for

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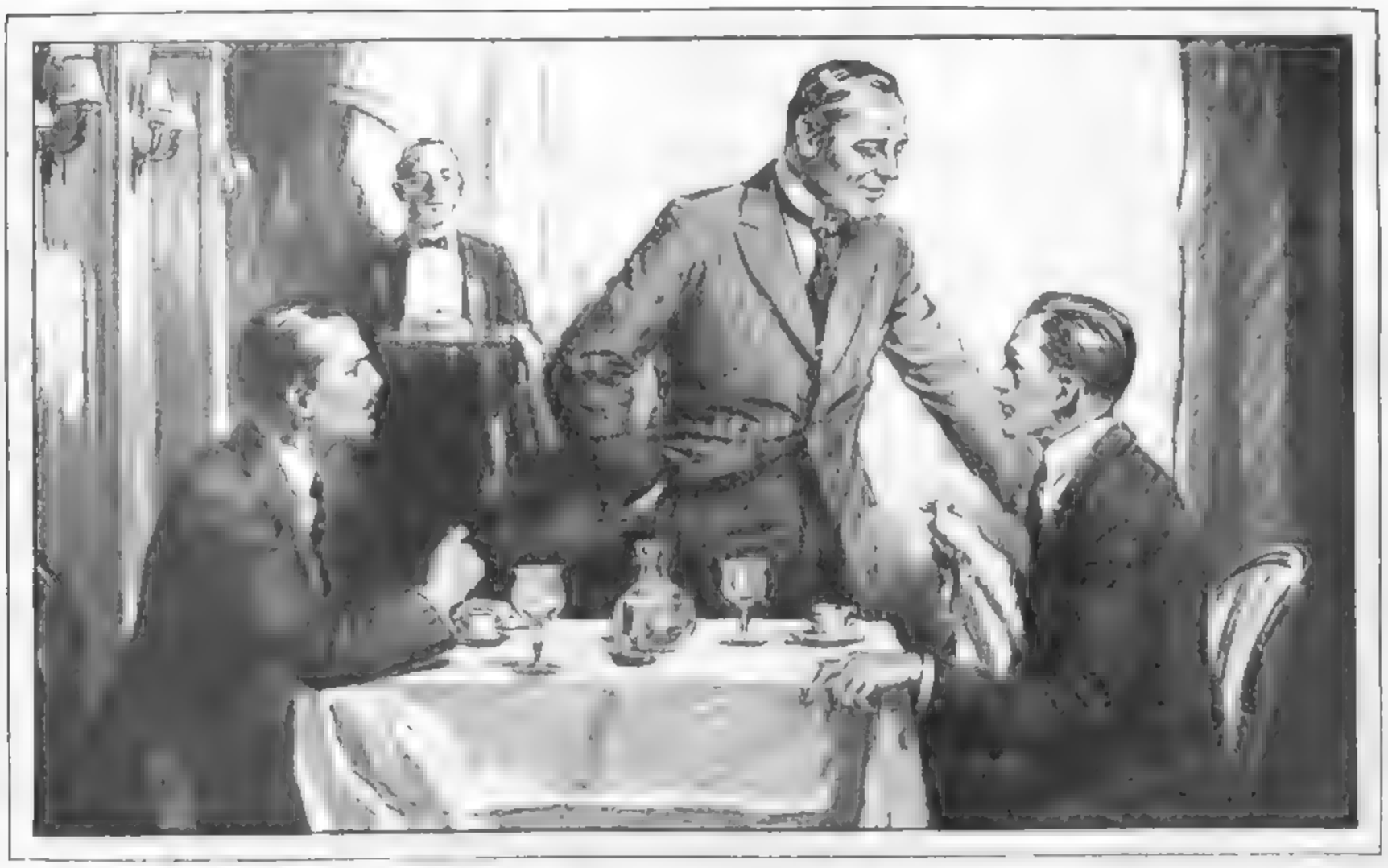

Without it, no matter how much food we eat, we are slowly starving our vital tissues

The new mysterious factor in food

Science discovers that thousands suffer from lack of one vital element in their food

A CERTAIN mysterious element in food called vitamine! Science has established that our store of energy and even health itself depend upon it.

Without it, no matter how much food we eat, we are slowly starving the vital tissues upon which we must rely for our strength.

After many experiments in animal nutrition, one of the most eminent physiological chemists of America says: "Long continued . . . general debility follows the continued ingestion of food containing too little of this vitamine." * * * "experiments have demonstrated that if the animal is to thrive it must receive daily a certain minimal amount of the water-soluble vitamine."

Primitive man secured an abundance of vitamine from his raw foods and green leafy vegetables. But modern diet—constantly refined and modified—too often lacks this vital element. That is why so many apparently well-fed people are slowly lowering their vitality from day to day without realizing it.

. . ."we must remember," writes the same noted investigator already quoted, "that a large part of the food of the majority of Americans has been deprived of much of the water-soluble vitamine."

How, then, are we to get enough of this vitamine—so essential to the health of every individual?

The richest source of this life-giving vitamine, it has been discovered, is—yeast!

A simple food—rich in this almost magic element

Already thousands are eating Fleischmann's Yeast as an addition to their everyday diet. Eaten regularly—as any food must be eaten to be effective—Fleischmann's Yeast assures results that are really wonderful. Many physicians and hospitals are using it for the minor ailments of lowered vitality. It stimulates the appetite, helps digestion and gradually eliminates the necessity for the use of laxatives.

Read details of this important discovery in the panel at the left.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast before or between meals—from 1 to 3 cakes a day. It has a rich, creamy-cheesy consistency and a fresh, distinctive flavor that you will soon learn to like. It is very palatable nibbled from the cake. Spread with butter on crackers, toast or bread, it is delicious.

Only one precaution: people who are troubled with gas would do well to dissolve the yeast in boiling water.

To learn many interesting facts about the health-giving properties of Fleischmann's Yeast, what it has done for others and what it can do for you, fill out the coupon below and send for the booklet on this subject. Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it delivered fresh every day!

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

An increasing number of people whom we know have become confirmed users of laxatives. Yet it is recognized that laxatives bring only temporary relief—they cannot remove the cause of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast by its very nature as a wholesome food is admirably suited to the system. It is a conditioner that tends to restore normal functions. A New York physician writes: "Vitamines are readily supplied to the body in yeast, and we sometimes advise patients to eat half a cake of yeast three times a day, the yeast being stimulant in its nature to intestinal motility."

Health-building qualities of yeast

The value of Fleischmann's Yeast as a therapeutic agent has been demonstrated by investigations conducted in the Jefferson Medical College and other leading institutions.

Yeast furnishes a large quantity of the water-soluble vitamine and it places no strain on the digestive process. It helps the digestion of other foods and stimulates the appetite; it helps digest the increased food which the stimulated appetite demands.

Thousands are making Fleischmann's Yeast a part of their regular diet and are finding a vigor and a sturdy strength often unknown for years. Eat 1 to 3 cakes a day—a part of your daily diet

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(Address our office in New York, Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco, or Toronto.)
Send me without cost a copy of your new book, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

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(Concluded from Page 28)

the day. It would have been possible to ask for a state appropriation, or the Miami Valley folks might have followed the usual plan and sent a lobby to Washington with instructions to get a slice of the Federal appropriation for rivers and harbors. But no such action was taken. The Ohioans, led by Morgan, went ahead on their own hook, and when the mammoth conservancy project is completed it will stand as a monument indicating to the nation what wonders can be accomplished when communities bury sectional envy and unite in the accomplishment of a single great purpose.

Just as labor once believed that the introduction of more machines meant fewer jobs, so some people believe that their individual prosperity is largely dependent upon their ability to prevent the development of so-called competitive projects. The more fertile acres there are in a state the greater the prosperity of all its citizens. Nine times out of ten the units of an industry profit through the enlargement of that industry as a whole.

The plan that is now being carried out to safeguard the property of the Miami Valley consists of a series of five dams, each forming an immense reservoir capable of holding from one to two hundred thousand acre feet of water. The five reservoirs will eventually have a capacity of nearly one million acre feet of water, or approximately sixty per cent of the total amount of water that passed down the valley during those four disastrous days in 1913. If we add to this reservoir capacity the total volume of water that can be discharged through the permanent conduits located at the bases of the dams, it will be found that the completed work will control a flood forty per cent greater in volume than the one which occurred nearly eight years ago.

The board of control in charge of the job spent five years in developing the plan and, after having spent nearly two years in actual construction work, anticipates finishing the project in two more years. It is evident, therefore, that although the work has never lagged since it was first conceived no less than nine years will have been consumed in completing the big task. More than nine million yards of earth and a hundred ninety thousand yards of concrete will be used in the construction of the dam. The highest dam will have an elevation of a hundred and twenty feet, and will be nearly nine-tenths of a mile in length. The lowest dam will be sixty-five feet high and about two-thirds of a mile long. Each dam will be twenty-five feet wide at the top, and a well-developed roadway will occupy the crest. In order to prevent erosion graded gutters will be constructed and the outer surfaces of the slopes will be covered with soil and planted to grass and shrubs.

The engineers decided to employ the hydraulic-fill method of construction, which is one of the greatest engineering developments in recent years. This hydraulic process consists in employing water as the carrying agent in the conveyance of dirt and gravel for filling purposes. Engineering experience has not only evolved a satisfactory plan for conveying dirt and small rock from one point to a location that is lower in elevation, but it has perfected a method whereby the dirt composing the side of a hill can be transferred by means of water to a place that is of higher elevation. In this latter process a high-pressure stream of water is directed against the side of the hill that is to furnish the filling material and the dirt is washed down to huge sumps, where the heavy rock is screened out, and powerful pumps then force the dirt-laden water up to the points where the filling material is needed. As the water runs away the dirt and gravel are deposited, forming a solid earthen mass, which is superior to the fill made by hauling and dumping dry dirt. Two pipe lines carrying material in this hydraulic fashion are capable of delivering more filling material in four hours than three hundred men with teams could deliver in a full eight-hour shift.

The concrete conduits are wonderful examples of engineering skill. Each dam has two of these tunnels. The concrete used averaged about one and a half barrels of cement per cubic yard. The foundations of the conduits were carried down to solid bed rock. Since the openings of the tunnels are without gates, rows of concrete piers will be constructed in the stream above, while booms strongly anchored to masonry will further assist in holding back drifting débris. To prevent erosion the surface of the dam and the river bed near the entrance to the conduits are paved with stone.

In order to destroy the terrific force of the water as it will leave the conduits under a heavy head the engineers constructed what is known as a hydraulic jump. In actual practice the stream of water will rush from the conduits at a rate of fifty or sixty feet a second and, whirling down a series of irregular steps, the water will plunge into a deep pool of comparatively still water, and almost simultaneously will dash against a massive fifteen-foot concrete wall, which will reduce its velocity. On leaving this pool the water will fall into two other pools, each time striking another heavy concrete barrier. On leaving the third pool the water has been tamed and will flow on minus the destructive velocity with which it burst forth from the conduit. This idea of taming the water is unique, and is accomplished in a distance of no more than a hundred feet.

The whole Miami Conservancy project is a clean-cut engineering proposition, with surprising business possibilities that were not recognized in the beginning. At first the sole idea was to prevent floods. As the work progressed the directors of the venture foresaw benefits to the district which could be realized as by-products of the main development. The organization in charge of the project purchased thirty-five thousand acres of land lying in and about the retarding basins. A farm manager was employed and a large force of men was put to work cultivating this rich land lying in the river bottoms. Some of the land was leased at a rental of one hundred dollars an acre. The present prospect is that the conservancy organization, or the district, as it is called, will make a handsome profit out of its land investment, aside from securing all the flood rights necessary in the development of the project. In addition the district will create several hundred acres of park property along the banks of the little lakes which will be formed by the excavation work in several parts of the valley.

In years past the floods usually destroyed the farming land along the streams by stripping off the top soil and burying the fields under deposits of gravel. In the future, with the floods under control, the waters will not move at a velocity sufficient to carry gravel, and the only deposits they will leave will be the rich dirt washed down from the hills above.

The managers of the project propose that certain sections of the Miami Valley shall duplicate the experience of Egypt with the lands along the Nile. These latter fields owe their inexhaustible fertility to the rich silt deposited by the River Nile during its seasons of overflow. Travelers tell us that the Egyptian farms have been cropped continuously without manure or other fertilizer, and that none of the fertility of the soil has been lost. In France is a similar district that has been subjected to thirteen floods during a period of seventy years. Although some of these occurred during the growing season and occasioned considerable losses to the farmers, the lands subject to the overflow now have a value twenty-five per cent greater than similar lands which are never flooded.

One of the most interesting phases of the work has been the investigation concerning the causes and frequency of the Miami Valley floods. All the knowledge accumulated is being used not only to attract purchasers for the land owned by the district, but is being supplied to the farmers and business men throughout the region as a whole. The survey has shown that in all the basins except one there were seven January floods during the last twenty-five years. In addition, if the dams had been in operation, the various basins, during the same period of time, would have had five February floods, twelve March floods, two in April, two in May, one in July and one in October. The ones in May and July would not have amounted to much. Of the thirty floods which have occurred in twenty-five years, twenty-four happened during January, February and March, which indicates plainly that very few of the overflows occurred during the growing seasons. The flood of 1913 was the worst in history. A careful study of the great storms occurring in the eastern half of the United States during the last century indicates that such a flood as that of 1913 is not likely to occur as often as once in a century.

In the early days, when the pioneers who settled Ohio selected the sites for future great cities, they weighed carefully the advantages of water transportation, but did not take into account the possibility of water destruction through the ravages of floods. As a consequence the towns of Ohio are mostly located on the banks of the various rivers and lakes. The region comprising the Miami Valley is a rolling country, with innumerable little brooks and a soil that is so dense that water cannot sink into it rapidly. The result is that Dayton, Hamilton, Troy and the other towns along the river have been subjected to the constant menace of a possible destructive flood since the very day they were settled. After the 1913 disaster the outlook was dark, and even the furniture dealers doing business in the towns which had suffered from the flood refused to lay in new stocks of expensive house furnishings, believing that the residents of the cities would refuse to purchase high-priced furniture because of the likelihood of recurring floods.

A remarkable feat of engineering has shown the way out, and the district that produces three-fourths of the world's safes, vaults and automatic cash and fare registers is now able to continue its industrial advance in confidence and without fear. The technic employed in harnessing the waters is deserving of unstinted praise. The honest, businesslike administration of the work is deserving of like commendation, although honesty in public works should be the order of the day. However, the principal lesson the country should draw from this vast conservancy project is not one in engineering or morals, but in broad community coöperation. It was the spirit of the region rather than the detailed plans of the work that insured the success of the undertaking. When the integrity of the Conservancy Act was endangered in the Ohio State Legislature it required only three days' time to prepare and present a petition which was signed by eighty-seven thousand of the inhabitants of the district out of a total population of two hundred fifty thousand asking that the law be allowed to stand. Business men with large private interests have given themselves entirely and without compensation to the work of the district. In hundreds of instances the expenses incurred during the performance of these services were paid by these men personally, and were not charged to the flood-prevention fund. Such a spirit deserves to win, and it has.

Sluicing Clay From Hillside Into Valley Where a Big Dam Is Being Built for the Miami Conservancy Project

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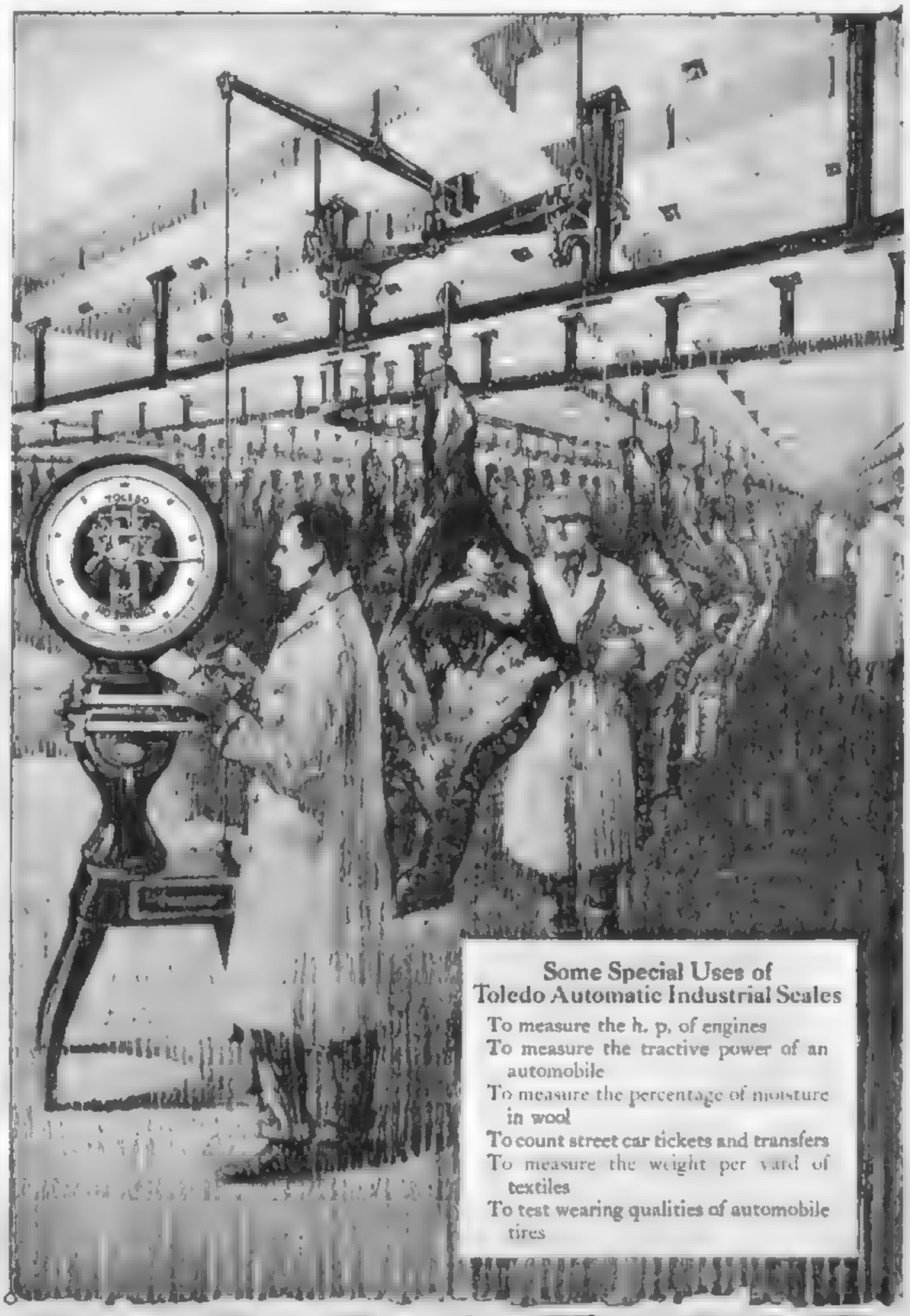

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TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

FIREFLIES

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SHOON O'NEAL was twelve when it dawned upon her groping, dream-troubled little soul that somehow she was different from the eight other O'Neals, four younger and four older.

It happened on a Saturday. Shoon was taking her weekly bath. Bathing in the O'Neal house was not then the brief tiled-and-Turkish habit that it is now. In those days Hannah O'Neal, mother of the nine, dragged in the big stave tub and filled two copper boilers with water, and after the dinner dishes were cleared the kitchen windows were draped with sheets and the white-scoured floor covered with newspapers to save it from the prints of small wet feet, and thereafter until sundown the steamy room was dedicated to the rite of the bath for all the nine O'Neals, from Sheila, who was eighteen and had rose-geranium cheeks, down to Bryan, who had to be soaped energetically and dipped forcefully, howling, into the tub of hot water.

Being the middle O'Neal, a stray little gypsy creature, dark and shy, somehow slipped in among the four red-cheeked, laughing sisters and the four small freckled brothers, Shoon's ablutions occurred in midafternoon. It was September, and the sun had begun to slant in at the shrouded windows and the water to bubble noisily on the hot stove. Shoon loved her brown, slender little body; loved to slip out of her shortened hand-me-downs and dance, light-footed and unencumbered, arms uplifted, small dark face aglow with a fanciful joy, a sort of wild, shy, dryad dance. While the tub cooled and the soap melted sadly on the bottom of it she would weave and sway, tossing back her straight brown hair, rising rhythmically on her toes, bending and posing in alert poises as though her ear caught somewhere the lazy lilt of a leprechaun's fiddle.

On this September afternoon it happened that Hannah O'Neal came into the kitchen in the midst of Shoon's wild whirling; came in silently, because she had taken off her heavy shoes to rest her weary feet, and stood on the threshold aghast, staring at her amazing daughter. Her held breath escaped in a horrified exclamation, and Shoon, waking out of her joyful trance, flamed scarlet and slipped swiftly into the tub, covering her abashed body with the soapy water.

"For the love of heaven," declared Hannah O'Neal, stalking into the room, "what is it you are—a wild girl? Shame upon you—capering and stepping round with never a stitch of clothes to your back! Where you get your queer ways is more than I know. Black as an Indian, too—and never a black O'Neal nor Burke in all the gineration. Sure, I wonder sometimes if you are my child at all—no more like the rest than a blackbird is like a flock of ducks! Hold still now till I scrub your ears!"

Hannah was angry, and she talked more freely than she knew. Shoon's avid ears drank it in exultantly.

"I don't want to be like the rest!" she declared saucily, screwing up her face as the maternal wash rag bored its relentless way. Hannah's fingers flipped her cheek in a stinging admonition.

"Hush your impudence!" she commanded. "Nice sisters like you've got—and you so lawless and wild! Shame on you! 'Tis time you were learning to be a lady, you long-legged, unbroken marsh colt, you! Rinse yourself now and get into your clothes. I've got all those boys to wash yet, and it but an hour to suppertime."

Shoon obeyed in silence, with outward sullenness. But in her soul something was thrilling, some defiant and glad thing that was as solitary as the joy of a bird, and as winging. She was different from the others—different from Kate, whose ankles were lumpy; from Agnes, who giggled; from Gordy, who had such ugly front teeth. She was glad—glad of it. Always she had been an odd one, left out of the whispered secrets of the older girls, grudgingly permitted to share in the boys' games. She had not minded very much, because she had so many things to think about, so many dreams into which the others only intruded. She had not been lonely, because the world was full of little winds that would dance with you if your feet tingled, and with soft air that caressed your cheek if you chose to lie supine, staring into the cobalt and copper glory of a sunset. But always she had felt aloof, withdrawn a little from the noisy group at the table, keeping something to herself. Now she knew why. It was because she was different. Her mother would not tell a lie.

Likely her blood and bones were different. She held out an arm, brown and slender as the foreleg of a fawn. The other O'Neals were all plump and pink and bouncing. She buttoned on her scuffed shoes, which were crudely half soled, since Dan O'Neal was then only a master plumber with a dozen mouths to feed, gave her brown hair a slick with the worn hairbrush cannily tied to the mirror with a string and, opening the kitchen door, slipped out into the waning warmth of the afternoon.

The fall had been hot and dry and the dead grass was brown and brittle underfoot. Crab apples lay like great orange beads upon the grass in the back yard and a black cat slept on the wash bench. Shoon let it lie. She hated cats.

Avoiding the windows of the front room, she darted into the garden, crept between the rasping files of corn and flashed like a brown rabbit over the fence at the back. In the grassy alley she began to run, dodging past the barn, where a calf stood, crook-kneed, nuzzling among cornstalks, and the packing box against the gate which served her brothers for a rendezvous. Behind the house lay an open common, given over to runty bushes, staked cows and roaming dogs. Across the free openness of it Shoon ran gladly, her feet finding a path through the thistles and tangles of nut grass. A hill mounted at the far edge of this waste stretch, a sharp little acclivity, scooped out at the bottom by gravel diggers, grassy on the sides and abruptly steep. At its crest writhed a tortured wild apple tree, huge and hideously bent. The other children maintained that a black man named Garby Groom had been hanged on that tree, but Shoon knew no horror of its outraged growth. She climbed there often to lie prone in the thick grass at the edge of the hill or cling along a twisted bough looking down into the quiet dozing of the little town.

When she had scrambled up the grassy side of the hill, she found the tree already occupied. A boy with smooth

(Continued on Page 35

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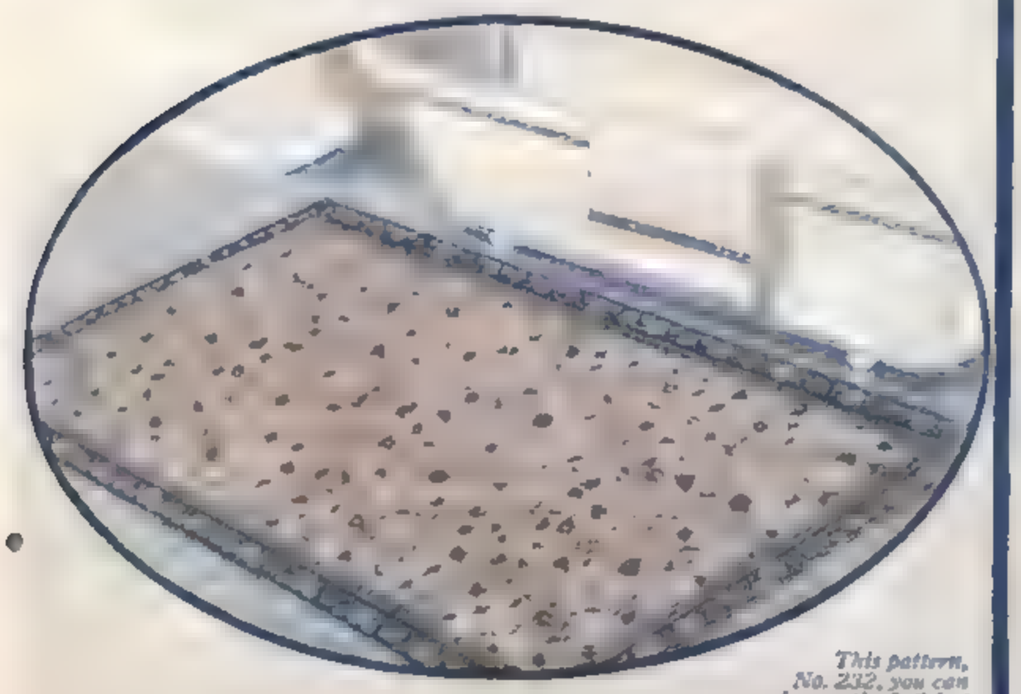

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They save. Whether your floor is hardwood or covered with an all-over floor-covering, these small rugs protect the surface from wear and disfiguring spots.

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(Continued from Page 32)

black hair, keen gray eyes and thick eyebrows inclined to beetle, a chin sharply cleft and a narrow, sun-browned face sat astride one of the boughs, his long black stockings dangling a tremendous length, his shoulders resting against the trunk. It was Linton Legare, son of the Presbyterian minister, the only boy whom Shoon ever condescended to talk to. Linton knew her haunts. He never laughed at her. He saw sometimes the things she saw, and they fought joyfully, without rancor. He sat now, with his cap turned backward, absorbedly scraping the inside of a chipmunk pelt which he had spread on the bough before him.

"Hello!" he said casually as Shoon came up. "Lookit him! Ain't he a dandy? I caught him in my deadfall, and there ain't a mark on him. Now I'm going to tan his skin. Than Smedley knows what to put on it. Maybe I'll give it to you for a muff. Lookit his tail! Some ole brush, ain't it?"

Shoon drew near and cast an indifferent eye upon the fluffy spray of lifeless fur which had so lately quivered, alertly, with the ecstasy of living.

"I don't want it for a muff," she declared. "I don't want to wear the outsides of poor little dead things. Anyways, it's too little."

"Aw, it ain't! Lookit how long it is! And the fur is just as thick! It would keep you warm in the winter."

"It would have kept the gopher warm too," stated Shoon severely.

"Aw, shucks! He was an old one anyway—old as everything. He wouldn't have lived till winter. I expect he'd 'a' died in a coupla days. I guess maybe I'll stuff him and keep him—put him in my collection. You can buy those kind of glass eyes. I'm going to have a museum. I got some butterflies and a horned toad and a starfish."

"Dead things!" scorned Shoon. "What do you want a museum of dead things for?"

"Oh, just to keep!" argued the boy. "I'm going to get a glass case and a book to write down the names in and a ——"

But Shoon was not listening. She had dropped into the grass and lay, scuffy soles upturned, chin buried in brown palms, looking down into the valley, where already the twilight was throwing misty veils of orchid and coral and gray over the roofs and steeples of the town below.

"What you lookin' at?" demanded the boy at length, sliding down beside her. "I don't see anything, only old Hervy's blacksmith shop and our cow and the switch engine."

"I like to watch the fireflies," said Shoon briefly. "See, there in the marsh and in the yard of your church!"

"Fireflies?" repeated Linton Legare. "They're the silliest things I ever saw. Always flying round and never going anywhere."

"That's why I like 'em," returned Shoon calmly, "because they don't go anywhere. They just fly and dance and shine because they like to. They don't have to go home and rock babies or wash milk buckets or feed cats. They're as free as free."

Gary Watched Her Take Her Bows With the Frank Joy of a Gypsy Child While Old Morris Tschumy Rubbed His Greedy Palms

"And good for nothing," scoffed the boy, "except for ducks to eat. I wouldn't have one in my museum. I'd rather have an angleworm. It's good to fish with, anyway."

"If I were a firefly I wouldn't want to be pasted up in your old museum. I'd want to fly and fly. That's what I'm going to do just as soon as I'm old enough. Just go and go, and dance in a red dress with gold danglers on it, and never wear any shoes ——"

"You'd get plenty of stone bruises then, and chilblains in winter. You'd look silly, too, in a red dress—like a Christmas tree. You'd better be getting home too. It's getting dark and Garby Groom will get you."

"I'm not afraid of Garby Groom. I'm not afraid of anybody."

"You'd better be afraid of your pa. I see smoke coming out of your kitchen chimney."

However boldly Shoon might champion the cause of freedom, there were still certain family rules which stupidly demanded obedience. One of these concerned suppertime. Dan O'Neal came home at night, loud, ruggedly handsome in a bold, crude way, well satisfied with himself and with his family, a large man who understood people in a large way but never troubled over such insignificant matters as moods or dreams. Dan O'Neal held certain inflexible notions concerning meal hours, which the young O'Neals were constrained to respect. Shoon scrambled up and slid down the hill rapidly, the boy blundering after. On the edge of the common she faced him.

"Don't you come tagging me!" she ordered bluntly.

"Aw, I don't go tagging girls," was his insolent rejoinder.

In the O'Neal kitchen the ten O'Neals and old grandmother were at the supper table when Shoon crept in and slid cautiously into her chair. Her face was veiled with a shyness and a still hoarding of her own secrets, which look her family interpreted as sullenness.

Dan O'Neal regarded her with a frown. He made no effort at understanding his slim, stray daughter. To his healthy comprehension she was merely a scrawny little brat who hated work, was inclined to sulk and needed to have her hair properly plaited.

"Well, will you condescend to come and eat with us?" he inquired with fatherly irony. "Or shall we fetch you your meals on a tray?"

Shoon's black eyes smoldered for an instant and then blazed.

"When I'm a lady I'll have all my meals on a tray," she declared impertinently. "And I'll never wash the dishes—never!"

"Hush your tongue!" admonished Hannah O'Neal, feeding Bryan a bit of bread dipped in gravy. "'Tis you will never be a lady, with your wild ways!"

Shoon tossed her head in silence. Fireflies, she remembered, were catalogued as good for nothing but to feed ducks!

On the day that the Criterion sold out standing room for three weeks ahead old Morris Tschumy raised Shoon O'Neal's salary to a hundred dollars a week. It was not a magnificent raise when one counted the cost of the eleven new gowns and the soft-soled dancing shoes made by Burg, who was a wizard and knew it, and wrote his knowledge relentlessly upon his ledgers, or of the long weeks of rehearsal with a sulky pianist paid by the hour; but it meant many things to Shoon.

It meant freedom from the hot little room at the Napoli, for one thing; that she could take a flat now, sharing with the Stifles, who were so happily married as to confound the tradition of theatrical marriages, and Connie Loew, who had come from the country originally and needed a kitchen to potter in.

It meant, too, that she had succeeded, though it is likely that Shoon thought of this least of all. Shoon did not know what old Morris Tschumy knew—that it was her dancing which had redeemed The Devil Maid—given it that startling touch of novelty which shows up so gratifyingly in the box-office reports. It is unlikely that this knowledge would have greatly changed her viewpoint had she owned it. In many ways Shoon was as dreamy and unworldly at twenty as she had been at twelve. She danced because she loved it, because the dark, slender lissomness of her had been created for dancing, just as the scarlet fire of the tanager's wings is fashioned for glad flashing among moody pines, as white moths are spun from moonbeams to flit in rose gardens at dusk. Nobody knew this better than old Morris, who read her like a book. So he gave her one hundred dollars, knowing that she was worth three hundred to the piece, and Shoon thanked him absently and scurried off to a renting agency in Clark Street.

That night she told Gary Brandon about the flat, enthusing delightedly over the living room with cushioned window seats facing the park, the bedrooms, two with light windows, the kitchen where Connie Loew could cook things at night. Gary listened without much enthusiasm. It might be that he was thinking that the Stifles, who were a pleasant couple but tiresome, would monopolize the living room and Connie Loew the kitchen, and that such brief moments as he had with Shoon would have to be snatched in parks and restaurants and distastefully public places as usual. Gary Brandon was very much in love with Shoon. Everybody in The Devil Maid company knew this except Shoon herself.

As for Shoon, she liked Gary. Gary understood things. But if she thought of love at all, it was of a pretty, abstract thing written into plays and stories to make them end nicely; certainly not as anything that concerned herself or Gary.

Gary was an artist in light and color. He could make an ordinary bolt of apple-green velvet sing a symphony; he could take two hundred volts of mere electricity colored with painted glass and make women weep; but somehow his alchemy failed when he tried to make Shoon fall in love with him. He had built the marvelous midnight scene, with a sky vaguely luminous and hauntingly blue-black, trees shadowed against it, and in the dim up-stage dusk fireflies winking like hot little dancing sparks—all this because Shoon's dreams were mostly midnight dreams, and she loved the dark and told him about it. He had found all the places that she loved—the still, remote hills where one sat and watched the ships go out; the little wild places in the parks where sometimes they found arrogant purple thistles or dandelions growing all untended. He could get her a table in a crowded restaurant or a seat in the Subway. She counted on Gary for things like these. But where love was concerned her heart was like a small, unfledged bird, blinking and ingenuous.

"Aren't you glad about my flat?" she demanded of him, sitting far forward so as not to crush her dragon-fly gown of black and sapphire and silver.

"Sure, I'm glad," insisted Gary. "I've thought about flats a little myself."

Shoon missed the portent in this speech entirely. She always missed those things. She missed the lover note in all Gary's talk and heard only the bullying, brotherly words, which reminded her of Gordy and Bryan and the other leggy O'Neals she had left at home. She looked at Gary's face, too, and saw only the strong and cheerful features, the sensitive mouth and brave eyes; saw the hungry misery in those eyes not at all.

And Gary, who had fallen in love with Shoon the very hour when she had walked unabashed into old Morris Tschumy's office bearing a note from some actress who had seen her dance in a school play, went on loving her doggedly and praying for a wakening in her eyes and for a chance to take care of her. More than anybody that he knew, Shoon needed taking care of. He watched her lend half her salary to piffling little chorus girls who shrieked gratitude and then scuttled away to waste the money; watched her dance like something glad and winging, giving life to his own colorful dreams so that they became as wonderful as creation; watched her take her bows with the frank joy of a gypsy child in the applause while old Morris Tschumy rubbed his greedy palms back stage; and all the while her blithe innocence made him sick with longing.

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THE CONGO TO-DAY

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institution in the Katanga, and its story is really the narrative of a considerable phase of Congo development.

Within ten years it has grown from a small prospecting outfit in the wilderness, two hundred and fifty miles from a railway, to an industry employing at the time of my visit more than one thousand white men and fifteen thousand blacks; with four completely equipped mines, which produced nearly thirty thousand tons of copper in 1917, and a smelter with an annual capacity of forty thousand tons of copper. A concentrator capable of handling four thousand tons of ore a day is nearing completion. This bustling industrial community was the second surprise that the Congo disclosed

Equally remarkable is the mushroom growth of Elizabethville, the one wonder town of the Congo. In 1910, when the railway arrived, it was a geographical expression, a spot in the jungle dominated by the huge ant hills that you find throughout Central Africa, some of them forty feet high. The white population numbered thirty. I found it a thriving place, with more than two thousand whites and twelve thousand blacks. There are almost as many white people in the Katanga Province as in all the rest of the Congo combined, and its area is scarcely a quarter of that of the colony.

The father of Elizabethville is Gen. Emile Wangermee, one of the picturesque figures in Congo history. He came out in the early days of the Free State, fought natives and played a big part in the settlement of the country. He has been governor-general of the colony, vice governor-general of the Katanga and is now honorary vice governor. In the primitive period he went about, after the Congo fashion, on a bicycle, in flannel shirt and leggings, and he continued this rough-and-ready attire when he became a high-placed civil servant.

Upon one occasion it was announced that the vice governor of the Katanga would visit Kambove. The station agent made elaborate preparations for his reception. Shortly before the time set for his arrival a man appeared on the platform looking like one of the many prospectors who frequented the country.

The station agent approached him and said: "You will have to move on. We are expecting the vice governor of the Katanga."

The supposed prospector refused to move, and the agent threatened to use force. He was horrified a few minutes later to find his rough customer being received by all the functionaries of the district. Wangermee had arrived ahead of time, and had not bothered to change his clothes.

American Work in Africa

When I rode in a motor car down Elizabethville's broad, electric-lighted avenues and saw smartly dressed women on the sidewalks, beheld Belgians playing tennis on well laid out courts on one side and Englishmen at golf on the other, it was difficult to believe that ten years ago this was the bush. I lunched in comfortable brick houses and dined at night in a club where every man wore evening clothes. I kept saying to myself, "Is this really the Congo?" On all sides I heard English spoken. This was due to the large British interest in the Union Minière and the presence of so many American engineers. The Katanga is, with the exception of certain palm-fruit areas, the bulwark of British interests in the Congo. The American domain, as you will see in the next article, is the Upper Kasai district.

Conspicuous among the Americans at Elizabethville was Preston K. Horner, big of body and of vision, who constructed the smelter plant and who was made general manager of the Union Minière in 1913. He spans the whole period of Katanga development, for he first arrived in 1909. Associated with him were various Americans, including Frank Kehew, superintendent of the smelter; Thomas Carnahan, general superintendent of mines; Frank Butner, superintendent of the Kambove Mine, the largest of the Katanga group; Thomas Yale, who is in charge of the construction of the immense concentrating plant at Likasi; and A. Brooks, manager of the Western Mine. For some years A. E. Wheeler, a widely known American engineer, has been consulting engineer of the Union Minière, with Frederick Snow as assistant. Since my return from Africa, Horner has retired as general manager and Wheeler has become the ranking American. Practically all the Yankee experts in the Katanga are graduates of the Anaconda or Utah mines.

With Horner, I traveled by motor through the whole Katanga copper belt. I visited, first of all, the famous Star of the Congo Mine, eight miles from Elizabethville, which was the cornerstone of the entire metal development. Next came the immense excavation at Kambove, where I watched American steam shovels, in charge of Americans, gouging the copper ore out of the sides of the hills. I saw the huge concentrating plant rising almost like magic out of the jungle at Likasi. Here again an American was in control. At Fungurume I spent the night in a native house, in the heart of one of the loveliest of valleys, whose verdant walls will soon be gashed by shovels. Over all this area the Anglo-Saxon has laid his galvanizing hand. One reason is that there are few Belgian engineers of large mining experience. Another is that the American, by common consent, is an executive who gets things done in the primitive places.

The Corridor to the Sea

I cannot leave the Congo copper empire without referring to another Robert Williams' achievement which is not without international significance. Like other practical men of affairs with colonial experience he realized long before the outbreak of the World War something of the extent and menace of the German ambition in Africa. As I related in a previous article, the Kaiser blocked his scheme to run the Cape-to-Cairo Railway between Lake Tanganyika and Lake Kivu after King Leopold had granted him the concession. Williams wanted to help Rhodes, and he also wanted to help himself. His chief problem was to get the copper from the Katanga to Europe in the shortest possible time. Most of it is refined in England and Belgium. At present it goes out by way of Bulawayo and is shipped from the port of Beira in Portuguese East Africa. This involves a journey of nine thousand five hundred fourteen miles from Kambove to London. How was this haul to be shortened through an agency that would be proof against the German intrigue and ingenuity?

Williams cast his eye over Africa. On the west coast he spotted Lobito Bay, a landlocked harbor twenty miles north of Benguella, one of the principal ports of Angola, a Portuguese colony. From it he ran a line straight from Kambove across the wilderness and found that it covered a distance of approximately thirteen hundred miles. He said to himself: "This is the natural outlet of the Katanga and the short cut to England and Belgium." He got a concession from the Portuguese Government and work began. The Germans tried in every way to block the project, for it interfered with their scheme benevolently to assimilate Angola.

At the time of my visit to the Congo, three hundred twenty miles of the Benguela Railway, as it is called, had been constructed, and a section of one hundred miles more was about to be started. The line will pass through Ruwe, which is an important center of gold production in the Katanga, and connect up with the Katanga Railway just north of Kambove. It is really a link in the Cape-to-Cairo system, and will be the back door to Egypt and India. When completed it will shorten the freight haul from the copper fields to London by three thousand miles, as compared with the present Beira itinerary.

There is every indication that the Katanga will justify the early confidence that Williams had in it and become one of the great copper-producing centers of the world. Experts with whom I have talked in America believe that it can in time reach a maximum output of one hundred and fifty thousand tons a year. The ores are of a very high grade, and since the Union Minière owns more than one hundred mines, of which only six or seven are partially developed, the future seems promising.

When I left Elizabethville I bade farewell to the comforts of life. I mean, for example, such things as ice, bathtubs and running water. There is enough water in the Congo to satisfy the most ardent teetotaler, but unfortunately it does not come out of faucets. Most of it flows in rivers, but very little of it gets inside the population, white or otherwise.

Speaking of water brings to mind one of the useful results of such a trip as mine. Isolation in the African wilds gives you a new appreciation of what in civilization is regarded as the commonplace thing. Take the simple matter of a haircut. There are only two barbers in the whole Congo. One is at Elizabethville and the other at Kinshassa, on the Lower Congo, nearly two thousand miles away. My locks were not shorn for seven weeks. I had to do what little trimming was done with a safety razor, which involved quite an acrobatic feat. Take shaving: The water in most of the Congo rivers is dirty and full of germs. More than once I lathered my face with mineral water out of a bottle. The Congo River proper is a muddy brown. For washing purposes it must be treated with permanganate of potassium, which colors it red. It is like bathing in blood.

Since my journey from the Katanga onward was through the heart of Africa, perhaps it may be worth while to tell briefly of the equipment required for such an expedition. Although I traveled for the most part in the greatest comfort that the colony afforded, it was necessary to prepare for any emergency. In the Congo you must be self-sufficient and absolutely independent of the country. This means that you must carry your own bed and bedding—usually a folding camp bed—bathtub, food, medicine and cooking utensils. No detail was more essential than the mosquito net under which I slept every night for nearly four months. Insects are the scourge of Africa. The mosquito carries malaria and the tsetse fly is the harbinger of that most terrible of diseases, sleeping sickness.

The Merciless African Sun

No less destructive is the dazzling sun. Five minutes' exposure to it without a helmet means a prostration and twenty minutes spells death. Stanley called the country so inseparably associated with his name Fatal Africa, but he did not mean the death that lay in the murderous black hand. He had in mind the thousand and one dangers that beset the stranger who does not observe the strictest rules of health and diet. From the moment you arrive the body undergoes an entirely new experience. Men succumb because they foolishly think they can continue the habits of civilization. Alcohol is the curse of all these countries. The wise man never takes a drink until the sun sets, and then—if he continues to be wise—he imbibes only in moderation. The morning peg and the lunchtime cocktail have undermined more health in the tropics than all the flies and mosquitoes combined.

If a man will practice moderation in all things, take five grains of quinine every day and keep his body clean, he has little to fear from the ordinary diseases of a country like the Congo. It is one of the ironies of civilization that after passing unscathed through all the fever country I caught a cold the moment I got back to steam heat and all the comforts of home.

No one would think of using ordinary luggage in the Congo. Everything must be packed and conveyed in metal boxes similar to the uniform cases used by British officers in Egypt and India. This is because the white ant is the prize destroyer of property throughout Africa. He cuts through leather and wood with the same ease that a Southern negro's teeth lacerate watermelon. Leave a pair of shoes on the ground overnight and you will find them riddled in the morning. These ants eat away floors and sometimes cause the destruction of houses by wearing away the wooden supports. Another frequent little visitor is the driver ant, which travels in armies and frequently takes complete possession of a house. It destroys all the vermin, but the human inmates must beat a retreat while this process goes on.

Since my return many people have asked me what books I read in the Congo. The necessity for them was apparent. I had more than three months of constant traveling, often alone, and for the most part on small river boats where there is no deck space for exercise. I got no mail, and there were no newspapers. After one or two days, the unceasing panorama of tropical forests, native villages and naked savages becomes monotonous. Even the hippopotamuses, which you see in schools, the omnipresent crocodile and the occasional wild elephant cease to amuse. You are forced to fall back on that unfailing friend and companion—a good book.

I therefore carried with me the following books, in handy-volume size: Montaigne's Essays, Palgrave's Golden Treasury of English Verse, Lockhart's Life of Napoleon, Autobiography of Cellini, Don Quixote, The Three Musketeers, Lorna Doone, Prescott's Conquest of Mexico and the Conquest of Peru, Les Misérables, Vanity Fair, Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, Pepys Diary, The Last of the Mohicans, Westward Ho, Bleak House, the Pickwick Papers, A Tale of Two Cities and Tolstoy's War and Peace. When these became exhausted I was hard put for reading matter. At a post on the Kasai River the only English book I could find was Arnold Bennett's The Pretty Lady, which had fallen into the hands of an official who was trying to learn English with it! It certainly gave him a hectic start.

Alias Bwana Cha Cha

Then, too, there was the eternal servant problem, no less vexing in that land of servants than elsewhere. I had cabled to Horner to engage me two personal servants, or boys, as they are always called in Africa. When I got to Elizabethville I found that he had secured two. In addition to Swahili, the main native tongue in those parts, one spoke English and the other French, the official language in the Congo. I did not like the looks of the English-speaking barbarian, so I took a chance on Number Two, whose name was Gerome. He was a so-called educated native. I thought that by having a boy with whom I had to speak French I could improve my command of the language. Later on I realized my mistake, because my French is a nonconductor of profanity.

Gerome had a wife. In the Congo, where all wives are bought, the consort constitutes the husband's fortune, being cook, tiller of the ground, beast of burden and slave generally. I had no desire to encumber myself with this black Venus, so I made Gerome promise that he would not take her along. I left him behind at Elizabethville, for I proceeded to Fungurume with Horner by automobile. He was to follow by train with my luggage and have the private car which I had chartered for the journey to Bukuma ready for me on my arrival. When I showed up at Fungurume the first thing I saw was Gerome's wife, with her ample proportions swathed in scarlet calico, sunning herself on the platform of the car. He could not bring himself to cook his own food, although willing enough to cook mine.

I paid Gerome forty Belgian francs a month, which at the rate of exchange then prevailing was considerably less than three dollars. I also had to give him a weekly allowance of five francs—about thirty cents—for his food. To the American employer of servants these figures will be somewhat illuminating and startling.

One more human interest detail before we move on. In Africa every white man gets a name from the natives. This appellation usually expresses his chief characteristic. The first title wished on me was Bwana Cha Cha, which means The Master Who is Quick. When I first heard this name I thought it was a reflection on my appetite, because "Cha Cha" is pronounced "Chew Chew." Subsequently, in the Upper Congo and the Kasai, I was called Mafutta Mingi, which means Much Fat. I must explain in self-defense that in the Congo I ate much more than usual, first, because something in the atmosphere makes you hungry; and second, a good appetite is always an indication of health in the tropics. Still another name that I bore was Tala Tala, which means Spectacles in practically all the Congo dialects. There are nearly two hundred tribes, and each has a distinctive tongue. In many sections that I visited the natives had never seen a pair of tortoise-shell glasses such as I wear during the day. The children fled from me,

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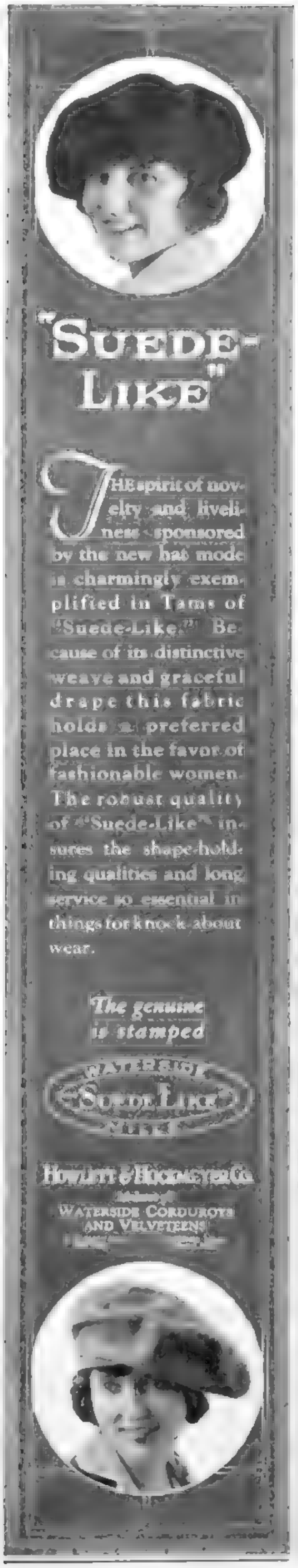
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shrieking in terror and thinking that I was a sorcerer. Even gifts of food, the one universal passport to the native stomach, failed to calm their fears.

The Congo savage, let me add, is a queer bird. The more I saw of him the greater became my admiration for old King Leopold. In his present state, the only rule must be a strong rule. No one would ever think of thanking a native for a service. It would be misunderstood, because the black man out there mistakes kindness for weakness. You must be firm, but just. Now you can see why explorers, upon emerging from long stays in the jungle, appear to be rude and ill-mannered. It is simply because they had to be harsh and at times unfeeling, and it becomes a habit. Stanley, for example, was often called a boor and a brute, when in reality he was merely hiding a fine nature behind the armor necessary to resist native imposition, and worse.

Fortress, Hotel and Menagerie

The private car on which I traveled from Fungurume to Bukuma was my final taste of luxury. When Horner waved me a good-by from his automobile and the creaky, jolty train started north I realized that I was divorcing myself from comfort and companionship. In thirty hours I was in sun-scorched Bukuma, the southern railhead of the Cape-to-Cairo route and my real jumping-off place before plunging into the mysteries of Central Africa.

Here begins the historic Lualaba, which is the initial link in the almost endless chain of the Congo River. I at once went aboard the first of the boats which were to be my habitation intermittently for so many weeks to come. It was the Louis Cousin, a one-hundred-and-fifty-ton vessel and a fair example of the craft which provides the principal means of transportation in the Congo. Practically all transit not on the hoof, so to speak, in the colony is by water. There are more than twelve thousand miles of rivers navigable for steamers and twice as many more are accessible for canoes and launches. Hence the river boat is a staple, and a picturesque one at that.

The Louis Cousin was typical of her kind, both in appointment and human interest details. Like all her sisters, she resembled the small Ohio River boats that I had seen in my boyhood at Louisville. All Congo steam craft must be stern-wheelers, first, because they usually haul barges on either side, and second, because there are so many sand banks. The few cabins—all you get is the bare room—are on the upper deck, which is the white man's domain, while the boiler and freight—human and otherwise—are on the lower. This is the bailiwick of the black. These boats always stop at night for wood, the only fuel, and the natives are compelled to go ashore and sleep on the bank.

The Congo river boat is a combination of fortress, hotel and menagerie. Like the accommodation train in our own Southern States, it is most obliging, because it will stop anywhere to enable a passenger to get off and do a little shopping, or permit the captain to take a meal ashore with a friendly disposed state official yearning for human society.

The river captain is a versatile individual, for he is steward, doctor, postman, purveyor of news and dictator in general. He alone makes the schedule of each trip, arriving and departing at will. Time in the Congo counts for naught. It is in truth the land of leisure. For the man who wants to move fast, water travel is a nightmare. Accustomed as I was to swift transport, I spent a year every day.

The skipper of the Louis Cousin was no exception to his kind. He was a big Norwegian named Behn—many of his colleagues are Scandinavians—and he had spent eighteen years in the Congo. He knew every one of the thousand nooks, turns, snags and sand bars of the Lualaba. One of the first things that impressed me was the uncanny ingenuity with which all the Congo boats are navigated through what seems at first glance to be a tangled mass of vegetation and obstruction. The bane of traffic is the sand bar, which on account of the swift currents everywhere is a constantly changing quantity. Hence a native is constantly engaged in taking soundings with a long stick. You can hear his not unmusical voice from the moment the boat starts until she ties up for the night. The native word for water is "mia." Whenever I heard the cry "Mia mitani" I knew that we were all right, because that meant five feet of water. With the exception of the Congo River, no boat can draw more than three feet, because in the dry season even the mightiest of streams declines to an almost incredibly low level.

Cannibals for Fellow Passengers

My white fellow passengers on the Louis Cousin were mostly Belgians on their way home by way of Stanleyville and the Congo River, after years of service in the colony. We all ate together in the tiny dining saloon forward with the captain, who usually provides the chop, as it is called. I now made the acquaintance of goat as an article of food. The young nanny is not undesirable as an occasional novelty, but when she is served up to you every day it becomes a trifle monotonous. The one rival of the goat in the Congo daily menu is the chicken, the mainstay of the country. I know a man who spent six years in the Congo, and he kept a record of every fowl he consumed. When he started for home the total registered exactly three thousand. It is no uncommon experience. Occasionally a friendly hunter brought antelope or buffalo aboard, but goat and fowl, reënforced by tinned goods and an occasional egg, constituted the bill of fare. You may wonder, perhaps, that in a country which is a continuous chicken coop there should be a scarcity of eggs. The answer lies in the fact that during the last few years the natives have conceived a sudden taste for hen fruit. Formerly they were afraid to eat them.

Of course, there was always an abundance of fruit. You can get pineapples, grapefruit, oranges, bananas and a first cousin of the cantaloupe, called the pei pei, which when sprinkled with lime juice is most delicious. You can buy bananas, by the way, for five cents a bunch of one hundred. They are the cheapest thing in the Congo except servants.

Not all my fellow passengers were desirable companions. At Bukuma five naked savages, all chained together by the neck, were brought aboard in charge of three native soldiers. When I asked the captain who and what they were he replied: "They are cannibals. They ate two of their fellow tribesmen back in the jungle last week, and they are going down the river to be tried."

These were the first eaters of human flesh that I saw in the Congo. One conspicuous detail was their teeth, which were all filed down to sharp points. I later discovered that these wolf teeth, as they might be called, are common to all the Congo cannibals. The punishment for cannibalism is death, although every native, whatever his offense, is given a trial by the Belgian authorities.

Among the Arab Slave Traders

It was on the Lualaba, after the boat had tied up for the night, that I caught the first whisper of the jungle. In Africa, Nature is in her frankest mood, but she expresses herself in subdued tones. All my life I had read of the witchery of these equatorial places, but no description is ever adequate.

You must live with them to catch the magic. No painter, for instance, can translate to canvas the elusive and ever-changing verdure of the dense forests under the brilliant sun; nor can those elements of mystery, with their suggestion of wild bird and beast that lurk everywhere at night, be reproduced. Life flows on like a moving dream that is exotic, enervating, yet intoxicating.

I spent six days on the Lualaba, where we made many stops to take on and put off freight. Many of these halts were at wood posts, where our supply of fuel was renewed. At one port I found a lonely Scotch trader who had been in the Congo fifteen years. Every night he puts on his kilts and parades through the native village playing the bagpipes. It is his one touch of home. At another place I had a brief visit with another Scotchman, a veteran of the World War, who had established a prosperous plantation and who goes about in khaki kilt, much to the joy of the natives, who see in his bare knees a kinship with themselves.

Kabalo, a mere settlement, marks the beginning of the railway to Lake Tanganyika which Rhodes included in one of his Cape-to-Cairo routes, while Kongola is the end of the first stage of Lualaba River travel. Here I boarded a toy train and went to Kindu through a highly Arabized section. Back in the days when Tippoo Tib, the friend of Stanley, was king of

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Stanley Falls, With Native Fish Traps in Front

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(Continued from Page 38)

Arab slave traders, this area was his hunting ground. Many of the natives are Mohammedans and wear turbans. In the Congo the trains, like the boats, stop for the night, and you must provide your own food. I slept in a native grass house on my own bed. I must admit that I have had greater discomfort in metropolitan hotels.

I was now in the almost absolute domain of the native. The only white men that I encountered were an occasional priest and a still more occasional trader. At Kibombo I had an unexpected adventure. The train stopped for the mail, and when I got out to stretch my legs I saw a man and a woman who looked unmistakably American. The man in particular had Texas written all over him, for he was tall and lank and looked as if he had spent his life on the ranges.

He came toward me, smiling, and said: "The Minister of the Colonies was through here yesterday in a special train, and he said that an American journalist was following close behind, so I came down to see you."

The man proved to be J. G. Campbell, who had come to install an American cotton gin nine kilometers from where we were standing. His wife was with him, and she was the only white woman within two hundred miles.

Campbell is a link with one of the new Congo industries, which is cotton cultivation. The whole area between Kongola and Stanleyville, three-quarters of which is one vast tropical forest, has immense stretches ideally adapted for cotton growing. The Belgian Government has laid out various experimental plantations, and they are thriving. In 1919 four thousand new acres were cultivated in the Manyema district, six thousand in the Sankuru-Kasai region and six hundred in the Lomami territory. Altogether the colony produced six million pounds of the raw staple last year, and some of it was grown by natives who are being taught the art. The Congo Cotton Company has been formed at Brussels, with a capitalization of six million francs, to exploit the new industry, which is bound to be an important factor in the development of the Congo. It shows that the ruthless exploitation of the earlier days is succeeded by scientific and constructive expansion.

The Minister of the Colonies

Campbell's experience in setting up his American cotton gin discloses the principal need of the Congo to-day, which is adequate transport. Between its arrival at the mouth of the Congo River and Kibombo the mass of machinery was transshipped exactly four times, alternately changing from rail to river. At Kibombo the five hundred and fifty thousand pounds of metal had to be carried on the heads of natives to the scene of operations. Throughout the Congo practically every ton of merchandise must be moved by man power—the average load is sixty pounds—throughout the greater part of its journey.

Late in the afternoon of the day which marked the encounter with the Campbells I reached Kindu, where navigation on the Lualaba is resumed again. By this time you will have realized something of the difficulty of traveling in this part of the world. It was my third change since Bukuma, and more were to come before I reached the Lower Congo.

At Kindu I had a great piece of luck. I fell in with Louis Franck, the Belgian Minister of the Colonies, to whom I had a letter of introduction and who was making a tour of inspection of the Congo. He had landed at Mombasa, crossed British East Africa, visited the new Belgian possessions of Urundi and Ruanda, which are spoils of war, and made his way to Kabalo from Lake Tanganyika. He asked me to accompany him to Stanleyville as his guest. I gladly accepted, because, aside from the personal compensation afforded by his society, it meant immunity from worry about river and train connections.

Franck represents the new type of colonial minister. Instead of being a musty bureaucrat, as so many are, he is a live, alert, progressive man of affairs, who played a big part in the late war. To begin with, he is one of the foremost admiralty lawyers of Europe. When the Germans occupied Belgium he at once became conspicuous. He resisted the Teutonic scheme to separate the French and Flemish sections of the ravaged country. After the investment of Antwerp, his native place, accompanied by the burgomaster and the Spanish minister he went to the German headquarters and made the arrangement by which the city was saved from destruction by bombardment. He delayed this parley sufficiently to enable the Belgian Army to escape to the Yser. Subsequently his activities on behalf of his countrymen made him so distasteful to the Germans that he was imprisoned in Germany for nearly a year. For two months of this time he shared the noble exile of Monsieur Max, the heroic burgomaster of Brussels.

I now became an annex of what amounted to a royal progress. To the Belgian colonial official and to the native, Franck incarnated a sort of All Highest. In the Congo all functionaries are called Bula Matari, which means The Rock Breaker. It is the name originally bestowed on Stanley when he dynamited a road through the rocks of the Lower Congo. Franck, however, was a super Bula Matari. We had a special boat, the Baron Delbecke, a one-hundred-ton craft somewhat similar to the Louis Cousin. The minister, his military aide, secretary and doctor filled the cabins, so I slept in a tent set up on the lower deck.

With flags flying and thousands of natives on the shore yelling and beating tom-toms, we started down the Lualaba. The country between Kindu and Ponthierville, our first objective, is thickly populated, and important settlements dot the banks. Wherever we stopped the native troops were turned out, and there were long speeches of welcome from the local dignitaries. Franck shook as many black and white hands as an American presidential candidate would in a swing around the circle. I accompanied him ashore on all of these state visits, and it gave me an excellent opportunity to see the many types of natives in their Sunday clothes, which largely consist of no clothes at all. This applies especially to the females, who in the Congo reverse Kipling's theory, because they are less deadly than the males.

At Lowa occurred a significant episode. This place is the center of an immense native population, but there is only one white resident, the usual Belgian state official. We climbed the hill to his house, where thirty of the leading chiefs, wearing the big tin medals which the Belgian Government gives them, shook hands with the minister. The ranking chief, distinguished by the extraordinary amount of red mud in his wool and the grotesque devices cut with a knife on his naked body, made a long speech, in which he became rather excited. When the agent translated this in French to Franck I gathered that the people were indignant over the advance in cost of trade goods, especially calico and salt. Salt, by the way, is more valuable than gold in the Congo. Among the natives it is legal tender for every commodity, from a handkerchief to a wife. Franck made a little speech in French in reply—it was translated by the interpreter—in which he said that the World War had increased the price of everything. We shook hands all round, there was much muttering of "yambo," the word for "greeting," and we headed for the boat.

Mr. Franck's Colonial Creed

Halfway down the hill we heard shouting and hissing. We stopped and looked back. On the crest were a thousand native women, jeering, hooting and pointing their fingers at the minister, who immediately asked the cause of the demonstration.

When the agent called for an explanation a big black woman said: "Ask the Bula Matari why the franc buys so little now. We only get a few goods for a big lot of money."

I had gone into the wilds to escape from economic unrest and all the confusion that has followed in its wake, yet here in the heart of Central Africa I found our old friend, the high cost of living, working overtime and provoking a spirited protest from primitive savages. It proves that there is neither caste, creed nor color line in the pocketbook, which, like indigestion, is the universal leveler of all ranks.

One day on this trip Franck outlined to me his colonial creed. It was a fine June morning, and we had just left a particularly picturesque Arabized village behind us. Hundreds of natives had come out in canoes to welcome the minister. They sang songs and played their crude musical instruments as they swept alongside our boat. We now sat on the upper deck and watched the unending panorama of palm trees, with here and there a clump of grass huts.

"All colonial development is a chain which is no stronger than its weakest link, and that link is the native," said the minister. "As you build the native, so do you build the whole colonial structure. Hence the importance of a high moral standard. You must conform to the native's traditions, mentality and temperament; give him a technical education something like that afforded by Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute; show him how to use his hands. He will then become efficient and therefore contented. It is a mistake to teach him a European language. I prefer him to be a first-class African rather than a third-class European.

"The hope of the Congo lies in industrialization on the one hand and the creation of new wealth on the other. By new wealth I mean such new crops as cotton and a larger exploitation of such old products as rice, coffee and palm fruit. Rubber has become a second industry, although the cultivated plantations are in part taking the place of the old wild forests. The substitute for rubber as the first product of the land is the fruit of the oil-palm tree. This will be the industrial staple of the Congo. I believe, however, that in time cotton can be produced in large commercial quantities over a wide area."

Franck now turned to a subject which reflects his courage and progressiveness. He said: "There is a strong tendency in other colonies to give too large a place to state enterprise. The result of this system is that officers are burdened with an impossible task. They must look after railways, steamers, mills and a variety of tasks for which they often lack the technical knowledge."

Limited State Control

"I have made it a point to give first place to private enterprise and to transfer those activities formerly under state rule to autonomous companies in which the state has an interest. They are run by business men along business lines as business institutions. The state's principal function in them is to protect the native employees. The gold mines at Kilo are an example. They are still owned by the state, but are worked by a private company whose directors have full powers. The reason why the state does not part with its ownership of these mines is that it does not want a rush of gold seekers. History has proved that in a country with a primitive population a gold rush is a dangerous and destructive thing.

"We are always free traders in Belgium, and we are glad to welcome any foreign capital to the Congo. We have already had the constructive influence of American capital in the diamond field, and we will be glad to have more."

The average man thinks that the Congo and concessions are practically synonymous terms. In Leopold's day this was true, but there is a new deal now. Let Franck explain it:

"There was a time when huge concessions were freely given in the Congo. They were then necessary, because the colony was new, the country unknown and the financial risks large. Now that the economic possibilities of the region are realized, it is not desirable to grant any more large concessions. It is proved that these concessions are really a handicap rather than a help to a young land. The wise procedure is to have a definite agricultural or industrial aim in mind, and then pick the locality for exploitation, whether it is gold, cotton, copper or palm fruit."

"What is the future of the Congo?" I asked.

"The Congo is now entering upon a big era of development," was the answer. "If the World War had not intervened it would have been well under way. Despite the invasion of Belgium, the practical paralysis of our home industry, and the fact that many of our Congo officials and their most highly trained natives were off fighting the Germans in East Africa, the colony more than held its own during those terrible years. In building the new Congo we are going to profit by the example of other countries, and capitalize their knowledge and experience of tropical hygiene. We propose to combat sleeping sickness, for example, with an agency similar to your Rockefeller Institute of Research in New York.

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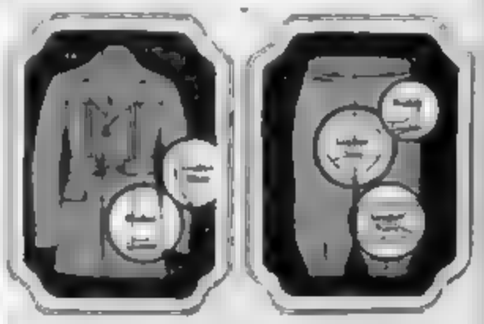

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"The Congo is bound to become one of the great centers of world supply. The Katanga is not only a huge copper area, but it has immense stores of coal, tin, zinc and other valuable commodities. Our diamond fields have scarcely been scraped, while the agricultural possibilities of hundreds of thousands of square miles are unlimited.

"The great need of the Congo is transport. We are increasing our river fleets, and we propose to introduce on them a type of barge similar to that used on the Ohio and the Mississippi.

"An imposing program of railway expansion is blocked out. For one thing we expect to run a railway from the Katanga copper belt straight across country to Kinshassa on the Lower Congo. It is already surveyed. This will tap a thickly populated region and enable the diamond mines of the Kasai to get the labor they need so sorely. The Robert Williams Railway through Angola will be another addition to our transportation facilities. One of the richest regions of the Congo is the northeastern section. The gold mines at Kilo are now only accessible by river. We plan to join them up with the railway to be built from Stanleyville to the Sudan border. This will link the Congo River and the Nile. With our railroads, as with our industrial enterprises, we stick to private ownership and operation, with the state as a partner.

"The new provinces of Ruanda and Urundi will contribute much to our future prosperity. They add a vast number of square miles to our territory and millions of healthy and prosperous natives to our population. These new possessions have two distinct advantages. One is that they provide an invigorating health resort, which will be to the Central Congo what the Katanga is to the Southern. The other is that, being an immense cattle country, there is a head of livestock for every native; we will be able to secure fresh meat and dairy products, which are sorely needed.

"The Congo is not only the economic hope of Belgium, but it is teaching the Belgian capitalists to think in broad terms. Henceforth the business man of all countries must regard the universe as his field. As a practical commercial proposition it pays, both with nations and with individuals. We have found that the possession of the Congo, huge as it is and difficult for a small country like ours to develop, is a stimulating thing. It is quickening our enterprise and widening our world view."

Two days of traveling on the Lower Lualaba brought us to Ponthierville, a jewel of a post with a setting of almost bewildering tropical beauty. Here we took a special train for Stanleyville, and at midday crossed the equator. On the way we passed the state experimental coffee farm of three hundred acres, which produces more than one thousand pounds to the acre.

A Model Servant

Stanleyville marked one of the real mileposts of my journey. Here came Stanley on his historic journey across Central Africa and discovered the falls near by that bear his name. It is the head of navigation on the Congo, and, like Paris, is built on two sides of the river. On the right is the residence of the vice governor-general, scores of stores and many desirable residences. The streets are long avenues of palm trees.

At Stanleyville the minister had a great reception. Five hundred native troops were drawn up, and on the platform of the station stood the vice governor-general and staff in spotless white uniforms, their breasts ablaze with decorations. On all sides were thousands of natives in gay attire who cheered and chanted while the band played the Belgian national anthem. Over it all waved the flag of Belgium. It was a stirring spectacle, not without its touch of the barbaric, and a small-scale replica of what you might have seen at Delhi or Cairo on a fête day.

I was only mildly interested in this tumult and shouting. What concerned me most was the swift, broad, brown river that flowed almost at our feet. At last I had reached the masterful Congo. As I looked at it I thought of Stanley and his battles here and elsewhere on its shores, and the hardship and tragedy that these waters had witnessed.

At Stanleyville you are in the heart of Equatorial Africa. Less than fifty miles to the north begins the wild and primitive country abounding in elephants. Hence Stanleyville is the center of ivory trading, which during the last two years has undergone some fluctuations that almost put the Wall Street market to the blush.

During the war there was very little trafficking in the commodity, because it was a luxury. With peace came a big demand, and the price soared to more than two hundred francs a kilo. The ordinary price is about forty. One trader at Stanleyville cleaned up a profit of three million francs in three months. Then came the inevitable reaction, and with it a unique situation. In their mad desire to corral ivory the traders ran up the normal price that the native hunters formerly received. The moment the boom burst the white buyers sought to regulate their purchases accordingly. The native, however, knows nothing about the law of demand and supply, and he holds out for the boom price. The net result is that hundreds of tons of ivory are piled up in the villages, and no power on earth can convince the savage that there is such a thing as the ebb and flow of price.

Stanleyville had a significance for me less romantic but infinitely more practical than the first contact with the Congo River. There I sacked Gerome and annexed a boy named Nelson. The way of it was this: In the Katanga I engaged a young Belgian, who was on his way home, to act as secretary. He knew the native languages and could always persuade the most stubborn black to part with an egg. Nelson was his property. He was born on the Rhodesian border and spoke English. I could therefore upbraid him to my heart's content, which was not the case with Gerome. Besides, he was not handicapped with a wife. In Africa the servants adopt the names of their masters. Nelson had once worked for an Englishman at Elizabethville, and acquired his cognomen. I have not the slightest doubt but that he now masquerades under mine. Be that as it may, Nelson was a model servant, and he remained with me until that September day when I boarded the Belgium-bound boat at Matadi.

The Decreasing Population

Nelson reminded me more of the Southern negro than any other one that I saw in the Congo. He was almost coal-black, smiled continuously and his teeth were wonderful to look at. He had an unusual capacity for work—and also for food. I think he was the champion consumer of *chikwanga* in the Congo. The *chikwanga* is a glutinous dough made from the pounded root of the manioc plant, and is the principal food of the native. It is rolled and cut up in pieces and then wrapped in green leaves. The favorite way of preparing it for consumption is to heat it in palm oil, although it is often eaten raw. Nelson bought these *chikwangas* by the dozen. He was never without one. He even ate as he washed my clothes.

In connection with this particular food is an interesting fact. The Congo natives all die young—I only saw six old men—because they are insufficiently nourished. The *chikwanga* is filling, but not fattening. This is why sleeping sickness takes such dreadful toll. From an estimated population of thirty millions in Stanley's day, the indigenes have dwindled to less than a third this number. Meat is a luxury. One of the kinds most relished is the flesh of the hippopotamus, which is usually kept until it becomes putrid. Although the natives have chickens in abundance, they seldom eat one for the reason that it is more profitable to sell them to the white man.

Since Stanleyville is the head of navigation on the Congo, there is ordinarily no lack of boats. I was fortunate to be able to embark on the Comte de Flandre, the Mauretania of those inland seas and the biggest vessel on the river, for she displaced five hundred tons. She flew the flag of the Huileries du Congo Belge, the palm-oil concern founded by Lord Leverhulme and the most important all-British interest in the Congo. She was one of a fleet of ten boats that operated on the Congo, the Kasai, the Kwilu and other rivers. I not only had a comfortable cabin but that rarest of luxuries in the Congo—a bathtub was available. The Comte de Flandre had cabin accommodations for fourteen whites. The captain was an Englishman and the chief engineer a Scotchman. The passengers included British,

(Concluded on Page 44)

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(Concluded from Page 42)

Belgian, Italian and Portuguese, while the steerage, firemen and wood boys were blacks. With this international congress over which beamed the broad smile of Nelson, I started on the thousand-mile trip down the Congo.

It is difficult to convey the impression that the Congo River gives. Serene, majestic, inscrutable, it is often well-nigh overwhelming in immensity. Between Stanleyville and Kinahassa there are four thousand islands, some of them thirty miles in length. As the boat picks its way through them you feel as if you were traveling through an endless tropical park of which the river provides the paths. The shores are brilliant with luxuriant vegetation whose exotic smell is wafted out over the waters. Behind this vegetation stretches the equatorial forest in which Stanley battled in an almost impenetrable gloom. Egrets and birds of paradise fly on all sides, and every hour reveals a hideous crocodile sunning himself on a sand spit.

Natives in a Scrimmage

The astonishing thing, however, about the Congo River is its inconsistency. Although six miles wide, in many parts it is frequently not more than six feet deep. This makes navigation dangerous and difficult. As on the Lualaba and every other river in the colony, soundings must be taken continually. This extraordinary discrepancy between width and depth reminds me of the designation of the Platte River in Nebraska by a Kansas statesman, which was: "A river three-quarters of a mile wide and three-quarters of an inch deep." Thus the Congo journey takes on a constant element of hazard, because you do not know what moment you will run aground on a sand bank, be impaled on a snag or strike a rock.

Although the Comte de Flandre was rated as the fastest craft on the Congo, our progress was unusually slow because of the scarcity of wood for fuel. This seems incredible when you consider that the whole Congo Basin is one vast forest. Literally millions of trees stand ready to be sacrificed to the needs of man, yet there are no hands to cut them. In the Congo, as elsewhere in this distracted world, the will to work is a lost art, no less manifest among the savages than among their civilized brothers. The ordinary native will only labor long enough to provide himself with sufficient money to buy a month's supply of food. Then he lays off and joins the leisure class. Hence wood hunting on the Congo vies with the trip itself as a real adventure. The competition between river captains for fuel is so keen that a skipper will sometimes start his boat at three o'clock in the morning and risk an accident in the dark in order to beat a rival to a wood supply.

All up and down the river are wood posts, some owned by the steamship companies. It was our misfortune to find most of them practically denuded of their supplies. A journey which ordinarily takes ten days therefore consumed twenty. But there were many compensations, and I had no quarrel with the circumstance.

I had the fortune to witness that rarest of sights that falls to the lot of the casual traveler—a serious fight between natives. We stopped at a native wood post—some of them are operated by the occasionally industrious blacks—for fuel. The whole village turned out to help load. In the midst of the process a crowd of natives made their appearance, armed with spears and shields. They began to taunt the men and women who were loading our boat. I afterwards found out that they owned a wood post near by and were disgruntled because we had not patronized them. They blamed their neighbors for it. In any event, almost before we realized it, a pitched battle ensued in which spears were thrown and men and women were laid out in a generally bloody fracas. One man got an assagai through his throat, and it probably inflicted a fatal wound.

In the midst of the mêlée one of my fellow passengers, a Catholic priest, courageously dashed in between the flying spears and logs of wood and separated the combatants. He was a fine and not uninspiring figure with his robes flying in the breeze. This incident shows the hostility that still exists between the various tribes in the Congo, which constitutes one excellent reason why there can never be any concerted uprising against the whites. There is no single, strong, cohesive native dynasty.

There is no need of cataloguing the various stops we made or of registering the many types of natives we encountered. The latter ranged from the massive Bangalas who fought Stanley down to the pygmies who look like toy men. The Congo River posts resemble one another in that they are usually a handful of whites—seldom more than three or four—half a dozen stores, and always a pile of bags filled with palm kernels waiting on the bank for transport. In the Congo there is always more freight than agencies for conveying it.

One settlement, Basoko, has a tragic meaning for the Anglo-Saxon. Here died and lies buried George Grenfell, the gallant British missionary who gave thirty years of his life to the uplift of the Congo and who ranks with Stanley and Livingstone among her foremost explorers. Nowhere in the world has evangelization been fraught with a higher heroism or a more noble fortitude than in this country. When you see the handicaps that have beset the men of God, both Protestant and Catholic, on all sides you are filled with a new admiration for their calling.

Two halts on this trip deserve attention. In the Congo there began in 1911 an industry that will have an important bearing on the economic development of the colony. It was the installation of the first plant of the Huileries du Congo Belge. This company, which is an offshoot of the many Lever enterprises of England, resulted from the growing need of palm oil as a substitute for animal fat in soap making. Lord Leverhulme, who was then Sir William Lever, obtained a concession for seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of palm forests in the Congo. He began to open up so-called areas and install mills for boiling the fruit and drying the kernels. He now has eight areas, and two of them, Elizabetha and Alberta, are on the Congo River. I visited both and spent a week at the latter place, where I saw the whole palm-fruit process at close range. For hundreds of years the natives have gathered the palm fruit and extracted the oil. They threw away the kernel because they were unaware of the oil inside. Leverhulme was the first man to organize the industry on a big and scientific basis.

The Making of Palm Oil

Most people are familiar with the date and the coconut palms. From the days of the Bible they have figured in narrative and picture. The oil palm, on the other hand, is less known but much more valuable. It is the staff of life in the Congo, and for that matter practically all West Africa. Thousands of years ago its sap was used by the Egyptians for embalming the bodies of their kingly dead. To-day it not only represents the most important agricultural industry of the colony, having long since surpassed rubber as the premier product, but it has an almost bewildering variety of uses. It is food, drink and shelter. Out of the trunk the native extracts his wine; from the fruit, and this includes the kernel, are obtained oil for soap, salad dressing and margarine; the leaves provide a roof for the native houses; the fiber is made into mats, baskets or strings for fishing nets, while the wood goes into construction. Even the bugs that live on it are food for man.

The H. C. B., as the Huileries du Congo Belge is more commonly known in the Congo, has a model installation at Alberta, and it is typical of all the other areas. Here I got the first taste of Anglo-Saxon civilization since leaving Elizabethville. In charge of the post was Major Claude Wallace, a pioneer in Liberian exploration and a veteran of the World War. With him was his wife, who for more than a year was the only white woman in the whole district between Alberta and Stanleyville.

The fruit comes in what is called a *regime*, which resembles a huge bunch of grapes. It is a thick cluster of palm fruit. Each fruit is about the size of a large date. The outer portion, the pericarp, is almost entirely oil incased in a thick skin. Embedded in this oil is the kernel, which contains an even finer oil. The fruit is boiled down, and the kernel, after a drying process, is exported in bags to England. Here it is broken open and the contents used for salad oil or margarine.

Before the war thousands of tons of palm oil and kernels were shipped from the West Coast of Africa to Germany every year. Now they are diverted to England, where large kernel-crushing plants have been installed, and the whole activity has become a British enterprise. With the eclipse of the German colonial empire in Africa it is not likely that she can regain this lost business.

The Last Lap of the Journey

Though the H. C. B. dominates the palm-oil industry in the Congo, many tons of kernels are gathered every year by individuals, who include natives. One reason why the savage takes to this occupation is that it practically requires no work. All that he is required to do is to climb a tree in the jungle and cut down a *regime*. He uses the palm oil for his own needs and sells the kernels to the white man.

Now for the last lap of the Congo River trip. Like so many other experiences out there, it produced a surprise. In the so-called channel, which begins about one hundred miles above Kinahassa, you enter the high country, where the mornings are bitterly raw. I can frankly say that I really suffered from the cold on the equator. It was not until I reached Kinahassa that I began to perspire again, and I then made up for lost time. At Kwamouth we passed the mouth of the Kasai, which was to be the scene of many of my later adventures.

Kinshassa is another mushroom town. Five years ago it was merely a settlement on Stanley Pool and the end of navigation on the Congo at the cataracts. Leopoldville, capital of the Western Province and located five miles away, was the center of commercial and administrative life. To-day Kinshassa is a bustling port, with half a dozen steamers tied up at her wharves, a population of several hundred white people, thousands of natives, plenty of stores, scores of automobiles, an open-air cinema theater and that miracle of the Congo—a barber shop. Dominating what we in America would call the levee is the huge establishment of the H. C. B., where the palm oil is transferred from the river barges to tanks, then run into casks and sent down to Matadi, whence it goes by steamer to Europe.

Two months had elapsed since I entered the Congo, and I had traveled about two thousand miles within its confines. Yet this journey, short as it seems as distances go these days, would have taken Stanley nearly two years to accomplish in the face of the obstacles that hampered him.

I had only carried out part of my plan. The Kasai was calling. Soon I retraced my way up the Congo River and turned my face toward the Little America that nestles far up in the wilds.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South Africa and the Congo. The next will be entitled America in the Congo.

PLAIN REMARKS ON IMMIGRATION FOR PLAIN AMERICANS

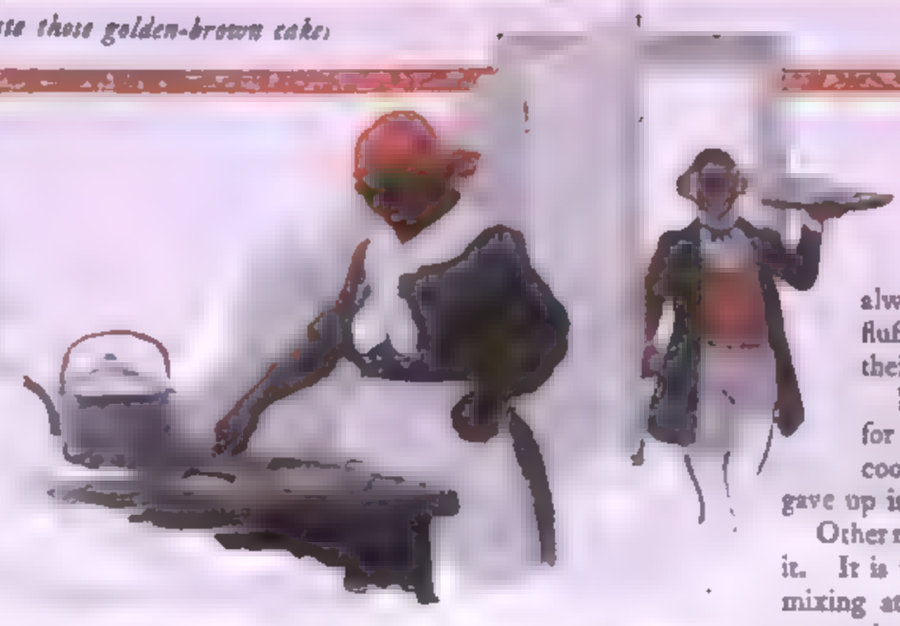
(Continued from Page 22)

its worst will have more attractions for the immigrant than his own country. Before the war, for years, the tide of immigration rose to its height in the spring and autumn and receded to its lowest level in the winter and summer. Now every ship that sails throughout the year is jammed. Before the war immigration rose and fell as America enjoyed prosperity or depression. Now America under all conditions has equal attractions for the European. The people of America who are not bound by ties of blood to European countries are asking for new immigration laws. Congress

(Concluded on Page 47)

It seemed that everybody wanted to taste these golden-brown cakes

At the World's Fair in '93 *Aunt Jemima* was a sensation



"LAWZEE, we ain't nevah gwine be able to make enuf pancakes fo' all dem white folks," sputtered Aunt Jemima to her mulatto helper. And once more she peered out over the constantly growing crowd that gathered around her little kitchen.

"Pow'ful sight o' vis'ters yo' all's got t'day," responded the girl.

Over the mammy's ebon face there spread that wonderful greeting smile which we today can see only in pictures. And thousands—some folks that perhaps you know—smiled back.

There she was—at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. And, up on a platform where all could see, she was making pancakes a new way—from ready prepared flour! You remember reading how, some twenty years after the Civil War, a representative of a milling company in Missouri bought from Aunt Jemima her pancake recipe and persuaded her to direct its preparation in the great mills. Well, this pancake flour was the result. It had been made from Aunt Jemima's own recipe—the recipe that had made *her* famous through all the South even before the war, when she was cook in Col. Higbee's mansion down in Louisiana.

IT seemed that *everybody* at the Fair wanted to taste those golden-brown cakes; time after time the Columbian Guards had to come and keep the crowd moving, since it blocked almost completely that part of the great Agricultural Hall.

Men were convinced that never before had they tasted pancakes so tender and delicious as those Aunt Jemima made. Women marveled at the ease with which she whisked up a new batch of batter—that she'd simply stir *water* into the flour that came out of those packages. And the visitors from the South proudly gathered there. For who could, better than Aunt Jemima, uphold their Southland's reputation for excellence in the art of cooking!

The center of all this interest—Aunt Jemima. She was a sensation. And yet, those who knew her best, who knew her even from the time when she first came up from her little cabin home, they found her still the simple, earnest, smiling mammy—the same Aunt Jemima, just older grown.

Honors did not turn her head, not even that great honor the Committee on Awards bestowed upon her pancake flour—the highest Medal and the Diploma of Excellence. Probably she thought not so much of it as of the kind words her old "massa" had spoken to her years and years before, his simpler words of appreciation for her loyalty and cheerful service. Her pancakes had delighted him and his guests; here they were delighting thousands—it was all the same to her.

NOW—today—they are delighting millions! Aunt Jemima pancakes have become America's favorite breakfast. They're so easy to make. They're so economical. And they're always the same—always rich and tender, always fluffy and golden-brown. That has much to do with their popularity.

But most of all, Aunt Jemima pancakes are famous for their flavor. No one can match that. Other mammy cooks in the South tried to, years and years ago—and gave up in despair.

Other manufacturers have sought it; they've never achieved it. It is the secret of Aunt Jemima's recipe and the exact mixing at the Aunt Jemima Mills of the ingredients she once mixed by hand.

Get a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. See how easy it is today to have delicious pancakes with the real, old-time Southern flavor. Then you can understand its success.

At the great World's Fair in '93 they saw Aunt Jemima in person; today we cannot. But what she did lives on—that and her smile.

The Aunt Jemima folks put out a buckwheat flour, too. It's ready-mixed for delicious buckwheat cakes. Try it.

How to get the Funny Rag Dolls

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

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No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe is also *moulded-in-one-piece* and is of the same high quality as "No. 40." For intestinal sanitation, internal flushing and hygienic cleanliness it renders perfect service. In every respect it is the syringe of satisfaction. The larger size 3 is more efficient on account of the greater volume of its contents.

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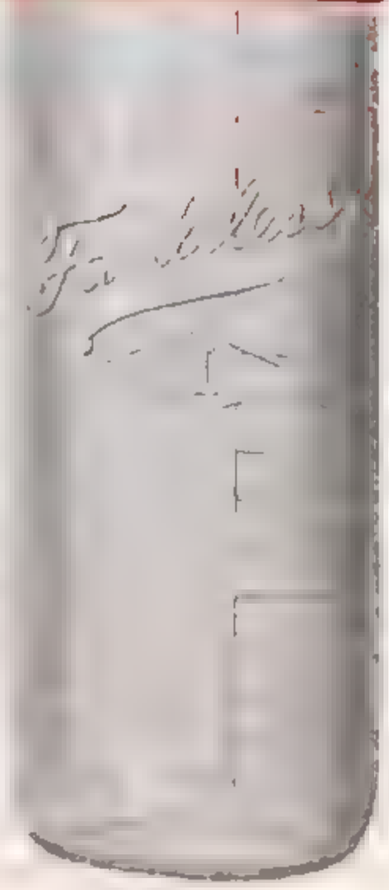
FOR YOUR BABY



THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY *(Ashland Rubber Works)* **ASHLAND, OHIO, U. S. A.**

(Concluded from Page 44)

is groping in the dark for new and effective immigration laws. Various suggestions have been made by many persons who have a theoretical knowledge of immigration, but no practical knowledge of the changed conditions which exist to-day in Europe; and all the suggested schemes—which are variants of old, messy, mildewed schemes suggested before the war—are valueless, because they are either so weak in certain spots that they make no appreciable change in the swarms of immigrants that are pouring in, or they offer no remedies for immigration's greatest evils.

If immigration laws are to be of any value to the American people, they must do certain things and do them in such a way that hyphenated societies cannot, by exerting an un-American but powerful influence on senators, representatives and other government officials, make jokes out of them as they have made jokes out of our existing immigration laws all through 1919 and 1920.

An efficacious immigration law, in order to be worth more than the conventional sour grapes, must allow only a fixed number of immigrants to enter America each year; accept as immigrants only those persons who are essential to the well-being of the country; keep them away from the slums, and get them to that section of the country where they are needed. This is the opinion which is held by a government official who prefers not to be quoted by name but who is amply qualified to speak on the subject by his long experience as a consular officer and by his more recent studies in Europe. This gentleman has made a comprehensive study of postwar immigration problems. His opinion is concurred in by our most experienced consular officers in Europe. There is a simple solution to this problem, evolved by a few practical American immigration experts who have been given a more comprehensive view of immigration since the war than any other American immigration investigators or observers have ever had. If the merits of the scheme were fully understood the scheme would become a law in one year's time.

This scheme is as follows:

Immigration is too big and important a matter to the people of America to be controlled completely by the Department of Labor or the Department of State. So long as these two departments have control of immigration it will continue to be messed up by politics. Immigration is a matter which, to be properly handled, should be supervised and controlled by a Federal commission of five or seven men who have either made a careful study of immigration or who possess unusual qualifications for membership in such a commission. It should be an organization of the same sort as the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it should be entirely removed from politics. If politics were allowed to enter into it, it would be subjected to the same pressure to which our senators and congressmen are now subjected by so many near-Americans. The commission might, for example, be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate; but, however selected, it should be nonpolitical.

Restrictions as to Numbers

The proper immigration law, then, would create a Federal commission to have entire and unhampered control of the administration of the law; and the law would also clearly define the commission's duties.

Now some of the persons who have approved this scheme for restricting and regulating immigration believe that all immigration to the United States should be stopped for a term of years. They believe in absolute stopping; not in the imitation and futile "stopping" which results from saying that an immigrant must be able to read his own name and the inscription on a can of baked beans when printed in one of the fifty-seven hundred existing languages, dialects and lingoes, including the Choctaw and the Tierra del Fuegan. None the less, these persons also recognize that absolute stoppage of immigration would be next to impossible because of the tremendous pressure which would at once be brought to bear on our legislators by Americans of alien descent. They also realize that whatever so-called "absolute stoppage" might be secured would be for only a short term of years—one or two or five years—and that at the end of that time America would again be confronted by the same old immigration problem and by the same old European influences against any restriction of immigration.

Even the extreme anti-immigrationist Americans in Europe, therefore, have come to realize that the only effective anti-immigration laws are those which let in certain people who can be of help to America. That is why even the extremists favor a law which shall define the duties of the proposed Federal Immigration Commission in the following manner:

A certain number of laborers, skilled and unskilled, shall be permitted to emigrate to America from foreign countries during each year. This number shall be restricted to one hundred thousand a year, shall be selected at the source by consular officers of the United States, and be distributed in America by employees of the United States Bureau of Immigration.

During the first year when this law is operative, one hundred thousand near relatives of naturalized Americans shall be allowed to enter; and during succeeding years not more than fifty thousand near relatives each year shall be permitted to enter the country.

Admission by Requisition

The Federal Immigration Commission, sitting continually, shall supervise the selection at the source of the one hundred thousand laborers, and shall make sure that they are chiefly required to fill certain national necessities.

They will make sure after this fashion:

Every portion of the United States from time to time suffers from the lack of certain sorts of workers. There are various sorts of intensive farming which are best performed by farm laborers from sections of Italy. There are other sorts which are best performed by laborers from a specific section of Hungary. There is—and almost any housewife will confirm this statement with tears of sincerity in her soft eyes—a marked shortage of servants at the present moment. Labor shortages are constantly occurring, let us say, in the diamond-cutting industry, or among the wooden-nutmeg carvers or the macaroni makers

The Federal Immigration Commission will employ a force of statisticians. When a shortage occurs in any trade, profession or calling the persons qualified to take action in the matter will notify the Federal Immigration Commission of the shortage and request that a certain number of workers of the type required be admitted to the country.

For example, a call might come to the Federal Immigration Commission from the Michigan copper-mining district stating that five thousand skilled miners were required in order that the output of the mines might be brought to a specified point, that these miners could not at the present time be obtained in the United States, and that the best type of labor suited to their needs had hitherto come from a small province in Hungary.

Having received this requisition, the commission will call in its statisticians, find out whether the statements from the Michigan copper mines are true, and whether the immigration quota for the year will permit of five thousand workers' being allowed to come to America for this purpose.

If so, the commission will issue a departmental order stating that five thousand miners are needed from a certain district in Hungary to work in the Michigan copper mines. A copy of this order will go to the Department of Labor for the Bureau of Immigration so that immigration inspectors at the port of entry may be informed. Another copy will go to the Department of State for transmission to the American consulate in or nearest to the district from which the laborers are wanted. The consul will publish his requirements in the local newspapers. On the following day the consulate will be swamped with applicants.

The applicants will be required, outside of satisfying the health and literacy tests, to show proof that they are laborers of the sort required, and to agree to go to a specified section of the United States to do the sort of work to which they are accustomed. If a man is married and wishes to take his wife he can do it, but each wife counts as a unit in the required five thousand. Thus, if each accepted laborer takes his wife, the Michigan mines will get twenty-five hundred men instead of five thousand.

Within six or eight weeks after the Federal Immigration Commission sends out its departmental order the workmen would be delivered in the United States. The machinery exists, perfected in all details by the Bureau of Immigration, for shipping immigrants to different points throughout the country; so that they will be delivered at the Michigan mines as rapidly as trains can make the trip.

Having arrived there they should be obliged to report each week at the county courthouse, which is usually the place where immigrants are naturalized. Thus the authorities keep track of them and they become familiar with our naturalization machinery at the same time.

Since these laborers have agreed to work at a certain task, and since they have been delivered to the spot where the work exists, it is highly probable that they will do the work required of them. If farm workers are wanted in Massachusetts and Indiana and Georgia and California and North Dakota, the same system will be used. Consuls will select farm workers from Italy and Poland and Slovakia and farming districts in other countries, selecting only those who agree to go to the section of the country where they are needed, and to work as farm laborers. The same thing holds true of diamond cutters or nutmeg carvers or cooks or servant girls.

Nobody, under this scheme of immigration, will be permitted to emigrate to America except those who are particularly qualified to fill particular positions.

Hitherto there has been a glut of immigrants capable of filling all sorts of positions; but under our existing immigration laws and under all other immigration laws under consideration it is impossible to get the immigrant to go where he is needed Thousands of skilled Italian and Polish and Slovak farmers have been pouring into America each year; but they have never gone to the farms that need them. They have slipped into slums and foreign settlements, where they have stubbornly retained the languages, the customs and the ideas of Europe. The tremendous numbers which have poured in—well over one million a year during the ten years before the war—as well as the slums which they have formed, constitute the worst menace which America has ever faced. Under the above plan the numbers are held within bounds, the newcomers are kept from gravitating to the slums, and the menace ceases.

Proper Distribution of Aliens

To make sure, however, that newcomers shall not work into the slums, the first departmental order of the Federal Immigration Commission would probably be that no unskilled labor shall be permitted to come to America to settle in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleveland or any other large city afflicted with an overabundance of foreign slums. Such an order can easily be enforced by the close supervision of the immigrant for which the above plans call. Immigrants who do not live up to pre-immigration agreements would be deported.

By adopting such a plan America automatically eliminates immigrants who will be parasites on the community. By adopting such a plan America could, if she wished, tear up and throw away all the laws which have had to be enacted against Japanese and Chinese immigration. Under this plan such laws would be unnecessary; and by doing away with them America could remove a source of friction which some day will unquestionably prove dangerous.

There will be, as I have said before, tremendous opposition to any such law on the part of many foreign-American societies and other organizations. Over against their opinions stands the opinion of every American student of immigration in Europe, and of thousands of competent men in America who have had the opportunity to see the incoming flood of immigration, to the effect that the question of immigration is a matter of life and death for the American people. The hyphenated American societies and many individual new Americans deluge their representatives and their senators with passionate demands for unrestricted immigration. If persons who hold opposite views would champion the scheme, their representatives in the Senate and the House would bend attentive ears—bend them, I might say, until they were as bent as that almost obsolete instrument, a corkscrew—and the immigration problem of the United States would be effectually solved.

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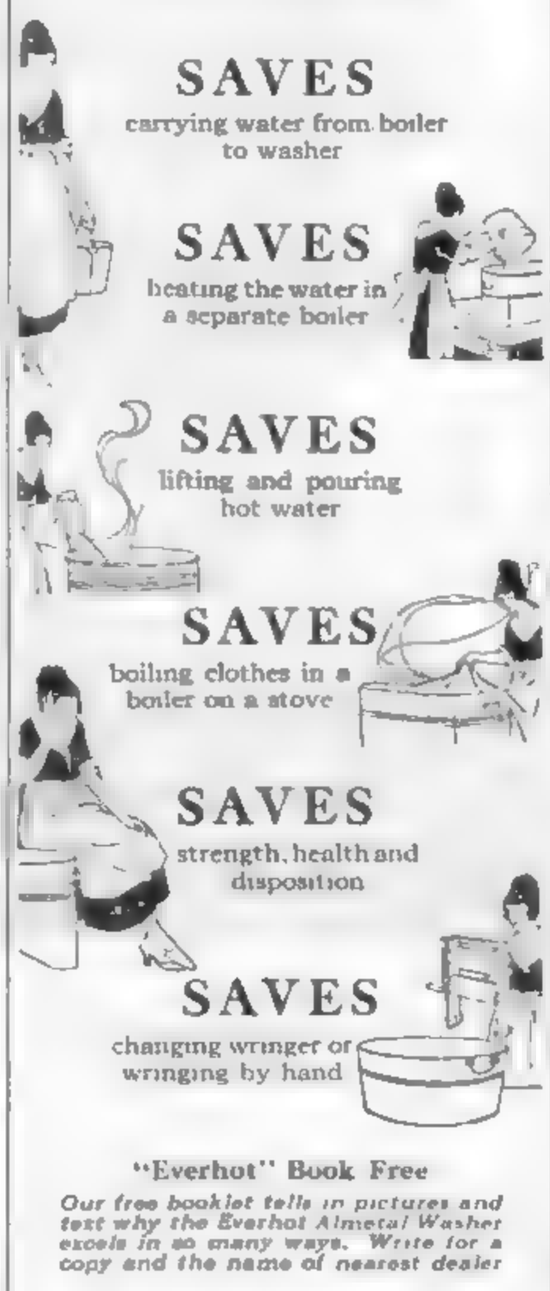

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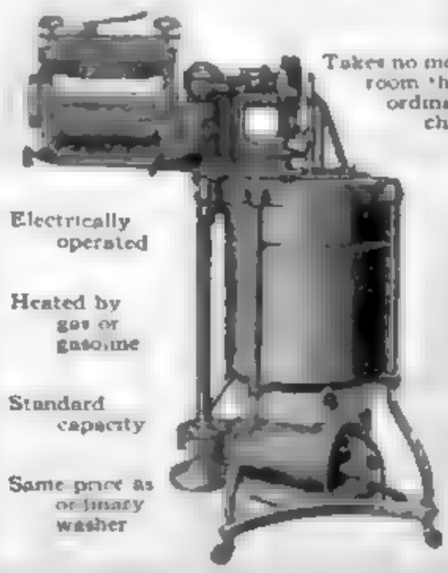
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(Continued from Page 13)

executive ability, persons selected primarily on grounds of political expediency; and in the second place, the salaries of the technical and supervisory officials and employees are woefully inadequate. The second of these conditions fortunately is by far the more important as a factor contributing to inefficiency. I say fortunately because it is possible to correct that condition, whereas so long as we maintain a party government politics will continue to dictate the appointment of the major executive officials of the Government.

However, if we could pay large enough salaries to secure for the really important places in the public service, the technical and supervisory positions, the most competent people, people who would be satisfied in the public service and ambitious for the good of that service, political appointments to the few places at the top could not be criticized. They are in fact desirable, in order to avoid the development of a hard and fast, though of course highly efficient, bureaucracy not responsive to the will of the people.

Go to-day into the Treasury Department, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce, or into any other establishment of the Government doing important technical work, and they will tell you that their chief difficulty is to retain competent employees in the supervisory and technical positions. Their turnover is abnormally high in these positions. Every day men leave the service to accept private employment at materially increased salaries, so that the departments are continuously going through a process of selecting and training executives and technical employees, only to lose them, as they become really valuable, on account of the inadequacy of their compensation.

The second factor which contributes to the present ineffectiveness of the Government as a business establishment is found in the improper organization of the executive branch of the Government for effective service. You are familiar, at least in a general way, with the defects of the present administrative machinery. You know, for example, that the Interior Department now has jurisdiction over a great number of bureaus of a miscellaneous character that have nothing to do with each other or with the functions which the Interior Department was originally established to perform. You know that many agencies have been located in the Treasury Department, the great fiscal department of the Government, which are purely nonfiscal in character, such as the Coast Guard, the Public Health Service, the supervising architect's office and the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. You know that the great bulk of the civil public works of the Government are executed under the supervision of the War Department, although the Bureau of Public Roads is located in the Department of Agriculture, and the Reclamation Service in the Department of the Interior. You know, furthermore, of the independent existence outside the jurisdiction of any of the great executive departments of some forty-odd boards, commissions, offices and bureaus, which, practically speaking, do their work without any supervision whatsoever. These are merely examples of a condition that would require volumes to describe fully, but it is generally known that the executive branch of the Government is at the present time illogically and uneconomically organized in many important particulars.

Personal Incentive is Lacking

It should be remembered, however, that even with an ideal personnel and a perfect organization it is doubtful if the high degree of economy and efficiency that characterizes private business can ever be attained in the government offices. This is so because economies made by government officials are not transformed into dividends for themselves as they are in private business, and therefore there is naturally not the same personal incentive to extraordinary and self-sacrificing effort.

There is an impression in Congress and throughout the country that men of great ability are not found in government service; that the salaries are not sufficient to attract and hold them. On the contrary, there are a great many people of distinguished ability in the government service. One is more and more impressed by that fact, especially since the war sent to Washington so many men of large means and famous names with whom the government employees could be compared. The comparison was time and again to the advantage of the government employee. But the salaries are not the attraction; it is the work itself. This is well understood by some eminent observers of public life. Former Justice Hughes declared himself as follows before the advisory committees of the War Risk Insurance Bureau:

"It has been my experience that with the higher officers, the officers of greater institutions, where efficiency is rewarded by public representation—while the field is a limited one because of the great opportunity to men of ability—it is still entirely possible to draw to the public service men of great ability and distinction because of the desire to render public service, and the number of men who are available for that purpose, while relatively small, is still sufficient if the appointing officer wants men of that class. In order to obtain them, however, he must give a free field. He must not interfere as to political action to control administration tendencies and must permit them to be given the reward which a well-conducted office of importance will give to its incumbent in the public estimation."

The Pay of Congressmen

"Now the difficulty increases when you pass those heads that get the credit and come to the technical expert who has got to do the regular work and upon whose efficiency the operation of the department finally depends. These men are little known. The public hasn't time even to learn their names. They are interested in work to a degree of being willing to make sacrifices. There is active competition for men of brains and great ability of that sort, and the Government will never be served unless it pays the price for those men. Now I think that is a plain situation. You may be able to get a director in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance for $5000 a year, or for nothing at all, but you cannot get an actuary. You cannot get insurance men. You cannot get superintendents. That would be my judgment."

In the opinion of the Bureau of Efficiency the above is the viewpoint which should be given consideration by members of Congress who hesitate to approve salaries for men in the departments in excess of the amount they receive as members of Congress. The $7500 a year is not paid to members of Congress because it is deemed to represent the value of their services to the nation. This sum is to be considered merely as an honorarium and only part payment for their services. The distinction of being chosen by a constituency to represent and serve it is their chief reward. Comparable distinction comes to few of the technical experts in the departments. They are bound to be little known, and aside from the pleasure they have in their work all the returns they have from their efforts is the salary which is bestowed on them. At present an insignificant number of them receive as much salary as a member of Congress, but very many deserve as much and some are worthy of much more than $7500.

The steady loss of technical experts to the Government is more serious than would be the case with an ordinary business house for the reason that the executive heads of the government offices are changing constantly, whereas similar officials in private business have much more permanent tenure of office.

The obvious solution of the Government's employment problem is the standardization and readjustment of salaries. To be scientific, such readjustment must rest upon a careful reclassification of the service. Conditions are very different now, both in regard to the functions of offices and the cost of living, from what they were when positions in the government service were first classified and salaries assigned to those positions. The bureau has made a survey of the reclassification problem, and will make a separate report to Congress on that important subject.

It struck me that an interested party in this inquiry into how the Government conducts its business was the employee himself. He ought to know from actual daily

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experience something about the mechanism of the national business and the relations between the working force and the employer. It was clearly impossible to talk to the more than 500,000 men and women who work for the Government, but I learned that between 50,000 and 60,000 of them are banded together in an association called the National Federation of Federal Employees. It is a regular labor union, and is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. It includes all classes of government workers, technical and scientific men, as well as clerks and unskilled workers. I asked the president of this employees' union, Mr. Luther C. Steward, if he and his associates were authorized to speak for all its membership. He assured me that they were.

So I asked him to tell me about the conditions of government employment and how the business was carried on.

I am glad I did, for what he told me discloses not only facts, but a state of mind existing among the employees which necessarily must be taken into account in any consideration of the efficiency and management of our common business. Here then is what the employees, who speak through Mr. Steward, have to say, and the constructive program they present for the improvement of the service:

The civil service on its human side consists of about 500,000 men and women engaged in the operation of an antiquated, patched-up machine. Because of the durability of its vital parts and the faith and ability of the mass of the operatives the machine still functions. But the parts are ill-fitted, and many of them are defective. The managers and superintendents of the establishment, being too often chosen for political reasons, are frequently inexpert, and the operating system is clumsy and disjointed.

The employees are recruited under a law which provides a test of qualifications, and probably nine-tenths of the rank and file have satisfactorily passed the entrance test. But the better positions, say from $3000 upward, are usually occupied by political appointees. Another considerable group of employees get their appointments by executive order, waiving civil-service tests of fitness.

The newcomer in the service, therefore, finds himself up against a minimum of opportunity for promotion, with the disheartening knowledge that the advancement which is earned by competence is all too likely to be given to the friend or political supporter of some congressman or executive who wishes to pay a political debt. And the employee is subject to dismissal at the will of the executive of his department, unless he can bring sufficient political influence to bear.

Unfair Conditions

In other words, the civil-service law is not backed up by enforcing power in the Civil Service Commission. It merely recruits the applicants for entrance. Thereafter the employee's fate is largely a matter of his own luck and negative, passive merit. There is no system by which he may be fitted to the job, and no protection against dismissal, unless the employee himself can show that the reason is political or religious. "For the good of the service," as the law reads, covers every other charge which the executive official may bring. There is no court of appeal.

The civil-service regulations even go so far as to limit the constitutional rights of the government employee as a citizen. If, for example, he communicates to his fellow workers and fellow citizens the public record of a United States senator on legislation before Congress he is subject to dismissal. This regulation was actually applied recently to the publication by the organized employees of the public record of Senator Hoke Smith in opposition to the Nolan Minimum Wage Bill for Federal employees. It was successfully resisted by the organization, but an individual would not be spared.

Such is the oppressive, incentiveless, vitiating atmosphere of the government service. It stifles initiative, frustrates ambitions and reduces the mass of employees to a more or less passive state, which is permeated by a sense of fear.

In such an atmosphere, naturally enough, the physical conditions of employment are far from what they should be, and the Government loses efficiency, as does any other employer where the wage scale is inadequate and unstandardized, where sanitary conditions are bad and hours of work in many instances too long and irregular.

The wage scale is so low that the Civil Service Commission has difficulty in securing properly qualified applicants, and throughout the service the turnover is high. Employees doing the same kind of work often receive widely different rates of pay; experienced workers often receive less than beginners, and virtually every kind of inequality and injustice exists.

Congress appropriates the money for the civil functions of the Government, and those functions are maintained by the purchase of two elements—materials and human services. Congress provides money to pay current prices for materials, but only prewar—even pre-Civil War—prices for human labor. There exists at this moment a statute prohibiting the Treasury Department from paying customs laborers more than $840 a year. Clerks in the steamboat-inspection service, who must serve as stenographic reporters at hearings, are by law prevented from receiving more than $1500 a year. The provision for immigration inspectors on the Canadian border is so inadequate that the shortage of force compels the men to work seven days a week, and in a year each man averages 100 to 125 days overtime on an eight-hour basis. The custodian force in public buildings, including skilled mechanics as well as unskilled laborers, are paid as little as sixty dollars and seventy dollars a month to-day.

Technical workers, of whom college training is required, are offered salaries of $900, $1000 and $1200 a year.

Suggested Remedies

The sudden expansion of government activities for wartime—the necessity for a larger clerical force in the military and fiscal departments to perform the additional work required by the enlarged Army and Navy—these conditions forced the Government to pay something nearer competitive prices for human services. But did Congress permit the departments to equalize the wage scale and pay the experienced workers who had served for years the same rate as the new force of beginners? By no means! Trained people working for the prewar rate of $1200 and $1500 a year were put to teaching newcomers who had entered at $1800.

And then, to prevent the war bureaus from competing with the older bureaus for the latter's experienced workers, Congress clamped on a prohibition against interdepartmental transfers at any increase in pay. In other words, employees who had learned their jobs but had had no promotion in years of service were now compelled to work beside green hands doing the same work at better pay, and were themselves prevented by law from securing any of the new positions. And this condition still exists.

Other working conditions—such as hours of work, annual leave, sanitation, office discipline, and the like, are regulated by the respective department or bureau heads. They are so bad in some government establishments that they would not be permitted under state or municipal law, and even some Federal law.

There is an eight-hour law for women in private employ in the District of Columbia. A former director of one of the government bureaus worked women employees twelve, fourteen and even sixteen hours a day for months at one time, and there was no Federal statute or regulation to stop him. At the same time there is a Federal law restricting to an eight-hour day the mechanical work in certain establishments and on government contracts where, it happens, men are employed.

The final result of all these factors is that civil-service employees, generally speaking, either surrender their initiative or get out of the service.

An insidious anæsthetizing influence all but overwhelms the human beings who remain to do the vitally important work of the United States Government, the biggest business on earth.

To correct these conditions, the National Federation of Federal Employees advocates the following measures:

1. An actual merit system of appointment and promotion, applied to all kinds of positions and all grades including the highest.

2. A central employment management system to fit the worker to the job, adjust misfits and keep out or eliminate the unfit; in other words, power and the machinery for making the merit system operative.

3. A reclassified salary schedule with pay fixed according to skill, training and responsibility, and with a minimum rate not less than the cost of living.

4. An impartial tribunal for adjudication of charges against employees, in order to prevent arbitrary rulings and abuse of power by the superior officers.

5. Provision for consultation of executives and employees' committees on all questions of administration and personnel, in order to stimulate initiative and ambition, relieve the deadening effect of the routine work upon the workers who are but a cog in the system, and thereby increase efficiency and improve morale.

These measures would protect the civil service against the pressure of congressmen and politically minded executives in behalf of favored employees, thereby permitting the people who by experience know most about the public service to function freely as citizens and voters interested in public questions.

The National Federation of Federal Employees recognizes that to achieve a better civil service it is necessary to arouse a new feeling on the part of the public. Fundamentally, all that is wrong is due to the attitude of the public, which has from the first put a curse upon government service by labeling and treating it as a lot of jobs or pickings for the friends of politicians. Until the public revises and asserts its own ideal and standards of public service it will not receive any better service than it now gets. Congress appropriates for what it thinks the public wants; congressmen act as they think their constituents want.

Government employees, being human beings, react to the conditions and the standards imposed upon them by Congress and the public. The public cannot reasonably expect more.

The National Federation of Federal Employees, therefore, conceives its own chief function to be to afford the employees a means of awakening public opinion to the needs of the civil service and the civil-service employees, so that the public, including the employees themselves, shall enforce its new standards and new demands upon the lawmakers and executives.

Like other technical callings and professions that have had to win their way to recognition as such, government work has been handicapped from the beginning by the assumption on the part of the public that anybody—or especially anybody's brother, sister, cousin or aunt who needed a job—could do it. The popular idea that the public service is merely a job—and a soft one; something that may be designated pie or pork or graft for the lucky—this conception of the highly specialized work that it takes to run the biggest business in the world is ultimately responsible for making that business the most expensive in the world.

Public Indifference

In the days when the Government's business could be performed by a handful of clerks, when processes were simple and specialists unnecessary, it is conceivable that this theory may not have worked great disaster. But when the point was reached where the spoils doctrine was openly avowed, the public was consenting to deliberate prostitution of the decent ideals of public service. It was setting up a system for which the public itself was to pay in money and the government workers in spirit and morale.

What government worker, on receipt of his appointment, or on his first visit home after coming to Washington to work, has not been insulted by the home-town sentiment, "Well, got a pretty soft snap, haven't you?" or by some congressman's reference to "government employees whom we support," while sometimes the editorial writer describes him as "feeding at the public crib"

Has the public holding such views of the service a right to expect a full return? Until it does respect its own work, until it does hold and demand ideals of service, not asking patronage and privilege, should it expect its employees to rise above that standard? As long as the elected representatives of the people persist, and the people permit them to persist in utilizing appointments in the civil service to pay off personal and political debts, it will remain a marvel that the morale and efficiency of the government establishments are not utterly destroyed.

The public assumes no responsibility for employment conditions. Having put the curse upon the service, as it were, by labeling it and treating it merely as a lot of jobs, the public then proceeds to forget or ignore the fact that 500,000 men and women doing the Government's work represent problems of employment management greater than those involved for any other employer in the world.

The public attitude toward public service bears its first fruit, under the present system, in the appropriation committees of Congress, where in the last analysis the fate of a bureau of the Government is determined by the bureau chief's ability as salesman and politician. Congressmen themselves are politicians. Few of them are specialists in any other line, and very few indeed have given intelligent study to the machinery of government or the technic of its operation. The bureaus, through their departments, and then through the Secretary of the Treasury, submit estimates for their next year's needs. The appropriation committee holds a hearing at which the bureau chief is allowed to appear and defend his estimates. If he happens to be one of those rare types of bureau chiefs, the technical man who believes in his work for its own sake, who has not the faculty of display or appeal to the politician's sense of values, he is reminded of the need for economy and his estimates are cut in half.

The Strength of Political Favor

This is what has happened thus far to the educational and human welfare bureaus of the Government, such as labor statistics, mediation and conciliation, employment service, mines and mining, standards, fisheries, forests, agricultural investigations, children's and women's bureaus, immigration, general and vocational education, and the like. Last year the combined appropriations for those branches of the Government amounted to one per cent of the total for all purposes.

With no uniform employment policy for the civil service, with every department head his own master in dealing with his subordinates, and the politically appointed chiefs and subchiefs paying political subservience to the higher-ups, the rank and file who are appointed upon their merits are the victims of an administration by individual dictum.

Congress, in its dealings with questions affecting the government personnel, operates largely under the influence of the congressman's own sins against the civil-service law. The government employees best known to them are those who have come in by political favor and continue to seek congressional influence in their own behalf. Obviously these are not the highest type of government worker. But congressmen forget this fact, and generalizing from these personal contacts, they legislate on a theory quite consistent with their own and the popular impression of the public servant.

The thing that most interests me in this disclosure of the employee's state of mind is the belated awakening and arousing of his sense of self-respect and self-esteem. I think it is a good sign that he resents being thought of as a pie-eater and the holder of a soft snap. Aside from the faults of mechanism and the lack of management or personnel, one of the chief defects of the government service is its lethargy and lack of a sense of responsibility in the lower ranks. That is not the fault of the employees. They need awakening and they know it, but the impetus must come from those above who are in authority.

The three phases of employment are hiring, service and firing. You have been told how the Government hires its help, and what are the conditions in the service. The next stage is leaving the service either through dismissal or resignation. An extraordinary situation exists at the exit door for government employees. With your leave I shall defer the telling of that story until another time. It deserves a separate hearing.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of four articles by Mr. Lowry. The next will appear in an early issue.

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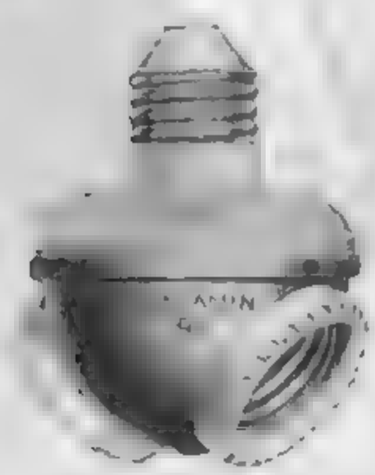

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CREDITS FOR EXPORT

(Continued from Page 4)

But, someone will interpose, it cannot be so bad as that. High production creates increased consumption. Surely new markets can be developed throughout the world, so that the takings will be enlarged to the point of occupying the productive capacities of all. Certainly, in time; but certainly, also, not at once. Different markets require different goods, and manufacturing plants are usually adapted to the production of goods for particular markets. Lódz exported textiles to Russia. If Lódz is to export to South America the plants will need to tool up in order to make different fabrics.

We must recall that men, not nations, own, control and operate European factories. They display personal equations in their business. They cannot regard national needs and disregard individual risks. When speculation passes a certain point the *entrepreneur* loses initiative. A system of national insurance against losses would accomplish much in stimulation of manufacturing in Europe. The peasant does not aim at production of maximum of calories, but at maximum of profits. The European *entrepreneur* does the same. But to have a positive balance of trade Europe requires maximum production of commodities more than before the war. The new markets that Europe develops ten years from now will not pay for the food imports of to-day.

Practical Difficulties

Developing new markets is easy in discussion and difficult in practice. A number of American concerns have assiduously endeavored to sell raw materials to European houses on credit, on consignment basis, payment to be made out of the sale of a fraction of the output marked for export, this to constitute a rotating fund for successive importations. These endeavors have proved largely futile, because markets for the fraction to be exported were not readily available. The mills of Lódz used to market their product eastward. The markets of Russia being nonexistent, where are the mills of Lódz to find new markets in the world? The new market must be known before raw material is imported and manufacture undertaken, otherwise the transaction ceases to be business and becomes speculation. Similar conditions exist in all lines. Even when the European is able to manufacture, conditions in exchange make it dangerous to fix a sales price in advance.

Depreciation and instability of exchange make recovery of foreign markets difficult even to an efficient factory. When one discusses economic recovery with industrial leaders in Europe one finds them more concerned over taxes, depreciation of exchange and foreign markets than over coal, raw materials, transport and Bolshevism. It is the market difficulties of the *entrepreneur* that are driving them into huge syndicates in Europe.

The *entrepreneur* says: "It does little good to have credit for raw materials unless I have coal; it avails little to have coal unless I have transport; transport means little unless workmen are diligent; diligence of workmen attains little if I have no banking facilities; banking facilities effect little unless foreign markets are available."

What markets Europe will hold and what she will lose depends on the test of competition. Other-World has developed manufacturing to some extent. Other-World holds offers from North America that Europe must underbid. Europe holds no options. If Europe cannot contribute capital as well as finished commodities to the semideveloped, extractive countries, she will find it difficult to procure raw materials from or sell finished goods to them.

Europe's coal production will gradually recover. Agricultural production is being augmented. Transport service is being restored. *Entrepreneurs* will recover courage, workmen will regain diligence. But the engulfing flood of paper money and the loss of foreign markets constitute difficulties more fundamental in character and enduring in time. Reduction in the standard of living, lowered birth rate, increased death rate and enforced emigration will operate to install a new equilibrium. The precise plane of this new equilibrium no one can forecast, since history offers no precedent. Europe, outside of Russia, could feed her population on the products of her soil if she were to adopt a lacto-vegetarian diet. This runs counter to the established psychology of the urban population and the deep-rooted practices of the peasant class. For such a transformation in diet, history again offers no precedent.

At the moment the subject of the competency of Europe arrests our particular attention because of developments in our own economic life. The effects of price deflation have fallen alike upon producers of raw materials and of manufactured commodities. Both urge the granting of credits to Europe for the purchase of commodities in this country, in order to provide an outlet for our exportable surpluses. The premium of the dollar not only operates in restraint of trade with Europe—it also restrains exportation to South America, since that hemisphere does not possess the invisible resources or the gold with which to equalize an adverse balance of trade.

In the agitation now being carried to the halls of Congress for provision for credits to facilitate and stabilize export trade, the sufferings of the European consumers and the embarrassments of the American producers are alternately stressed. In such a discussion there is grave danger that issues and factors may be confused. When our Government announced eighteen months ago that commodity credits to Europe would be discontinued, scarcely an American protest was audible, although the probable result of such action was as apparent then as it is to-day. The Treasury declined, on fiscal grounds, to aid in maintaining a program of production for export. Europe was to finance her import requirements along commercial lines. To-day, with deflation of prices well under way and production restricted in many directions, credits are urged in order to arrest price deflation and increase production. Europe has financed her requirements in this country along commercial lines to a point unsafe to us.

Commodity credits to Europe express our humanitarian sentiments; they tend to improve the position of our loans to the Entente nations; they consolidate buyers and sellers and relieve us from the dangers and opprobrium of economic isolation. It must not be assumed that credits to Europe necessarily mean help to Europe. That depends on the use Europe makes of the credits. Credits to Europe are of advantage to her, directly and largely, only in so far as they enable her to purchase raw materials with which her factories may be occupied. Europe needs bread grains, fodder grains, oil seeds, saltpeter, phosphates, cotton, jute, hemp, wool, rubber, petroleum, copper, nickel, tin and manganese. Of these we are in position to furnish copper, cotton, phosphates, bread grains and fodder grains.

Imports of Nonessentials

Credits extended to Europeans for the purchase of finished commodities do not promote reorganization of their industries, give work to their craftsmen or yield exports with which to pay for raw imports. Credits extended indiscriminately, or credits extended from government to government, would result in the exportation from this country to Europe of raw materials and finished commodities, essentials and nonessentials, side by side. When one analyzes the European imports since the armistice one is amazed at the volume of imports of nonessentials, and though it would relieve many American factories devoted to nonessentials to be able to sell to Europe on credit, that would not aid the reconstruction of Europe. Nor would it aid reconstruction in Europe, as a rule, to have us sell them finished commodities of essential nature, because they should make them themselves out of imported raw materials. It does Europe no good to spend paper money or contract loans in order to keep our workmen and factories in operation. We must distinguish between things that merely constitute relief to Europe and those that contribute to reconstruction.

Four sections of the world are concerned in the present discussion of international credits: Europe, the United States, the overpopulated countries of Asia, and the underpopulated Canada, South America, South Africa and Australasia. Thus the subject transcends the boundaries of the needs of Europe, though it was on account

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of the collapse of Europe that the chain of difficulties came into being. It is necessary to consider to what extent the argument for credits to Europe can be founded upon the needs of Europe viewed from within Europe. This determined, we must contrast the program thus evolved with programs designed to advance American industries and secure for them markets in the world. Finally, we must consider the needs of the semideveloped portions of the world in their relations to this country and to Europe. We must clearly separate elements of altruism and economics.

Our agriculture cries out for immediate relief. Prices are so low as not only to fail to cover costs of production, but in many cases the returns will not pay the loans of the season. The inequality in the course of price deflation, first and most on farm produce, is disadvantageous to all classes in the long run, since the buying power of the rural communities is greatly reduced. The bank credits frozen in unmarketable farm produce react far backward, even to the national Treasury.

Our manufactures appeal for immediate relief. The longer materials are tied up the greater the losses. The heavier the shrinkage in inventories the larger the volume of collateral needed to support loans. The more frozen the bank credits in commodities that cannot be moved the greater the injury to our fiscal structure. Unless we can continue exportation of finished goods we shall be unable to finance importations of raw materials except with gold or securities. Finally, unemployment stalks through the land, bringing suffering, unrest and degradation. Our industries were pitched high during the war. They are now to be compared with a cow in full flow which has lost her calf and has no one to milk her. But we cannot expect to sell to the world and not buy—the tariff wall that keeps things from coming in will also restrain things from going out. If we are not prepared to accept commodities in repayment of loans to Europe, we would better cancel the obligations.

We segregate imports and exports, according to traditional practice, into raw and crude materials, semifinished products and finished commodities. Cereals, cotton, phosphates, copper and the other basic materials are defined as crude or raw, even though they have undergone a certain processing, as in the conversion of copper ore into bars. Leather, yarn, steel plates and oil cake represent illustrations of semifinished goods. Under finished commodities we understand articles in the state in which they are consumed, such as flour, bacon, cloth, machinery and wearing apparel. Naturally, there is overlapping all along the line, since the product of one factory is the raw material of another. Nevertheless, it is possible to establish broad divisions, such as are employed in the monthly analysis of exports and imports issued by the Department of Commerce.

Europe's Huge Unfunded Debt

It is clear that the interests of Europe demand imports in the raw state in maximum volume, a minimum volume in the semi-finished state, and finished articles only when the productivity of the Continent can be shown to be enhanced thereby. The increase in value that accompanies the ennoblement of raw material into finished commodities represents the purchasing power by which alone millions of industrial workers in Europe can be clothed and fed. Europe should import as few nonessential articles as possible; she should manufacture as many of her necessaries as possible. Here and there a good case can be made out in favor of the importation of a finished commodity—for example, railway equipment. Transportation is so disorganized in Europe that reconstruction would be advanced if motive power could be imported, because the native engine works will require too long a time to turn out the replacements and new equipment so sorely needed.

But, except in the case of very unusual circumstances, finished imports should be taboo to European governments; and each such import should be analyzed from the standpoint of its meaning to the restoration of production and earning power. One of the worst features of European trade during the last eighteen months has been the inability of the governments to control importation of nonessentials and of finished essentials. Europe owed us in September an unfunded balance of more than $3,500,000,000. Contributing to this figure were large amounts of commodities that have little or no meaning for the reconstruction of Europe, but merely represented merchandising by Europeans at the expense of their own countries.

It is equally clear that numerous countries of the world outside of Europe demand importation of finished commodities. The semideveloped areas of the world rely upon the older industrial countries to supply them with the finished commodities that are necessary in the standard of living and in the development and exploitation of agricultural and mineral resources. The requirements of South America are just the opposite of those of Europe. The reconstruction of South America is not at stake; but the continued evolution of the semi-developed continent is at stake. Credits to South American buyers represent in a certain sense subsidies to American manufacture. These must be determined solely from the standpoint of our own interests in the development and maintenance of production in this country and in South America. South America has a pressing need for construction, only secondary to that of Europe for reconstruction. There are no humanitarian motives for credits to South America, whereas it may be reasonably argued that there are humanitarian reasons for credits to Europe. I do not wish to attempt to estimate or evaluate these considerations. But it is incumbent upon us to bear in mind that humanitarian obligations to grant credits to Europe do not hold in the case of South America, for which a purely economic justification is easily established.

Dissipated Resources

It is necessary furthermore to visualize the prewar relations of Europe and South America to each other and to contrast the results of the war upon them. Before the war Europe, outside of Russia, possessed invisible resources yielding some $2,000,000,000 per annum. These, added to the value of her commodity exports, paid for her imports and maintained her standard of living. It is worth while to risk a reiteration. The invisible resources included dividends on foreign investments, returns on services in foreign lands—such as shipping and insurance—remittances of emigrants and expenditures of foreign tourists in Europe. The sum of the invisible resources and commodity resources of Europe—visible exports, plus invisible exports—more than paid for her purchases and commitments in the world. This *more* was available for investment abroad, and each year a goodly part of it was invested abroad, and these foreign investments contributed largely to the working capital of the semi-developed countries of the world, including especially South America.

The invisible resources of Europe have been largely dissipated by the war. The United Kingdom and Holland alone retain a material volume. Deprived of these invisible resources, the commodity exports of Europe, even at the height of her best productivity, are not sufficient to pay for the volume of imports required to maintain her normal standard of living. If imports of essential basic raw materials are not secured on credit the productivity of Europe and the standard of living of her people is heavily depressed. In this sense the reconstruction of Europe lies to a certain extent under the control of countries like South America that possess surpluses of raw materials.

As contrasted with Europe's situation, several large semideveloped areas of the world are still in what is termed the extractive state of development, notably Canada, Mexico, South America, South Africa and Australasia. These countries require finished commodities of all sorts, which they pay for with raw materials. They also require regular increments of foreign capital and credit for purposes of expansion; they require coal; and these they pay for with raw materials. These increments in new capital the extractive countries before the war obtained largely from Europe, their investment banker.

During the war the Europeans sold a large part of these foreign investments to citizens of the United States or of the countries concerned. These countries now look to Europe in vain for new capital and the finished commodities they require, and their producers of raw materials find themselves unable to utilize the buying power of

(Concluded on Page 56)

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(Concluded from Page 54)

their products to attract capital and import necessaries. The balance between production and consumption is as definitely distorted in the countries that previously borrowed from Europe as it is in the countries to which Europe made loans. The invisible resources of Europe, destroyed by war, were the lending fund of her investors, the working capital and banking credit of the *entrepreneur* of foreign lands. As the result of war the bank of Europe is broken. The semideveloped countries now look to the United States for capital. The United Kingdom still has lending capacity, but upon this the dominions have naturally first call.

Complicating the situation finally, with respect to direct and triangular relations between the United States, Europe and the semideveloped countries mentioned, is the demoralization produced by depreciation of exchange that makes it impossible to compute international trade upon a basis susceptible of insurance, and thus converts business into speculation.

The proposition to have the United States advance loans to semideveloped countries, like Canada and South America, means to supplant Europe as banker and investor. It means also to supplant her as a source of supply of finished commodities. It may mean restriction of domestic investments in favor of foreign investments, and competition between the two. It means finally productive employment of our war-inflated manufacturing capacity and intensification of the tendency to urbanization. By and large, expansion in our manufacturing makes difficult to the nations of Europe the repayment of debts to us, since these must be ultimately paid in commodities, either finished goods from Europe or raw materials from other parts of the world purchased for us through finished goods from Europe. India, that could not sell to Europe on credit, lost a large part of her trade and is to-day an import state. We, who could give credit, maintained a positive balance of trade.

America's Resources

The arguments for credits as advanced by Europeans assert that their dependence upon us is profound. A perusal of the European press would lead the uncritical American reader to believe that Europe, outside of Russia, obtained from the United States practically all of her imported foods, feeds and raw materials, and sold to the United States practically all of her finished commodities. This is a gross overstatement. With the exception of a few raw materials, Europe before the war had become almost independent of the United States as a source of basic supplies. Dependence in this sense is of two kinds—facultative or obligatory. The former is a question of price, the latter a question of natural monopoly.

Before the war the chief imports of Europe in raw materials from this country were cotton, copper, phosphates, petroleum and cereals. She purchased our cereals solely for reasons of price and trade. Petroleum, copper, cotton and phosphates, however, Europe could not procure in the volume needed except from the United States.

What of the other basic materials? It will be advantageous to place in a table the principal raw materials with figures for our share of the world's commercial production and whether we were net exporters or importers these for the year 1913. A blank means that our production was negligible.

COMMODITY	PERCENTAGE IN UNITED STATES OF WORLD PRODUCTION	UNITED STATES WAS EXPORTER OR IMPORTER
Iron	34	Importer
Manganese		Importer
Copper	60	Exporter
Cobalt		Importer
Lead	45	Importer
Zinc	31	Importer
Aluminum	37	Importer
Chromium		Importer
Petroleum	65	Exporter
Coal		Exporter
Nickel		Importer
Tin		Importer
Mercury	21	Importer
Mica		Importer
Lime—chemical		Exporter
Saltpeter		Importer
Phosphates	44	Exporter
Platinum		Importer
Potash		Importer
Pyrites	10	Importer
Sulphur	40	Exporter
Basic chemicals, an important group including acids, alkalies, chlorine, cyanide, ammonia, argols, arsenic, glycerin, coal-tar crudes, indigo, shellac, camphor, and so forth		Importer
Rubber		Importer
Gutta-percha		Importer
Cotton	60	Exporter
Silk		Importer
Flax		Importer
Jute		Importer
Tanning materials		Importer
Hemp		Importer
Sisal		Importer
Wool		Importer
Hides		Importer
Bread grains	16	Exporter
Fodder grains	53	Exporter
Oil seeds		Importer
Sugar	15	Importer
Coffee		Importer

During the past eight years, partly as a result of the war, shiftings in the output of basic materials have occurred in different countries. We have lost our monopoly in petroleum, and will soon be an oil-importing country. The production of copper, lead, chromium, zinc, aluminum, nickel, tin and mercury have been increased in various countries, but most of the increases were in high-cost production. We are heavier consumers of metals than in 1913–14. The saltpeter beds are on a lower plane of efficiency than before the war. The production of phosphates has been little modified. New sources of potash have been uncovered in the United States, Italy and Spain, but again mostly of high-cost products. We developed the production of both pyrites and sulphur during the war. It is questionable if the new mines of pyrites can operate against competition with foreign ores. With sulphur, on the contrary, we have obtained a definite superiority over Italy and Japan. Gutta-percha is scarce, but rubber plentiful and at the lowest price. With the fibers the situation is not materially different from 1913, except for accumulations due to abnormal conditions in marketing. The production of bread grains, fodder grains, oil seed, sugar, coffee and tea are up to normal or above normal in the exporting countries, Russia excluded. In terms of dollars, our exports of mineral oils and petroleum products greatly exceed imports. But in units of commodity we have become an import state; we import the crude oil and export the refined products. The transition can be strikingly measured if the figures for the last fiscal year before the war are compared with those of the current calendar year. In 1913 14 we imported some 800,000,000 gallons of mineral oil and derivatives and exported some 2,250,000,000 gallons. At the rates displayed during the first ten months of last year, 1920 will show an importation of 4,000,000,000 gallons of mineral oil and derivatives and an export of 3,000,000,000 gallons. Our increasing imports of basic materials require an increasing export of finished goods to pay for them.

Shifting Trade Relations

The probabilities are that during the next few years we shall import relatively and absolutely more raw materials and export relatively and possibly absolutely less than before the war. This survey indicates that during the next years Europe, outside of Russia, will become more dependent on others and less dependent on us as sources of supply of raw materials. Only in copper, phosphates and cotton are our supplies indispensable to Europe, to a lesser extent in bread grains. Our net balance of exports of copper, cotton, phosphates and bread grains for the year 1913–14 was a little more than $800,000,000, of which cotton was more than seventy per cent. Clearly, therefore, we hold a world monopoly only in cotton. Our copper and phosphates could be replaced by supplies drawn from sources that were open during the war. With copper and phosphates it is largely a question of price, which is not the case with cotton.

The misfortune of Europe lies in the fact that of the numerous producers of basic materials throughout the world few are in position to extend any credits to Europe. We, with a descending balance of exports of raw materials, have the capital capacity lacking in the other exporting countries. They, on the contrary, face stagnation or retrogression in production because the pre-war flow of capital from Europe has been suspended.

The ability of the United Kingdom to maintain and increase her foreign investments places her in a position of absolute superiority to the other nations of the Continent. But the United Kingdom cannot make investments in and extend credits to exporting countries and at the same time lend to the importing countries of Europe. We can extend credits to Europe to buy raw materials from us, or extend credits to the semideveloped countries to buy finished products from us. In fact, we can and must do both, to an extent to be determined by experience.

Credits From Investors

It is also clear that Europe wants credits not merely to make purchases from us; she also wants to borrow from us in order to buy elsewhere. During the war we extended to the nations of the Entente loans to the extent of nearly $10,000,000,000 for the purchase of supplies. In diction, these supplies were supposed to have been derived from this country. In fact, they were purchased all over the world; only to a small extent directly, but indirectly to a large extent, because we maintained the fixed rates of exchange of sterling, franc and lira. Thus in effect we purchased raw materials for cash all over the world and sold them to the Allied nations on credit. Precisely this is what all the nations of Europe desire from us now, and from their position the proposition is not unreasonable.

What good does it do an Italian manufacturer of electric equipment to buy copper and cotton from us on credit if he cannot secure the rubber except through us on credit? Why should a trader in raw materials not give credit as well as a producer? The great trader in raw materials is Great Britain. She practically controls nickel, tin, zinc, saltpeter, pyrites, rubber, jute, wool and oil seeds, if not by ownership or production, then by banking, trading and shopping. She can so guide her trade as to pay her debits to us largely in these materials. Thereupon the importing countries of Continental Europe turn for these materials, not to her, but to us. And since we have received these in payment of our goods or bills, why should they not be sold on credit, as well as our domestic products? So reasons the European.

Finally, European nations want credits for purposes of internal reconstruction. Their fiscal systems are so disorganized that the authorities feel compelled to devote a portion of loans to their relief. It does little good to import raw materials if the taxes are so burdensome that productive processes are hampered seriously. At our distance it is easy to say that loans must be used for such and such imports. But in the importing countries, with weak governments and vacillating electors, a cabinet may not be strong or intelligent enough to refuse to follow the path of economic danger.

Credits and capital to foreign countries must be extended by ultimate investors. If credits are extended by producers or traders, that means by banks in the long run Credits extended by government or banks represent inflation of banking credit. Only one form of credit is safe for us and really productive for the recipient, and that is credit or capital extended by the ultimate investor. Just as the peasant of France before the war sent the family savings abroad, so we must learn to send savings abroad if we wish to send credit abroad If foreign investments are not good enough for the savings of the individual they are not good enough for banks or governments. And we must also learn that it is not safe to send capital abroad unless men go abroad with it as *entrepreneur*. This is the lesson of the history of British and German investments in foreign lands. We must learn to think in terms of continents, less in terms of nations.

We may need to make a choice between credits to Europe and capital to semideveloped countries. Europe needs credits to replace invisible resources that have been extinguished; semideveloped countries, like South America, need new capital to replace European capital destroyed by war. One is reconstruction, the other is construction. The dollar sent to Europe means a loan to factories competitive to ours. The dollar sent to South America means a loan to agrarians competitive to ours. Credits to Europe aid producers of raw materials in this country. Capital to South America aids producers of manufactures in this country. Thus credits to Europe tend to promote rural life, capital to South America tends to favor urbanization.

We may need to choose between employment of savings at home and abroad. We have to pay the costs of the war, pensions and replacements. We need new housing for several millions. Our railways urgently plead for repairs and extensions. Mortgage money is so scarce now that one does not see how much of it can go to foreign lands. We cannot expect return to normal savings until the period of liquidation and deflation is closed. Accumulated savings must not be scattered.

Fortunately the Edge Bill makes it possible to extend credit in excess of working capital. The projected Foreign Credit Finance Corporation's fund of $100,000,000 can under the operations of the law be made to furnish credits for many million dollars.

Export credits will have an influence on the cost of living here, but the effect cannot be inferred to be the same in all directions. Credits for agricultural products will drive prices up at home. The world price of wheat is a cash gold price. If we extend credits for wheat to several countries, competitive buyers seeking the remnants of our exportable surplus will force prices up, since the cash world price cannot hold down our credit price in the present condition of European exchanges. Credits for manufactured goods, on the contrary, might tend to reduce commodity prices, because enlarged operations of plants would permit of more efficient turnout. With unemployment in cities eliminated by factory activity, the cities would demand more foodstuffs. Thus the farmer might expect to profit directly in the one case, indirectly in the other.

Pooling Raw Materials

The subject of a world pool of raw materials has been brought up for specific discussion at the session of the League of Nations. It was a pet policy of the Entente members of the late Supreme Economic Council. Devoutly hoped for by European consuming nations, it is stoutly resisted by producing nations. We may expect in the near future to be greater importers of raw materials than exporters, as indicated in the trend of urbanization revealed in the late census. We object to world pools, as importers or exporters. Pooling of raw materials means allocation of materials and of credits. It also means, necessarily, indirect control over manufacture. In the final analysis it means a rationing of consumption. It means the suspension of free international trade, the internationalization of all large business, including capital, transportation and manufacturing. It would be felt directly and indirectly in every home.

On the face of it it sounds like an innocent proposal designed to enable the war-stricken nations to make the first steps toward reconstruction. But anyone who has had an intimate view of international control of commodities realizes fully that the results would inevitably be of a totally different order of magnitude. If the results of the war cannot be obviated or alleviated except through an international control and allocation of basic materials, we are compelled to believe that they cannot be obviated or alleviated at all.

Two schools of economics are contending in the reconstruction of Europe—price economics and welfare economics. The same forces are contending at home. One who leans to price economics naturally looks to foreign trade as outlet for increased production. One who inclines to welfare economics naturally feels that elevation of the standard of living and enlargement of our social life would so increase domestic consumption as to take care of our production. We could increase consumption heavily in the sense of house construction, road improvement, public works, rural development. Whichever way one contemplates the situation, a heavy increase in consumption is predicated. The events of the next few years will decide more than the academic controversies that have raged for a century.

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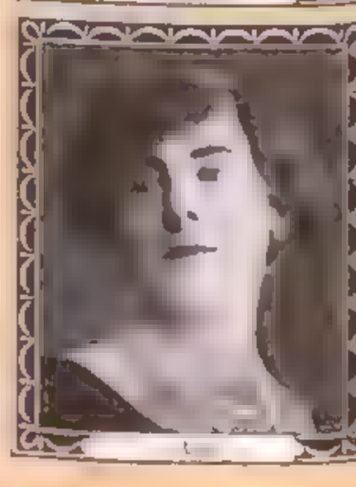

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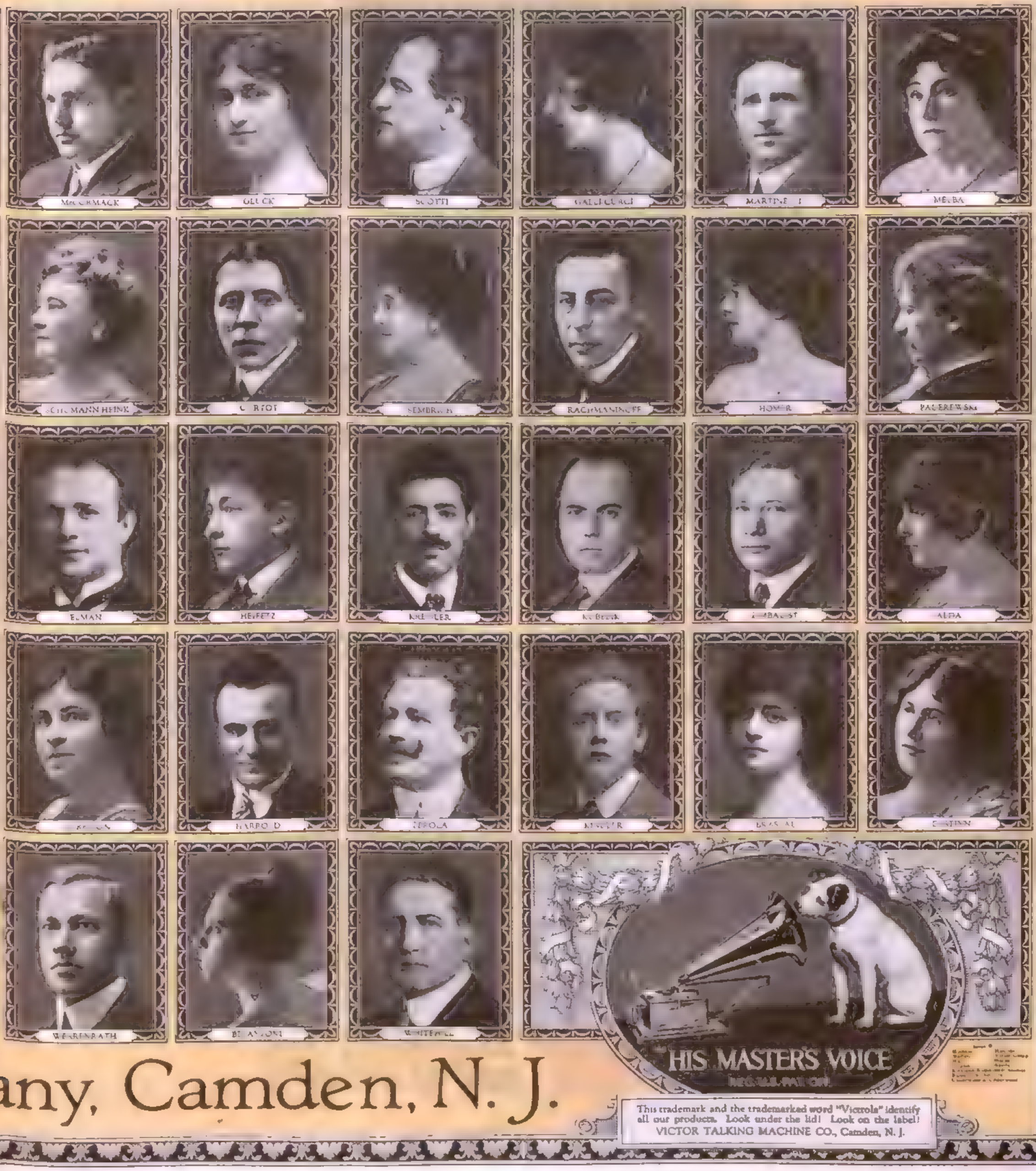

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ONLY ONE

(Continued from Page 7)

that the first thing she knowed he'd get discouraged and walk out on her; that she'd ought to quit monking and give him to understand that she was ready to yes him when he spoke up. But Katie said she guessed she could run her own love affairs as she'd had a few more of them than Ella.

So Ella says: "Maybe you have, but which one of us has got the husband?"

"You, thank the Lord!" says Katie.

"Thank him twice," I said.

Kate didn't come home from her New York party till two o'clock and she overslept herself till it was too late to go down again and shop. So we all drove over to the track with Daley and most of the way over he acted like a child. Katie kept talking about what a good show she seen and had a grand time, and so forth, and he pretended like he wasn't listening. Finally she cut it out and give him the old oil and by the time we got to the clubhouse he'd tossed in the sponge.

That was the last day at Jamaica and a couple of his horses was in. We was all down on them and they both copped, though Mercer had to give one of them a dude ride to pull us through. Daley got maudlin about what a grand rider the kid was and a grand little fella besides, and he had half a notion to bring him along with us back to the hotel and show him a good time. But Kate said what was the use of an extra man, as it would kind of spoil things and she was satisfied with just Daley. So of course that tickled him and everybody was feeling good and after supper him and Kate snuck out alone for the first time. Ella made me set up till they come back, so as she could get the news. Well, Daley had asked her all right, but she told him she wanted a little wile to think.

"Think!" says Ella. "What does she want to think for?"

"The novelty, I suppose," said I.

IV

ONLY ONE was in the big stake race the next day, when we shifted over to Belmont. They was five or six others in with him, all of them pretty good, and the price on him was 3 to 1. He hadn't started yet since Daley'd brought him here, but they'd been nursing him along and Mercer and the trainer said he was right.

I suppose of course you've been out to Belmont. That's the place where they run the wrong way of the track, like you deal cards. Daley's table was in a corner of the clubhouse porch and when you look up the track, the horses is coming right at you. Even the boys with the trick glasses don't dast pretend they can tell who's ahead.

The Belmont national hymn is Whispering. The joint's so big and scattered round that a German could sing without disturbing the party at the next table. But they seems to be a rule that when they's anything to be said, you got to murmur it with the lips stuck to the opponent's earlobe. They shush you if you ask out loud for a toothpick. Everywheres you'll see two or three guys with their heads together in a whispering scene. One of them has generally always just been down to the horses' dining room and had lunch with Man o' War or somebody and they told him to play Sea Mint in the next race as Cleopatra had walked the stall all night with her foal. A little ways off they'll be another pair of shushers and one of them's had a phone call from Cleopatra's old dam to put a bet on Cleo as Captain Alcock had got a hold of some wild oats and they couldn't make him do nothing but shimmy.

If they's ten horses in a race you can walk from one end of the clubhouse to the other and get a whisper on all ten of them. I remember the second time Man-o' War run there. They was only one horse that wanted to watch him from the track and the War horse was 1 to 100. So just before the race, if you want to call it that, I seen a wise cracker that I'd got acquainted with, that had always been out last night with Madden or Waterbury, so just kidding I walked up to him and asked him who he liked. So he motioned me to come over against the wall where they wasn't nobody near us and whispered, "Man o' War's unbeatable." You see if that remark had of been overheard and the news allowed to spread round, it might of forced the price to, say, 1 to a lump of coal, and spoiled the killing.

Well, wile the Jamaica meeting was on, the gals had spent some of their spare time figuring out how much they'd of been ahead if Daley had of let them bet more than ten to twenty smackers a race. So this day at Belmont, they said that if he liked Only One so much, he should ought to leave them raise the ante just once and play fifty apiece.

But he says: "No, not this time. I'm pretty sure he'll win, but he's in against a sweet field and he ain't raced for a month. I'll bet forty on the nose for the two of you, and if he looks good you can gamble some real money the next time he runs."

So Ella and Kate had to be satisfied with $20 apiece. Daley himself bet $2,000 and I piked along with $200 that I didn't tell the gals nothing about. We all got 3 to 1. A horse named Streak of Lightning was favorite at 6 to 5. It was a battle. Only One caught the Streak in the last step and win by a flea's jaw. Everybody was in hysterics and the gals got all messed up clawing each other.

"Nobody but Mercer could of did it!" says Daley, as soon as he could talk.

"He's some jockey!" yelled Kate. "O you Sid!"

Pretty soon the time was give out and Only One had broke the track record for the distance, whatever it was.

"He's a race horse!" said Daley. "But it's too bad he had to extend himself. We won't get no price the next time out."

Well, altogether the race meant $14,000 to Daley, and he said we'd all go to Town that night and celebrate. But when we got back to the Decker, they was a telegram for him and he had to pack up and beat it for Kentucky.

■

DALEY being away didn't stop us from going to the track. He'd left orders with Ernest, his driver, to take us wherever we wanted to go and the gals had it so bad now that they couldn't hardly wait till afternoon. They kept on trimming the books, too. Kate got a phone call every morning that she said was from this Goldberg and he was giving her tips. Her and Ella played them and I wished I had. I would of if I'd knew who they was from. They was from Mercer, Daley's boy. That's who they was from.

I and Ella didn't wise up till about the third night after Daley'd went. That night, Kate took the train to Town right after supper, saying she had a date with Goldberg. It was a swell night and along about eight, I and Ella decided we might as well have a ride. So we got a hold of Ernest and it wound up by us going to New York too. We seen a picture and batted round till midnight and then Ella says why not go down to the Pennsylvania Station and pick Kate up when she come to take the train, and bring her home. So we done it. But when Katie showed up for the train, it was Mercer that was with her, not Goldberg.

Well, Mercer was pretty near out to the car with us when he happened to think that Daley's driver mustn't see him. So he said good night and left us. But he didn't do it quick enough. Daley's driver had saw him and I seen that he'd saw him and I knowed that he wasn't liable to be stuck on another of Daley's employs that was getting ten times as much money as him and all the cheers, and never had to dirty himself up changing a tire. And I bet it was all Ernest could do was wait till Daley come back so as he could explode the boom.

Kate and Ella didn't know Ernest was hep and I didn't tell them for fear of spoiling the show, so the women done their brawling on the way home in a regular race track whisper. The Mrs. told Kate she was a nick to be monking round with a jockey when Daley was ready and willing to give her a modern home with a platinum stopper in the washbowl. Kate told Ella that she wasn't going to marry nobody for their money, and besides, Mercer was making more than enough to support a wife, and how that boy can dance!

"But listen," she says: "I ain't married to neither one of them yet and don't know if I want to be."

"Well," says Ella, "you won't have no chance to marry Daley if he finds out about you and Mercer."

"He won't find out unless you tell him," said Kate.

"Well, I'll tell him," says Ella, "unless you cut this monkey business out."

"I'll cut it out when I get good and ready," says Kate. "You can tell Daley anything you please."

She knew they wasn't no chance of Ella making good.

"Daley'll be back in a couple of days," says the Mrs. "When he comes he'll want his answer and what are you going to say?"

"Yes or no, according to which way I make up my mind," said Kate. "I don't know yet which one I like best."

"That's ridic'lous!" Ella says. "When a girl says she can't make up her mind, it shows they's nothing to make up. Did you ever see me when I couldn't make up my mind?"

"No," said Katie, "but you never had even one whole man to choose between."

The last half of the ride neither of them were talking. That's a world's record in itself.

They kind of made up the next morning after I'd told Ella that the surest way to knock Daley's chances for a gool was to paste Mercer.

"Just lay off of it," I told her. "The best man'll win in fair competition, which it won't be if you keep plugging for Daley."

We had two more pretty fair days at the track on Kate's tips that Mercer give her. We also went on a party with him down Town, but we used the train, not Daley's car.

Daley showed up on a Wednesday morning and had Ernest take him right over to the track. I suppose it was on this trip that Ernest squealed. Daley didn't act no different when we joined him on the clubhouse porch, but that night him and Kate took a ride alone and come back engaged.

VI

THEY'D been pointing Only One for the Merrick Handicap, the fourth race on Saturday. It was worth about $7,000 to the winner. The distance was seven furlongs and Only One had top weight, 126 pounds. But Thursday he done a trial over the distance in 1.22, carrying 130 pounds, so it looked like a set-up.

Thursday morning I and Ella happened to be in Katie's room when the telephone rung. It was Mercer on the other end. He asked her something and she says: "I told you why in my note."

So he said something else and she says: "Not with no jail-bird."

And she hung up.

Well, Ella wanted to know what all the pleasantries was about, but Kate told her to mind her own business.

"You got your wish and I'm engaged to Daley," she says, "and that's all you need to know."

For a gal that was going to marry a dude that was supposed to have all the money in the world, she didn't act just right, but she wouldn't of been Kate if she had of, so I didn't think much about it.

Friday morning I got a wire from one of the South Bend boys, Goat Anderson, sent from Buffalo, saying he'd be in New York that night and would I meet him at the Belmont at seven o'clock. So I went in Town from the track and waited round till pretty near nine, but he didn't show up. I started to walk across to the Pennsylvania Station and on the way I dropped in at a place where they was still taking a chance. I had one up at the bar and was throwing it into me when a guy in the back part yelled "Hey! Come here!" It was Mercer yelling and it was me he wanted.

He was setting at a table all alone with a highball. It didn't take no Craig Kennedy to figure out that it wasn't his first one.

"Set down before I bat you down!" he says.

"Listen," I says: "I wished you was champion of the world. You'd hold onto the title just long enough for me to reach over and sock you where most guys has a chin."

"Set down!" he says. "It's your wife I'm going to beat up, not you."

"You ain't going to beat up nobody's wife or nobody's husband," I says, "and if you don't cut out that line of gab you'll soon be asking the nurse how you got there."

"Set down and come clean with me," he says. "Was your wife the one that told Daley about your sister-in-law and I?"

"If she did, what of it?" I says.

"I'm asking you, did she?" he says.

"No, she didn't!" I said. "If somebody told him his driver told him. He seen you the other night."

"Ernest!" he says. "Frank and Ernest! I'll Ernest him right in the jaw!"

"You're a fine matchmaker!" I says. "He could knock you for a row of flat tires. Why don't you try and get mad at Dempsey?"

"Set down and have a drink," says Mercer.

"I didn't mean that about your wife. You and her has treated me all right. And your sister-in-law, too, even if she did give me the air. And called me a jail-bird. But that's all right. It's Daley I'm after and it's Daley I'm going to get."

"Sweet chance!" I says. "What could you do to him?"

"Wait and see!" said Mercer, and smiled kind of silly.

"Listen," I says. "Have you forgot that you're supposed to ride Only One tomorrow?"

"Supposed to ride is right," he says, and smiled again.

"Ain't you going to ride him?" I said.

"You bet I am!" he says.

"Well, then," I said, "you better call it a day and go home."

"I'm over twenty-one," he says, "and I'm going to set here and enjoy myself. But remember, I ain't keeping you up."

Well, they wasn't nothing I could do only set there and wait for him to get stiff and then see him to his hotel. We had a drink and we had another and a couple more. Finally he opened up. I wished you could of heard him. It took him two hours to tell his story, and everything he said, he said it over and over and repeated it four and five times. And part of the time he talked so thick that I couldn't hardly get him.

"Listen," he says. "Can you keep a secret? Listen," he says. "I'm going to take a chance with you on account of your sister-in-law. I loved that little gal. She's give me the air, but that don't make no difference; I loved that little gal and I don't want her to lose no money. So I'm going to tell you a secret and if you don't keep your clam shut I'll roll you for a natural. In the first place," he says, "how do you and Daley stack up?"

"That ain't no secret," I said. "I think he's all right. He's been a good friend of mine."

"Oh," says Mercer, "so he's been a good friend of yours, has he? All right, then. I'm going to tell you a secret. Do you remember the day I met you and the gals in the car? Well, a couple of days later, Daley was feeling pretty good about something and he asked me how I liked his gal? So I told him she looked good. So he says, 'I'm going to marry that gal,' he says. He says, 'She likes me and her sister and brother-in-law is encouraging it along,' he says. 'They know I've got a little money and they're making a play for me. They're a couple of rats and I'm the cheese. They're going to make a meal off of me. They think they are,' he says. 'But the brother-in-law's a smart Alex that thinks he's a wise cracker. He'd be a clown in a circus, only that's work. And his wife's fishing for a sucker with her sister for bait. Well, the gal's a pip and I'm going to marry her,' he says, 'but as soon as we're married, it's good-by, family-in-law! Me and them is going to be perfect strangers. They think they'll have free board and lodging at my house,' he says, 'but they won't get no meal unless they come to the back door for it, and when they feel sleepy they can make up a lower for themself on my cement porch.' That's the kind of a friend of yours this baby is," says Mercer.

I didn't say nothing and he went on.

"He's your friend as long as he can use you," he says. "He's been my friend since I signed to ride for him, that is, up till he found out I was stealing his gal. Then he shot my chances for a bull's-eye by telling her about a little trouble I had, five or six years ago. I and a girl went to a party down in Louisville and I seen another guy wink at her and I asked him what he meant by it and he said he had St. Vitus' dance. So I pulled the iron and knocked off a couple of his toes, to cure him. I was in eleven months and that's what Daley told Kate about. And of course he made her

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promise to not tell, but she wrote me a good-by note and spilled it. That's the kind of a pal he is.

"After I got out I worked for Bradley, and when Bradley turned me loose, he give me a $10,000 contract."

"He told us twenty," I said.

"Sure he did," says Mercer. "He always talks double. When he gets up after a tough night, both his heads aches. And if he ever has a baby he'll invite you over to see the twins. But anyway, what he pays me ain't enough and after to-morrow I'm through riding. What's ten or fifteen thousand a year when you can't drink nothing and you starve to death for the fear you'll pick up an ounce! Listen," he says. "I got a brother down in Oklahoma that's in the oil lease game. He cleaned up $25,000 last year and he wants me to go in with him. And with what I've saved up and what I'm going to win to-morrow, I should worry if we don't make nothing in the next two years."

"How are you going to win to-morrow?" I said. "The price'll be a joke."

"The price on who?" says Mercer.

"Only One," I said.

He give a silly laugh and didn't say nothing for a minute. Then he asked if Daley done the betting for I and the two gals. I told him he had did it at first, but now I was doing it.

"Well," he says, "you do it to-morrow, see? That little lady called me a jail-bird, but I don't want her to lose her money."

So I asked him what he meant and he asked me for the tenth or eleventh time if I could keep a secret. He made me hold up my hand and swear I wouldn't crack what he was going to tell me.

"Now," he says, "what's the name of the horse I'm riding to-morrow?"

"Only One," I said.

"That ain't all of it," said Mercer. "His name to-morrow is Only One Left. See? Only One Left."

"Do you mean he's going to get left at the post?" I says.

"You're a Ouija board!" says Mercer. "Your name is Ouija and the horse's name is Only One Left. And listen," he says. "Everything but three horses is going to be scratched out of this race and we'll open at about 1 to 3 and back up to 1 to 5. And Daley's going to bet his right eye. But they's a horse in the race named Sap and that's the horse my two thousand smackers is going down on. And you're a sap, too, if you don't string along with me."

"Suppose you can't hold Only One?"

"Get the name right," said Mercer. "Only One Left. And don't worry about me not handling him. He thinks I'm Billy Sunday and everything I say he believes. Do you remember the other day when I beat Streak of Lightning? Well, the way I done that was whispering in One's ear, coming down the stretch. I says to him, 'One,' I says, 'this Lightning hoss has been spilling it round that your father's grandmother was a zebra. Make a bum out of him!' That's what I whispered to him and he got sore and went past Lightning like he was standing still. And to-morrow, just before we're supposed to go, I'll say to him, 'One, we're back at Jamaica. You're facing the wrong way.' And when Sap and the other dog starts, we'll be headed towards Rhode Island and in no hurry to get there."

"Mercer," I said, "I don't suppose they's any use talking to you, but after all, you're under contract to give Daley the best you've got and it don't look to me like you was treating him square."

"Listen!" he says. "Him and square don't rhyme. And besides, I won't be under contract to nobody by this time to-morrow. So you save your sermon for your own parish."

VII

I DON'T know if you'll think I done right or not. Or I don't care. But what was the sense of me tipping off a guy that had said them sweet things about I and Ella? And even if I don't want a sister-in-law of mine running round with a guy that's got a jail record, still Daley squealing on him was rotten dope. And besides, I don't never like to break a promise, especially to a guy that shoots a man's toes off just for having St. Vitus' dance.

Well, anyway, the third race was over and the Merrick Handicap was next, and just like Mercer had said, they all quit but our horse and Sap and a ten-ton truck named Honor Bright. He was 40 to 1 and Sap was 6. Only One was 1 to 3 and Daley hopped on him with fifteen thousand men. Before post time the price was 1 to 5 and 1 to 6.

Daley was off his nut all afternoon and didn't object when I said I'd place the gals' money and save him the trouble. Kate and Ella had figured out what they had win up to date. It was about $1200 and Daley told them to bet it all.

"You'll only make $400 between you," he says, "but it's a cinch."

"And four hundred's pretty good interest on $1200," says Kate. "About ten per cent, ain't it?"

I left them and went downstairs. I wrote out a card for a hundred smackers on Sap. Then my feet caught cold and I didn't turn it in. I walked down towards the paddock and got there just as the boys was getting ready to parade. I seen Mercer and you wouldn't of never knew he'd fell off the wagon.

Daley was down there, too, and I heard him say: "Well, Sid, how about you?"

"Never better," says Mercer. "If I don't win this one I'll quit riding."

Then he seen me and smiled.

I chased back to the clubhouse, making up my mind on the way. I decided to not bet a nickel for the gals on anything. If Mercer was crossing me, I'd give Ella and Kate their $400 like they had win it, and say nothing. Personally, I was going to turn in the card I'd wrote on Sap. That was my idear when I got to Joe Meyer. But all of a sudden I had the hunch that Mercer was going through; they wasn't a chance in the world for him to weaken. I left Meyer's stand and went to a bookie named Haynes, who I'd bet with before.

Sap had went up to 8 to 1, and instead of a hundred smackers I bet a thousand.

He finished ahead by three len'ths, probably the most surprised horse in history. Honor Bright got the place, but only by a hair. Only One, after being detained for some reason another, come faster at the end than any horse ever run before. And Mercer give him an unmerciful walloping, pretending to himself, probably, that the hoss was its master.

We come back to our table. The gals sunk down in their chairs. Ella was blubbering and Kate was as white as a ghost. Daley finally joined us, looking like he'd had a stroke. He asked for a drink and I give him my flask.

"I can't understand it!" he says. "I don't know what happened!"

"You don't!" hollered Kate. "I'll tell you what happened. You stole our money! Twelve hundred dollars! You cheat!"

"Oh, shut your fool mouth!" says Daley.

And another Romance was knocked for a row of sour apple trees.

VIII

KATE brought the mail in the dining room Monday morning. They was a letter for her and one for me. She read hers and they was a couple of tears in her eyes.

"Mercer's quit riding," she says. "This is a farewell note. He's going to Oklahoma."

Ella picked up my envelope.

"Who's this from?" she says.

"Give it here," I said, and took it away from her. "It's just the statement from Haynes, the bookie."

"Well, open it up," she said.

"What for?" said I. "You know how much you lose, don't you?"

"He might of made a mistake, mightn't he?" she says.

So I opened up the envelope and there was the check for $8000.

"Gosh!" I said. "It looks like it was me that made the mistake!" And I laid the check down where her and Kate could see it. They screamed and I caught Ella just as she was falling off the chair.

"What does this mean?" says Kate.

"Well," I said, "I guess I was kind of rattled Saturday, and when I come to make my bet I got balled up and wrote down Sap. And I must of went crazy and played him for a thousand men."

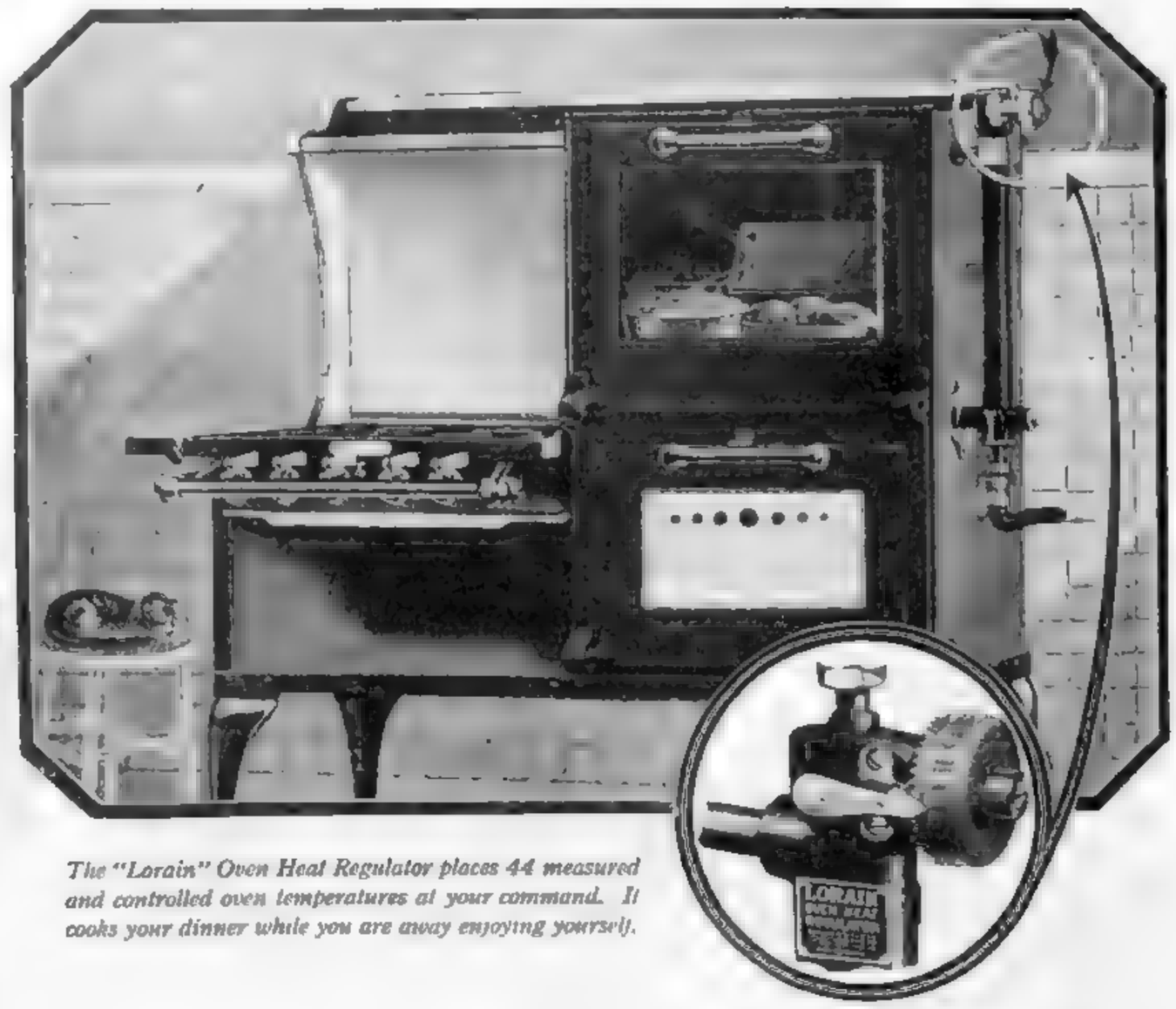
"But where's our statement, mine and Sis'?" says Ella.

"That's my mistake again," I said. "I wrote out your ticket, but I must of forgot to turn it in."

They jumped up and come at me, and before I could duck I was kissed from both sides at once.

"O Sis!" yelps the Mrs. "Just think! We didn't lose our twelve hundred! We didn't lose nothing at all. We win eight thousand dollars!"

"Try and get it!" I says.



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"The guest who won't go home" causes no anxiety to the woman who has a "Lorain"-equipped gas range. Dinner can't burn when "Lorain" is cooking it.

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It insures cooking successes by providing accurately measured and controlled oven heats for all sorts of baking, roasting, etc.

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1921

WHITE SHOULDERS

(Continued from Page 15)

he's been lately. You must know—from Calvert—probably, how he's been drinking."

"He won't be drinking, judge," she told me, smiling a small confident little smile. "He never has been—not when he was driving out with me."

"I'm not so sure about that—nor how much better off he would be if he did get sober, after the last two or three days. Why don't you see him some other way—if you've got to see him—instead of taking the chances of being all splintered up by that wild devil in that car?"

"There are quite a few reasons, judge," she told me.

"What, for instance?"

"Well, we always have been together that way."

"Yes," I said, waiting.

"It's about the only place we could be alone so well!" she told me then.

"There are other places to be found, I believe, in the civilized world as now known to man," I answered her.

But she wouldn't listen to me.

"What is the real reason," I said, "that you want to go out with him in that machine—and get killed?"

"It would be easier, judge," she said finally, "if you have to know, for me!"

"Easier?"

"I can talk to him," she said. "Tell him what I've got to—just as well, anyhow, when he's occupied driving—a little. It will be bad enough without his eyes all the time on my face."

"Oh," I said.

"There'll be no danger, you'll see," she told me.

I wasn't so sure myself. I sat there an hour or so after she had gone, thinking it over, considering what it was right for me to do under the circumstances.

Finally I called Cole up on the telephone myself.

"Look here, Cole," I said, when I'd got him, "you know who's talking, I expect."

"Yes," he said. His voice was still hoarse from his drinking.

"All right," I said. "Now you listen to me, for I've got some right important advice to give you."

He gave a kind of grunt over the wire, thinking, I expect, that I was interfering in his business again.

"I've been brought in through special reasons—not specially of my own choosing—into your affairs," I said. "And I expect very likely you don't care for it. But I happen to know some things I want to tell you about them."

"Fire ahead," he said, brief and curt.

"Now let me tell you something, Cole," I said then. "You're going out riding tonight with the finest lady in this land. There never was a finer one that ever stepped on God's green earth, sir. And I want you to do what you should do under the circumstances; straighten up and tidy up before that time—so you can take her out right."

I could hear him grunt again over the wire—as if he was getting mad. But I went right on regardless.

"Now wait," I told him. "That ain't all! This young woman—this lady I'm talking to you about—is about to do a thing for you, sir, that's the hardest any woman can do for any man, sir. She's going to lower and humble and bow herself in the dust—and she's going to do it for you, sir, and not for anybody else in this world!"

He didn't break in any more with any more grunts, I noticed. I had him listening.

"Moreover," I went on, "I'm not at liberty to tell you what she'll say to you, but I want to say this to you—that when you hear it and understand it, you'll say—if you're half the man I think you are—that what she tells you is a hundred times to her credit where it's once to her detriment. And if you don't understand it—when she gets through—you come to me and I'll explain it all to you."

He didn't say anything to that, either.

"And more than that, sir," I said—"and this is the last I'm going to tell you—I'm going to break confidence also to this extent. This girl is going to do all this—as you'll understand, if you are half bright—for just one reason. Because she loves you. She'll say she doesn't—she'll deny it. She's got a crazy idea that she shouldn't ever marry you. She'll try to run away from you if she can. But my advice to you is this, sir: When she gets through telling you about what she's going to you brush it right aside. And you ask her just two questions: 'Do you love me?' and 'Will you marry me?' Don't you dispute or argue. You hold her up to it—right there! If you lose her," I said, "you are a plain fool. And if you harm one hair on her head you're a miserable, low-down dog and I'll come round and shoot you myself.

"And that's all, sir," I told him. "Except naturally these are confidences between gentlemen, sir—and I know will be regarded as such, as always. And in closing I'll just say this: She's just ten thousand times better than you deserve, sir. And you ought to spend the rest of this day on your knees thanking God for bringing her to you. If you have sense enough to take her, now she's come!"

And then I shut down the phone, having now stepped in and done all the harm I could in the matter.

XIX

IT WAS twilight, as I understand it—late twilight when they started. I remember the night myself—a dull, smooth, muddy cloud across the west. Lights began to show after they had gone booming out the driveway—the whispering women, curious at the man's absence and return, peering out after them in the corners of the hall window.

"Where to?" he asked her.

"South," she said. "On the old road." She thought naturally it was her last ride with him.

And then—as I piece the testimony together, from their confidences, out a way—when they had gone out beyond the almshouse, both silent, he waiting for her and she hating to begin, she started in with what she had to do.

"I've got something," she said, "I've got to tell you."

"What is it?" he asked gruffly.

He had been sobering up, getting ready all that day, but his voice was still hoarse and his nerves still raw and jerky.

"Is it true," she asked him—"what they say—that you've been round threatening to shoot that—Calvert?"

"That ain't telling me anything," he said, looking off ahead at his driving, his black eyes on the road. "That's just asking me a question."

"To kill him—on my account?"

He didn't say anything at all now—which was of course saying more than he could any other way.

"Cole," she said, "you can't do it. You aren't justified."

"That's my lookout," he said finally.

"No," she told him and stopped, hating and dreading to go on.

"Suppose I told you," she said finally, forcing herself, "that it was he who was justified."

"Justified?" he said after her, but not looking round.

"Yes," she said in a faint voice. "That he told the truth!"

"I'd say you were lying too," he told her, never turning his eyes back from his driving.

"No," she said again, when her voice came back to her. "Not if I heard it right—what he said."

"How do you know what he said? Who told you?"

"He did," she said after a minute.

"The dirty poodle!" he said with an oath.

And they stopped talking again.

"He couldn't tell the truth standing before the bright throne of God Almighty," he told her.

"He told the truth this time, I expect," she answered him, controlling her voice again at last. "Or near enough—so it won't make any difference."

And then she told him the story, starting back with her childhood and the trial.

He said nothing; only now and then when she touched on different points the car would jump forward of a sudden, he expressing his feelings that way involuntarily, his foot on the accelerator.

But when she got to that lawyer—how he took her character and wantonly and deliberately derided it in that public trial—he broke his silence.

"Where is he?" he asked her. "Where is that beast now?"

"Why?" she asked him.

"Never mind," he told her, but his voice told her more.

"Oh, Cole," she cried out, "can't you think of anything but bitterness and revenge and fighting?"

In answer to her he didn't say anything; but the car jumped on again still faster—on the uneven rutty road, the headlights rushing, sweeping on ahead on the dusty roadside bushes, great clouds of yellow dust following.

"You'll have to stop, hold back a little, Cole," she said. "I can't stand this."

And when he did she started on with her grinding task again.

"We can't kill everybody that we don't like, can we," she said, "or that insults us, nowadays? That's gone by. It's not civilized. And besides, he wasn't to blame entirely, from his lights."

"Who was?"

"Who is—for anything?" she said. "I wonder sometimes. He was just one link in a chain. That's what life is, I've thought sometimes—a steel chain binding you down, one link coming after another, each one not able by itself to do anything, nothing but just one part of the whole. He had some ground anyway to think or claim. And before that, there was my mother—I expect."

And she told him about her mother's planning for her and driving her and decorating her—to use that last surviving asset of the failing Fairborns, the girl's unusual beauty.

"I had to fight," she said—"I've told you that already—for what girlhood I had—against white frocks and white shoes and fancy ribbons. I wasn't that, naturally, was I? I hope not."

"What?"

"Merchandise—confectionery in pretty packages. I didn't mean to be."

"You never were," he growled, starting up the child of hell again and easing her back when he thought!

And he added a few remarks on her mother—as he would, naturally, if he thought them—and had no doubt before.

"No," she said, defending her. "That's the way she is—was made. She couldn't be anything else—from what she was raised in. I expect none of us can."

"I don't know as we can," he admitted, thinking maybe of himself.

And she went on again, telling him of her mother's circumstances and her own.

"Anyhow," she said, "I was what I was—merchandise. And now, after that trial, I was—spoiled merchandise."

He cursed a denial under his breath.

"She had to do something," she told him about her mother. "After our poor circumstances, anyway—all the money that that trial cost us. And Robert Lee still in prison. She was desperate," she told him. And then she went on to tell him the woman's wild, crazy speculation with that A. Gluber.

"Even he," she said, "wasn't to blame altogether—horrible as he is! I've no doubt she told him—or gave him to understand, anyway—we were propertied people, well able to pay, except just for that moment. That's the way she talks naturally—always has!"

And Hawkins talked uncomplimentary again about both the woman and the man.

"No," she said, disputing him. "But it was about all I could bear," she admitted to him, "sitting there, for sale, and hearing her and knowing how they laughed and sneered and pointed at me—especially after that time in Louisville; knowing all the time that any minute one of those anonymous letters might come and open it all up again, and bare me, shame me all over again.

"I've wondered quite a lot," she said—they were going slower now; he was slowing down, listening to her—"whether in the old days, when my folks back in Virginia raised negroes and negresses to sell down this way—whether this was a kind of revenge—whether the negroes ever felt like I did—had any horror, and shame—anything like that at all.

"I expect," she added, "I'm kind of foolish—that I'm trying to be sorry for myself—to excuse myself."

And then she told him about that gas—that matter I was mixed up in.

"I thought I couldn't go on," she said. "That's what I blame myself most for."

"You blame yourself easier than you do other folks, don't you?" he asked her.

"I was weak—silly—scared," she said. "I didn't understand then that folks that were folks didn't do that—didn't have a right to—especially fixed the way we were. I had no right to die—with my mother and Robert Lee the way they were, depending on me—or believing they were, anyway. It wasn't criminal—it was worse; it was a coward's trick. The only excuse to be said for me was that I had been brought up mighty soft and foolish."

They stopped talking then for a little bit. She made him turn round. They were a good long way out of town, and it was growing black—from these rain clouds in the west. It looked like a thundershower—a poor thing to be out in in that open dish of a racing car.

"So then that's all," she said. "They were justified—Calvert was—in what he said."

But he cursed him just as bitter as before, still unconvinced.

"You'll do what I ask you, Cole?" she asked, starting pleading with him. "You'll promise me that you'll leave him alone?"

"No," he told her.

She went on begging him.

"What's your anxiety about him," he asked her in an ugly voice—"all of a sudden? What is he to you?"

"Nothing. You know that, Cole. Nothing—and a heap less!"

"Then why are you mixing into this? For whose sake?"

"You don't need to have me tell you that," she said in a low, quiet voice. "Or you oughtn't to!"

But she didn't convince him yet. They were going back slowly, the boy dragging it out as long as he could, in spite of that black solid wall rising in the west, shot across with the distant fire of lightning. But neither one minded it much, for that matter—or paid much attention yet.

"Cole," she said, appealing to him finally, "let's let him alone then, and you! Let me ask it from you another way. You told me once you—you loved me."

"I do now," he said, "if that does you any good to know—and always will."

She stopped a minute before she went on—trusted herself to.

"Would you want me to go into court again, through another trial?" she asked him. "Are you so anxious to hurt somebody—for my sake—as that?"

And she covered her face up with her hands.

She convinced him finally then and he promised her. She thanked him for it.

And then they were silent once more. The storm was coming up fast, but he did not hurry. He still lagged—neither one, I expect, noticing it too much, being too concerned with their own affairs and feelings to notice a mere natural catastrophe.

"I wasn't trying to blame you, Cole," she told him. "You mustn't think that."

"Nor anybody else, except yourself!" he answered her.

"No," she said. "I am excusing myself now, I'm afraid. But you don't realize—men don't, I believe—about what women are and have to be. I've thought a heap about a heap of things maybe you wouldn't naturally know in the last year or two—since that trial!"

And the boy swore again under his breath, thinking of it.

"You don't realize what a fragile thing a woman is—what she really is, I mean to say; her actions, her character—what she really has to be to be anything. How fragile and how sort of complicated, Cole, her life is. Everything counts against her so—every little common thought and action; she's got to be so careful in these little things—or she's nothing. She's got to be perfect or she's nothing—even sometimes, maybe, when it isn't all her own fault."

He was swearing once again under his breath, thinking of the whole thing—of what she was doing now, for him; of that chain of circumstances she had talked about—that had been forged by her life, her ancestry, her whole surroundings, to drag her down and hold her.

"I thought," she said, getting through, "I couldn't tell you this. I'd rather you'd remember me ——"

"Remember you!" he said, the car jumping on again on the involuntary push of his foot on the accelerator.

(Continued on Page 68)

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But these gentle, natural cleansers hold their place through the centuries, producing the most luxurious of modern soaps. They provide women with a facial soap which prevents any possible irritation. Yet men like Palmolive just as well for its thorough cleansing qualities.

Why you must wash your face

For the same reason that you wash your hands many times daily—to remove the accumulated dust and dirt which carries possible infection.

This dust and dirt, if not washed away, fills pores and causes blackheads. Dust infection is the most frequent cause of inflammation and pimples.

Thorough washing once a day is your protection against these disfiguring skin troubles.

Washing for beauty

Powder and rouge should first be removed with a little cold cream. This is also a precaution against possible roughness if your skin is very dry.

Then wash your face with Palmolive Soap, massaging the creamy lather thoroughly into the skin. This will cleanse the tiny pores from dirt and oil secretions and the traces of perspiration. It will keep these pores small, which means a fine textured skin. (Dirt and rubbed-in powder cause large pores.)

When you have finished washing apply more cold cream, using gentle massage. Then let your mirror show you how smooth your complexion looks and how the stimulation of washing has given you pretty, natural color.

Rouge and powder are harmless when applied on a clean skin, and women needn't try to do without them. But every night before you sleep you should thoroughly wash your face to protect its health and natural beauty.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Road-building in Georgia: the County of Richmond, when preparing stretches for paving, uses this truck on Goodyear Cord Tires to pull a grader. An un-retouched photograph

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GOODYEAR

Pneumatics, Promoters of Good Roads

"We are now using truck pneumatics (Goodyear Cord Tires) in our road-building work. This they assist immensely by their ability to travel through loose soil and other treacherous going encountered before pavements are laid. In addition, they save fuel, oil, truck repairs. It is recognized locally that pneumatics on trucks help to keep good roads in good condition."—W. D. Roberts, for the County of Richmond, Georgia

WHERE many a contractor's crew is busy preparing a fine highway, motor trucks on Goodyear Cord Tires are rendering such important aid as is described above.

Just as they quicken commercial delivery, so do the able pneumatics accelerate this industrial hauling which particularly requires their firm grip and easy-rolling qualities.

These virtues, made most practical by the strength of Goodyear Cord construction, enable prompt moving of dense, heavy paving materials through soft ground and up abrupt inclines.

Greatly reducing the toil involved, the cushioning pneumatics also safeguard drivers and trucks, and after a road is opened, they protect the smooth, efficient pavement itself.

Thus the pneumatic principle, as exemplified in these tires, makes possible a complete economy of motor transport and everywhere promotes the building of good roads.

Private records, detailing savings effected by Goodyear Cord Tires in varied hauling, are sent by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Haul on Pneumatics

SAVE DRIVERS LOADS TRUCKS ROADS

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 64)

"Yes," she said. "But I am glad now—I've done what I have done. You'll remember me, maybe, sometimes a little better—more kindly, when you think of it."

He didn't answer her.

"Of course now I couldn't expect," she said, struggling on, "you'd think highly of me—not the way you did. I understand that, sir."

And still he held himself back.

"Is that all?" he asked, keeping all expression out of his voice, when she was finally finished. "All the sins you can think of—you've got to tell?"

"Yes," she said, surprised. "Only this: You don't believe," she said—she had to say that much—"you don't believe—I didn't give you the impression that what they said about me—that anything they said in that trial was true—could be true!"

"What is this?" Cole Hawkins asked her. "An insult?" A glare of lightning touched his hard-set face when he said it. "Do you think that I'd believe that?"

"I didn't. No," she said, in a very low voice now. "We must hurry!" she said then, waking up to the situation, now her part was done. "Look what's coming!"

"We can wait a minute or two more, I expect," he said, eying the sky. "We've got plenty of speed. I've got something now I want to ask you myself. You've told me the truth—up to date—haven't you?"

"What?" she said sharply, drawing in her breath.

"You have, haven't you?"

"Oh, Cole!" she said, looking up, not seeing his trap.

"I believe you have. But I want you to tell me one thing more."

"I'll—I'll tell you anything, Cole," she said, and stopped, waiting.

"All right," he said. "It's very simple—this question. All I'm going to ask you is this: Do you love me?"

"Oh!" she said with a quick, protesting cry. "That isn't fair."

"No," he said. "I want to know."

"Supposing I did," she said, still avoiding him.

"No," he answered her. "You tell me!"

They were silent again, neither one noticing or remembering that black storm that was coming growling up after them.

"Yes," she said finally. "If if I hadn't— I wouldn't be here, would I?"

"Now let me tell you something," he told her. "You've said all you want to—now it's my turn to talk for a while. I'm going to marry you! Understand?"

"Never," she said, rousing up. "Never!"

"You said you loved me."

"Yes," she said after a while again.

"You know what'll happen to me if you don't?" he asked her. "You can promise yourself this—if you don't—I'll go tearing into hell like a soul afire. I don't have to tell you that."

She tried to deny it.

"You can't, that's all," he told her. "You know it. You're not going to spoil both our lives by your foolishness, not if I know it!"

"No," she said. "Never. I'll never do it. Never. You don't know what you're talking about—not the way a woman would—a girl! I've thought it over too many times. It might seem all right now—but it isn't. I know. You'd regret it—always—later. I know—as you never can."

"What?"

"About a wife. A wife's all white or she's nothing. I—I think too much of you, Cole, to bring you a wife that you'll have to explain and defend all your life to your neighbors."

"What you've done," he told her in a loud voice, "I'll hang up public—and the neighbors will bow down to it and be proud of it, just as I am right now."

She smiled, happy to hear him say so, but not changed in her own mind.

"No," she said, "you don't know what it is. You can't the way I do!"

"What?"

"To have whispering always following you and fingers pointed behind your back. It would be worse, I should think a thousand times—about your wife than about yourself!"

"I'd like to see them," he said, "just once, and live!"

"That's it, Cole, you see? All I'd do would be to make you suffer all the time."

But he wouldn't have it that way.

"No. No," she said, still denying him. "Don't let's spoil the last minutes of our last ride together."

"Last ride!" he said with a rough laugh. "Yes—it is. It's the last ride we're going to take before you're married to me. Do you think I'll let you go now I've got you?" he said, his voice hoarsening. "Do you know what I'm going to do now? I'm going to drive straight from here to a minister and we're going to ——"

"Oh, Cole," she said. "Don't be—such a boy!"

A great crack of thunder cut her off.

"Cole!" she cried out. "Look yonder! The storm! It's going to be terrible."

"To hell with the storm!" he said, but he did start up a little when he caught the blackness and heard the fear in her voice.

"But the first thing," he said, "we're going to decide is—that you'll marry me—now, to-night."

"No," she said again. "No. No! I'll bring no man myself as a wife; least of all, you, Cole! No," she said, repeating in a level voice that formula she had worked out for herself, "a wife's all white, Cole, or she's nothing! And nothing in the world can do that for me—nothing could change what people must always say about me but a miracle—and miracles don't happen nowadays any longer, Cole."

And just then, in the nick of time, her miracle came along.

"Cole! Cole!" she called to him, and sank down into the low seat. "The storm!"

A great flare of wind beat the black trees over them and filled her face and eyes with dust. A big first spat of rain struck the car. He pressed his foot on the accelerator, starting, it seems, for a shelter which he had planned to reach before it really broke. The great car jumped forward. The dusty wind grew wilder. The rain began. They were going now like the devil's express!

"Cole," she cried. "Did you see that?"

"What?"

"Something—red lanterns—there on the ground!"

"That's nothing," he said. "They're just making some little small repairs on this state road. Not much—or it wouldn't be open at all."

And then they struck that open culvert.

**

WHEN she came to her senses she was lying there on the surface of the state roadway the car, it seems, swerving as it struck the farther side of the opening and throwing her out forward, to one side. The rain was slashing her face, the sky over her black as the inside of an iron pot.

"Cole! Cole!" she called, sitting up.

Another flash of lightning turned the sky above the ragged jet-black trees into milk She saw the ditch, and when the lightning died she saw below her the first small glow of fire starting. Then she remembered dimly where she was, started up and found—without thinking of it one way or the other—that she was sound, apparently not seriously hurt.

She stood then and stared over into the ditch of the opened culvert—and saw what was probably going to happen. And she knew she must do whatever was to be done herself. She was alone and would be All folks in their right senses had gone scuttling home before that storm. For all she knew she was entirely alone—the boy was dead.

The headlights were gone, the batteries and their connections all smashed. But there was some faint light from that fire—just starting, as they say they do, from the oil in the oil pan of the car beneath the engine

Calling the boy's name still, White Shoulders slid down into the ditch It was only six or eight feet deep, but, striking the bottom in her fancy shoes, she pitched forward on her face and hands. Her hat fell and she snatched it off. Her wet masses of hair came down Her dress her morigaged finery—was plastered to her body by the rain. She flung her hair back out of her face and eyes and, leaning forward, she saw the boy at last.

He lay against one side of the ditch, the body of the car half leaning against the bank—but not so as to crush him. She reached down, touched him, found, with a great sob of happiness, that he was alive, if not conscious—but found too that he was caught, held down. Then she came out again and stared a second at the growing fire underneath the hood fearing, naturally, first of all, like she would, about the gasoline

The rain poured down in solid sheets. On first thought, it seemed to her, all she would need to do would be to open the hood above the engine and let the downpour in—if she could find the way to do it or the hood was not too crushed to allow it. And then she thought—she remembered dimly—the danger there might be in this.

If it was gasoline or oil which had started burning under there, the more water there was the more the fire would spread, be carried along; the quicker the machine, the man, herself, the tank of gasoline might be enveloped in a floating flame.

She knew practically nothing about an automobile—but her decision, her whole instinct, was to leave alone these things that she did not know about—might even very likely change for the worse—and hurry, make haste with all her soul, to free the boy before the fire got to him.

She crawled back again to see how she could do this. He was caught, she found, in some way by his arm and sleeve beneath the broken steering wheel and the ditch wall. They were not, she found, groping, held against masonry, but against a fresh cut in the earth—which, it appeared, had been made for widening the old smaller culvert. The smothered flame under the hood seemed to be about the same.

The car lay on its side, only partly tipped over, the front wheels on the outside away from the wall, a foot and a half or two feet off the ground. It had seemed to her when she first crawled up upon the wreck that the machine might be balanced as it lay, so that by standing out on its outside edge she might tip it back—at least so much that the weight from the steering wheel would be taken off the unconscious boy. She tried this—throwing her whole weight on it.

The car, she thought for a minute, did move. But then at once she saw, with sudden terror, another thing. The motion that she caused—small as it was—started oil or gasoline running somewhere—started the floating fire, which she had feared.

By good luck, it appears, the fire did not flow in the direction of the man she was trying to save, but kept still fairly well under the engine—though, she was afraid, a little more than before under the wooden body of the car. She stopped racking the car and starting up the flow of fire, however she had been doing it, and crawled carefully back over the boy's body and started to dig against the dirt bank.

The fire died down a little with the stopping of the disturbance—whatever it was she had done with the gasoline or oil. The storm, with its sheets of rain soaking the car body, held back to a great extent the catching fire of the woodwork.

The girl dug frantically on—bending over, reaching down over the man's body—clawing, first with her bare fingers and then with a tool she had put her hand on—a sharp-mouthed wrench. It was a question of time—a race with fire.

Alone, drenched, her clothing glued to her body, she fought the fire and the storm. The rain descended and the flood came; the lightning shot down like blue devils out hunting sinners in the dark; the afterclap of thunder shook loose the iron bolts that clamp down the universe. And from underneath—a lot more fearful to her now than the storm—came up, always more and more, the smoke and smudge from that floating fire—the catastrophe which threatened to be the end of their universe at least, in the final burning of the car or the sudden outburst of the tank of gasoline.

She fought on—alone, frantic, voiceless, desperate—a thing as primitive as the fire or the storm, a human woman fighting for the thing she loved and would easily and gladly by all the laws of Nature give her life for.

The fire in the ruined machine was, it seemed to her, growing now, from some cause. The leakage or flow of gasoline or oil might be increasing and the floating fire extending itself. Or the woodwork in the car beneath might be at last catching. For the smudge and heat beneath her, under the car, were certainly growing. She dug on, tearing with her crude tool, gasping but never stopping. And it seemed to her at last—she had the despairing hope—that very soon she would have the things that held him—that wrist and that coat sleeve—slipped out from under the comparatively slight hold of the broken steering wheel

And so she worked on and on. No longer White Shoulders—a confection, a whimsey built from lace and ribbons, for the delectation of mankind; something finer, older, more noble—a woman Her clothing, soaked with rain, hung to her fine limbs like draperies to a heroic statue—not of Victory, of Desperation, of Fighting Service, of Eve, the primitive, who bore and reared the race and fought and disobeyed God Almighty for the thing she loved.

It was all naturally a matter of minutes, of seconds—all this—though it had seemed hours. The rain dropped off now finally—quite a lot; and the fire, though not spreading backward any more maybe, was now evidently getting its hold upon the car body. And from that, naturally, would come the next and final danger—the going of the tank of gasoline.

Then at last she saw the wrist and sleeve were really coming free—were free! She cried out and set to work to draw the boy's body out—an awkward thing to do. And as she pulled and strained, with some sudden pain, maybe, Cole Hawkins' senses came back—for one moment only.

"What's this?" he asked, his face close to hers—and fell limp again.

By now the flame—real living fire—was starting, showing through the cracks in the car bottom. The girl's soaked clothing was fireproof—for the present at least; but the heat scorched and blistered her, even burned her flesh, as she tugged and lifted and dragged out her unconscious load, struggling with all the strength of her woman's body to pull the boy out of the tipped car, to safety, the question always in her mind: Could she do this before the gasoline tank went?

She moved him finally, dragged him—a big, strong, robust woman working at the top of her nervous strength—out from the machine; out and one side from the culvert to the soaked turf beside the roadway, out of the danger of explosion from the car when it came! That was the last—the final fierce expenditure of her strength.

They found them both there, side by side, when the tank's explosion and the light of the burning car called out the people from the nearest house.

The first I heard of it was at nine-twenty-one o'clock. I can remember it from the impression made on me by the hands of the office clock, which I stared at while they were telling me the news on the telephone. For the folks that found them near their place knew me and knew that I knew the boy quite intimately.

"Cole Hawkins and a girl have been killed out here together in an auto accident!" this man called over the wire. "I thought you'd want to know. They were making over a culvert out here on the state road," he said, telling me the particulars of how it happened, "and they say the workmen must have gone away after work in the evening and forgotten to stop up the road where they'd been driving the work teams in. The temporary fence wasn't set up, and the red lanterns were just sitting there, at one side—on the ground. It must have been raining when they got there, and they jumped right into the jaws of the thing. I'll tell you more later," he said, and hung up.

And right after that he called up again.

"More folks have just come in from out there," he told me this time, "and they say they ain't either of them dead. But they're going to take them both right over to the hospital."

***

THEY let me see the doctors after they were through about as soon as anybody.

"He's coming out all right now," they told me. "He's certainly tough. He was stunned for a while, and one wrist was crushed some—but not so we won't save it."

"What about her—the girl?"

"She was burned a little—but not deep. She got him out in just about time. And naturally she's bruised and battered. But she's not hurt bad. She'll be all right. You can see them both to-morrow sometime. But in the meantime there's one thing I wish you could do—I wish you could keep that mother of the girl out of here. She's too noisy; we can't have her in there with the girl. And we can't have her prowling round the corridors here like a hyena deprived of its young. Those two are all right—all they want is rest—the girl from her mother especially. Judge, you come tell her so. Take her away. Issue a subpœna or injunction or something and take her home with you—to your common habitation of Mrs. Tusset's."

So I made myself useful and took her home and amused her—let her talk to me till some three or four o'clock in the morning, going over the rearing of the girl, White Shoulders, from the beginning of her education in finery and allurements.

(Concluded on Page 70)

Give the children all the cheese they want

It is nature's finest food for growing young bodies. Milk is all nutriment save the water. Cheese is milk with the water taken out. Milk is the only food which combines all the vitamines, those mysterious elements which promote growth and health. Cheese will make your children grow big, strong and healthy.

Now—a Better Cheese

Sold in a new and better way. The first hands to touch it are yours

HERE is a more delicious cheese, offered to you in the safest, most sanitary and appetizing form—*in tins*. There is comfort in knowing that the first hands to touch Kraft cheese are yours.

Kraft Elkhorn is the finest selected cheese made in our clean, rural factories from the milk of cows that are regularly inspected by state and federal health officers.

It is fully matured in our sanitary storage houses at the right temperature, hence never binding or indigestible.

Kraft cheese is blended

All cheese is tested for flavor, texture, moisture and butter fats. The selected cheese is then blended to insure perfect, uniform, unvarying quality.

The blended cheese is sterilized, packed in parchment-lined tins, sealed air-tight and sterilized again in live steam.

In this way you get a better cheese, absolutely unvarying in taste and quality, put up so that no dirt, dust or insects can touch it, and free from contaminating influences. It is clean.

Will keep in any climate

Kraft cheese will keep in any climate, hot or cold, dry or damp.

You can have it on your pantry shelf, always fresh, always delicious, always ready to serve. Always packed in air-tight tins.

It is wasteless cheese. Not even a rind to remove. Every speck is delicious, concentrated, golden goodness.

Eat more cheese. Eat it instead of meat. It is more than twice as nourishing, ounce for ounce, and healthier. It is the "meat food" of milk, a pound of cheese representing the nutriment of more than a gallon of milk.

Cheese a "meat food"

Kraft Cheese contains all the nutritive elements of meat, in condensed form. One pound of Kraft cheese is equivalent in nutriment to three pounds of lean beef, to six pounds of chicken, to seven pounds of codfish, to two pounds of lean ham, to 25 eggs.

It is the best food for men who work, whether at mental or physical occupations. It is an ideal food for growing youngsters.

Cheese eaten as the meat dish of a meal is easily digested and assimilated. It is an economical food, the most economical meat food you can buy.

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KRAFT CHEESE
ELKHORN IN TINS

Kraft Cheese

Varieties—In Tins

A cheese for every taste

Kraft Cheddar
A cheese of creamy richness, a mild and mellow flavor that creates cheese appetites.

Kraft Pimento
Kraft Cheddar, with the finest Spanish Red Pimientos which adds zest to a lunch.

Kraft Chile
Kraft Cheddar, with Green Chile Peppers—a cheese with a rich "sharp" smack.

Kraft Rarebit
(Prepared) with eggs and seasoning—add milk—stir while heating—serve on buttered toast.

Kraft Camembert
(Cam-em-bare). A soft, creamy-colored cheese, of spreading consistency, tart flavor.

Kraft Swiss
Made in "Switzerland of America." All the flavor and goodness of the best Swiss cheese.

Kraft Roquefort
Imported Roquefort and Cheddar cheese, blended. Retains the true Roquefort flavor. Does not get strong or rancid.

Kraft Limburger
Most cheese lovers prefer Limburger, but object to its strong odor. Kraft's Limburger has all the tang, pungency and flavor of ordinary Limburger, but the Kraft process minimizes the odor and in tins the odor is never evident. Kraft Limburger is most delicious. Try it, and you'll never go back to bulk Limburger.

Write for free recipe book

This little book, which we will gladly mail you free on request, tells you many interesting facts about cheese as a food and why Kraft cheese is never binding or indigestible. If you will send 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing, we will send you a generous sample tin of Kraft cheese and this book with its scores of delicious cheese recipes. Learn how to make cheese cut down the meat bills. Use coupon below:

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Please mail me free copy of your Kraft Cheese Book of Recipes. I enclose 10c for sample tin. (If you want book only, omit money.)

Name_____

Address_____

City and State____

(Concluded from Page 68)

The woman was rather violent at first.

"They've shut me out from my baby, my Virginia!" she wailed to me. "When she most needs me!"

It occurred to me then finally—entirely of my own motion—that never, as matters were now shaping, would I have a better opportunity to act in the capacity of the god from the machine. Having apparently been forced into the position of fate with these two youngsters, why not take the longer view and do a real good lasting job—looking into their far future, as I conceived it now about to be?

So the conversation—not entirely unguided by me—moved in the direction of the other offspring—of Robert Lee, who, as I had suspected for some days, seemed on the point of being released from his short term in prison.

"I should expect, madam," I told his mother, "that you will be going to be with him—that he will need you now, undoubtedly."

"He will, judge," she told me, "I expect. I reared him tenderly—to depend on me."

"I was going to say," I told her, "that very likely, in case you felt like taking my assistance and advice, I might be of some service to you in that matter—in getting the boy placed right when he was free."

"I would take your advice, judge," she answered, complimenting me, "anywhere! On anything! I value it above all things. Would you advise my going and waiting for him—outside the prison—until he is released?"

Her mind ran like wildfire to the first suggestion of romance and chivalry and heroic postures. She lived all her life a maid with long and unbound hair staring out a postern window over a moat bounded by blood-red lilies.

"But what about the means for this?" she asked, remembering. "And what about my child, my Virginia? Are you so certain that she is to survive this shock—that she will surely recover?"

"She will recover," I said, "absolutely. The doctors assure me so."

"Unblemished? Unscarred?"

"I understand so," I told her. "The thing now that you and I must look forward to is beyond that—to what may come out of this present situation."

"I see, judge," she said, looking at me keenly over her pocket handkerchief, her rouge again in a bad state of disrepair.

"I'm afraid, ma'am," I said, "you will think I am too hard and practical in this matter, for you, I know, are a good lot of a romanticist by nature."

"I may be, judge, sir," she said. "Too much so, I'm afraid. Go ahead, please."

"What I was going to say, ma'am," I told her, "was this: You find yourself in a somewhat delicate position in your present situation."

"I do, yes," she assented.

"Your finances, in the first place, are in none too good a shape. Several other matters are coming up that may embarrass you, and I was going to suggest a course of action, if you will not consider it thrusting myself too much into your affairs."

"Judge," she said, "nothing would please me more than to have you handle them for me—if you would, sir. I consider it most generous of you to offer, sir. What would you advise? I have come to regard you, sir, as I would my own brother. I depend on you in just that way."

"This matter," I told her then very gravely, "it seems to me—that I want to talk to you about now—marks a very critical juncture, if I may say so, madam, in your affairs."

"Go ahead, please, sir," she directed me.

"Well, madam," I told her then, "if we start at the beginning in your affairs, I expect we can agree upon one thing."

"What's that, judge?" she asked me.

"That an advantageous marriage—in fact this particular marriage which may result from the present situation—would be an almost ideal solution of the problems of your girl and, to an extent, yourself. And perhaps, in fact, the only possible one."

"Yes, sir," she told me. "There's no doubt of that, sir."

"Now here," I told her, "is where I think I may serve you—if you will permit me. I am not practiced, madam," I said, "in matchmaking. But in this particular case, maybe, I might have some advantages."

"Over me!" she said, catching my idea at once.

"Over anybody," I said, "alive. I go so far, ma'am, as to flatter myself."

"It's true, sir, I know it," she answered.

"So, if you will leave this matter for the present in my care—if you will permit me, madam, for the time being to act as sole director of this romantic situation, it might be of very practical advantage to you and your affairs. I feel I can assure you, in fact, that it will be. Whereas, under some other circumstances, a false step of any kind might prove fatal."

She looked at me—understanding my intimation fully, and still concealing its full meaning from herself. Half romantic—or romantically unbalanced, as Sam Barsam would say; half or a little more than half, with a clear eye on the necessities, now so very sharp and pressing.

"And then, naturally," I hinted, "there might be some advantages which I personally might bring to you—would be glad to, if you would feel you could put the guidance of your affairs more or less unreservedly into my hands. If you, for instance, should undertake your new duty—your now obvious obligation of taking up your residence with your Robert Lee—I might, I expect, be of assistance in some ways in getting your boy and yourself started in life."

"Judge," she said, "this is too much—too much of an added obligation, sir!"

"Not at all, ma'am. It will be a delight, provided you feel you can put the rearrangement of your affairs fully in my hands."

"If I only could, sir," she said.

"You can, certainly," I told her.

"I have made an awful mess of them, sir, haven't I?" she asked.

"It will certainly be a pleasure to me—in more ways than one," I told her, avoiding that particular question. "For example, it will be a delight, ma'am—an unbounded delight—to have a free hand in dealing with that dressmaker—that scoundrel, A. Gluber, in St. Louis—the way I've got a plan to do, ma'am—if you really desire to put your affairs into my hands!"

"Oh, judge," she said with a little shudder, "if you only will take them!"

I had given her the opportunity of withdrawing from the present situation—in which alone I was interested—with all the romantic honors of war; and the practical advantages of reprieve from a desperate situation, thus satisfying her dual personality on both sides. She had accepted. Yet my own advantage, I could still see, had not yet been pushed to its ultimate and logical conclusion. I consequently pushed on from that point.

"All this," I told her, "provided, naturally, that we can bring about—that I can bring about what we both desire between your daughter and my young friend Hawkins—which is still something of a problem, considering the state of their minds when I last knew about them. It will be a delicate situation, in which I shall have to use my judgment, ma'am, unhampered."

She looked at me some time, silent.

"Judge," she said finally, "let us be frank. I am a mother, sir, yet I have some sense, some intelligence."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, waiting.

"Judge," she said then after more hesitating, "I think—I believe I see what you mean, sir. You mean my presence would be a detriment rather than a help to the eventuation of this marriage, sir."

"Yes, ma'am," I answered her. "If you mean your actual physical presence."

"And even later—when—if—if they become married, sir"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm afraid so," I told her, not mincing matters. "Not, of course," I said, "your entire absence. But your continued presence with them for any length of time would be inadvisable."

She took it somewhat dramatically, yet not really hard after all. One side at least of her nature—her practical side—was satisfied. I gained at last the understanding I aimed for—perhaps the most forehanded act of diplomacy in my life—all in anticipation of an event still in the deep calm shadow of the future.

I saw Cole Hawkins first at the hospital in the morning—sitting up in his bed, his arm in a sling.

"How is she?" he asked me first. "Is she only hurt a little—like they say?"

By that time I could assure him of it.

"What if I'd killed her?" he asked, and stared off again under that thick mop of hair of his. "What a reckless fool I've always been," he said finally; and then he told me about what he'd been intending to do that night before—to make her marry him then and there—to carry her off with him. "But she wouldn't, judge," he said, staring off, "and do you know why?"

"Why?" I asked him back, though he must have known that I knew, if he had stopped to think.

"Because she thought she wasn't good enough for me!" he said with a harsh laugh. "For me!" he said bitterly.

"You don't deserve quite so good luck, I'll say myself, as that girl is," I told him.

"Judge," he said to me, "think of it! What she did last night for me. And that ain't all," he said. "She dragged me out of hell once before." And he told me again how she got him to stop drinking.

"You didn't stay put very well."

"I would have, judge," he told me, fastening those fiery black eyes on me, "if she hadn't quit me. If I'd had her I'd have been all right. And I'm not fooling myself in that either, judge. When I say I can do a thing, sir, I can generally be counted on to do it. You know that."

"You've got a mind of your own, I expect—when you get it set," I agreed.

"What do they keep me here for?" he inquired, lashing out with his feet under the bedclothes instead of answering. "I'm not sick. Why don't they let me up?"

"Maybe they want you to rest."

"Look here, judge," he said finally. "Do you suppose, anyway, I might still have a chance—after everything—after last night, almost killing her? Do you suppose I might have a chance with her?"

"Some surface indications might point that way," I told him. "Only for that idea she's got—that she won't marry you."

And he swore a little under his breath, and threshed round in bed again.

"Look here, judge," he said. "They'll let you see her maybe, now. You say she's not so very bad."

"See her?" I grinned in spite of myself.

"Yes, sir. And find out, maybe—how I stand there now."

"Well now, sir," I told him, "as long as I seem to be chosen by fate as Cupid, God of Love, and in order to insure and promote the general peace and welfare of Prendergast County, I'll attempt it, sir."

"Go on, judge," he begged, not cracking a smile. "Will you please, sir?"

So I went out into the hospital corridor again, and they finally let me into her room, where she was sitting up in bed, all bandaged up.

"Judge!" she called out, and held out her arms to me. And I went over by her bedside.

"What do you think of me? How do you like these bandages?" she asked me when I stood up again and sat down in the chair near her. Her voice was almost gay.

"You look well enough to me," I said. "Why?"

"How would you like to look at these forever?"

"What?" I said. "Are you scarred?"

"Probably I am," she told me.

"Don't believe a word she says," the nurse said to me. "There won't be a mark on her in two weeks."

And then the nurse went out.

"You had a pretty narrow squeak of it, daughter," I told Virginia.

"Yes," she said.

"But there's one thing, anyhow," I said, smiling over at her.

"What's that?" she answered, smiling.

"Your miracle's come at last."

"My miracle?" she said back.

"You know what I mean, ma'am," I said, smiling. "The one you were always reverting to—that would clear up your insuperable objections to matrimony."

"What is it you mean, sir?" she still asked me.

"That," I said, and I pointed round the room. The place was full of flowers, banks and mounds of them. "The opinion of your contemporaries," I told her. "Your standing, ma'am, in the public estimation."

And I told her some of the nice things I had heard about her in the town—the general praise and admiration of what she had done.

"I've come," I told her finally, "to you from one of your many admirers—to talk to you as an ambassador."

"From whom?" she said, her eyes shining, but her voice dropping.

"Cole Hawkins," I told her, and waited for her to speak.

"Well?" I said when she refused to.

"Judge, I can't do it. I've thought it all over," she insisted, but there was no flavor, no determination, to her voice.

"Don't be foolish, Virginia—don't put by your miracle—when it comes right up to you," I said, smiling at her.

"But he's told you, I expect," she went on, persisting a little further, "what I told him—last night. I can't—I can't bring him a wife he'd have all his life to defend. I can't bring him a wife they'll all be pointing at and whispering after."

"Whispering, ma'am?" I said. "You're wrong."

"Wrong?" she said, watching me.

"Whispering?" I told her. "No. They're shouting since last night. If you want to know about your present reputation—if you want the judgment and opinion of your contemporaries—there they stand all round you," I said, pointing out the flowers in the room. "You've got more admirers and friends to-day," I said, "than any girl south of the Mason and Dixon's Line—and that's the strongest statement all history contains, ma'am. What's more," I went on, "there's one of them that's burning up now just to see you to speak about four words—in question form—ma'am. And I'm going out and get him dressed and bring him in to see you."

"No, judge," she said faintly. "No."

"This is under doctor's advice," I assured her. "I'm acting as an expert. It will be the best possible treatment for both your cases," I said, "if he comes in here for just two minutes or so."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly, judge," she said. "Not the way I look now!"

I stepped over to the door and called in the nurse again from the anteroom.

"You help fix this young woman up," I said to her. "Make her bandages look as sweet-pretty and as ornamental as you can. But don't take off one of them, understand. Put some more on if you can. I'm going to bring in a visitor in about ten minutes who will think those bandages are the finest ornaments a woman ever wore in this world. Which I do myself," I said, turning to go.

But she made me lean over once more—till she kissed me.

"Don't hurry. Don't hurry too much," she said in a flustered voice. "Not in less than half an hour, anyhow."

When I left I stumbled over two or three more great bouquets being brought in—for which two or three more gardens had been ravished.

I went back to the room where I had left Cole Hawkins. He was shaking all over.

"You're a real bad man, ain't you?" I said to him. "You're a dangerous-looking customer."

"Quit your fooling, judge," he said. "What did she say to you?"

"I expect," I told him, "she might see you in about half an hour from now. Now—wait a minute," I said. "Hold on! You've got to wait for us to get your clothes on before you go. And don't knock that arm, either! There's plenty of time—twenty-five minutes anyhow before she can see you."

I stayed with him till his time was up.

"You'll need a best man," I said, "to take you over there."

And I went with him down the corridor and knocked at the door.

"Stop shivering and shaking," I said to him. "Haven't I told you it's all right?"

And then the nurse opened the door and it closed after them.

I saw old Judge Pendleton on the street that noon, the first time I'd seen him off his old plantation for years. The whole town had come down to see that twisted child of hell backed up in the culvert.

"Well, sir," he said, "judge, I came out to see that thing—that auto accident, where that girl saved young Cole Hawkins—alone, with all the chances against her. And I want to say to you, sir, that was a magnificent act!

"By heaven, sir, I went through the Civil War, sir. I've seen considerable of life and I'm no sentimentalist or idealist, sir. But sir, that was the bravest, most desperate act of hers—digging him out alone from that burning car—I ever heard of. You wouldn't believe—looking at that black wreck there, and what she must have done to get him out—that human nature was capable of it, sir—let alone a delicately reared Southern woman, sir. You wouldn't have said it could be done."

"Judge," I said, "you know, and I know, better, sir! You know a good woman is capable of anything—any sacrifice, sir—reasonable or unreasonable—for the man she loves. That's what makes them what they are to us, sir. The finest thing in this hard and desperate world."

(THE END)

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(73)

TWO AND TWO

(Continued from Page 19)

staples, the clumsy but adequate arrangement for locking the hatch; and, following her, I gave them more careful attention, wondering what she had seen—plenty that I did not, no doubt. They had no tale to tell my eyes.

Once outside she stopped a minute with Worth to adjust herself to the sharp wind which swept across from the north. Here was a rectangular space surrounded by walls which ran round its four sides to form the coping, unbroken in any spot; a gravel-and-tar roof, almost flat, with the scuttle and a few small dust-covered skylights its only openings, four chimney tops its sole projections. It was bare of any hiding place, almost as clear as a tennis court.

We made a solemn tour of inspection; I wasn't greatly interested. How could I be, knowing that between this roof and my fugitive there had been locked windows, and a locked door under reliable human eyes? Still, the lifelong training of the detective kept me estimating the possibilities of a get-away from the roof—if Clayte could have reached it. Worth crossed to where the St. Dunstan fire escape came up from the ground to end below us at a top-floor window.

I joined him, explaining as we looked down: "Couldn't have made it that way; not by daylight. In open view all round."

"Think he stayed up here till dark?" Worth suggested, quite as though the possibility of Clayte's coming here at all was settled.

"My men were all over this building—roof to cellar—within the hour. They'd not have overlooked a crack big enough for him to hide in. Put yourself in Clayte's place. Time was the most valuable thing in the world with him right then. If ever he got up to this roof he'd not waste a minute longer on it than he had to."

"Let's see what's beyond, then."

And Worth led the way to the farther end. The girl didn't come with us. Having been once round the roof coping, looking, it seemed to me, as much at the view as anything else, she now seemed content to settle herself on a little square of planking, a disused scuttle top or something of the sort, in against one of the chimneys where she was sheltered from the wind. Rather to my surprise I saw her thoughtfully pulling off her gloves, removing her turban, all the time with a curiously disinterested air. I was reminded of what Worth had said the night before about the way her father trained her. Probably she regarded the facts I'd furnished her, or that she'd picked up for herself, much as she used to the problems in concentration her father spread in the high-chair tray of her infancy. I turned and left her with them, for Worth was calling me to announce a fact I already knew, that the adjoining building had a roof some fifteen feet below where we stood, and that the man, admitting good gymnastic ability, might have reached it.

"Sure," I said. "But come on. We're wasting time here."

We turned to go, and then stopped, both of us checked instantly by what we saw. The girl was sitting in a strange pose, her feet drawn in to cross beneath her body, slender hands at the length of the arms meeting with interlaced finger tips before her, the thumbs just touching; shoulders back, chin up, eyes—big enough at any time, now dilated to look twice their size—velvet circles in a white face. Like a Buddha; I'd seen her sit so, years before, an undersized girl doing stunts for her father in a public hall; and even then she'd been in a way impressive. But now, in the fullness of young beauty, her fine head relieved against the empty blue of the sky, the free winds whipping loose-flying ends of her dark hair, she held the eye like a miracle.

Sitting here so immovably she looked to me as though life had slid away from her for the moment, the mechanical action of lungs and heart temporarily suspended, so that mind might work unhindered in that beautiful shell. No, I was wrong. She was breathing; her bosom rose and fell in slow but deep, placid inhalations and exhalations. And the pale face might be from the slower heartbeat, or only because the surface blood had receded to give more of strength to the brain.

The position of head of the Bankers' Security Agency carries with it a certain amount of dignity—a dignity which, since Richardson's death, I have maintained better than I have handled other requirements of the business left with me. I stood now feeling like a fool. I'd grown gray in the work, and here in my prosperous middle life a boy's whim and a girl's pretty face had put me in the position of consulting a clairvoyant. Worse, for this was a wildcat affair, without even the professional standing of establishments to which I knew some of the weak brothers in my line sometimes sneaked for ghostly counsel. If it should leak out I was done for.

I suppose I sort of groaned, for I felt Worth put a restraining hand on my arm, and heard his soft, "Psst!"

The two of us stood, how long I can't say, something besides the beauty of the young creature, even the dignity of her in this outré situation getting hold of me, so that I was almost reverent when at last the rigidity of her imagelike figure began to relax, the pretty feet in their silk stockings and smart pumps appeared where they belonged, side by side on the edge of the planking, and she looked at us with eyes that slowly gathered their normal expression, and a smile of rare human sweetness.

"It is horrid to see—and I loathe doing it!" She shook her curly dark head like a punished child, and stayed a minute longer groping after gloves and hat. "I thought maybe I'd get the answer before you saw me—sitting up like a trained seal!"

"Like a mighty pretty little heathen idol, Bobs," Worth amended.

"Well, it's the only way I can really concentrate—effectively. But this is the first time I've done it since—since father died."

"And never again for me, if that's the way you feel about it."

Worth crossed quickly and stood beside her, looking down. She reached a hand to him; her eyes thanked him; but as he helped her to her feet I was struck by a poise and confidence that she seemed to have brought with her out of that strange state in which she had just been.

"Doesn't either of you want to hear the answer?" she asked. Then without waiting for reply she started for the scuttle and the ladder, bareheaded, carrying her hat. We found her once more adjusting turban and veil before the mirror of Clayte's dresser.

She faced round and announced, smiling steadily across at me, "Your man Clayte left this room while Mrs. Griggsby was kneeling almost on its threshold—left it by that window over there. He got to the roof by means of a rope and grappling hook. He tied the suitcase to the lower end of the rope, swung it out of the window, went up hand over hand, and pulled the suitcase up after him. That's the answer I got."

It was? Well, it was a beaut! Only Worth Gilbert, standing there giving the proceeding respectability by careful attention and a grave face, brought me down to asking with mild jocularity, "He did? He did all that? Well, please, ma'am, who locked the window after him?"

"He locked the window after himself."

"Oh, say!" I began in exasperation. Hadn't I just shown the impractical little creature that those locks couldn't be manipulated from outside?

"Wait. Examine carefully the wooden part of the upper sash, at the lock—again," she urged, but without making any movement to help. "You'll find what we overlooked before; the way he locked the sash from the outside."

I turned to the window and looked where she had said; nothing. I ran my fingers over the painted surface of the wood, outside, opposite the latch; and a queer chilly feeling went down my spine. I jerked out my knife, opened it and scraped at a tiny inequality.

(Continued on Page 76)

We Turned to Go, and Then Stopped, Both of Us Checked Instantly by What We Saw

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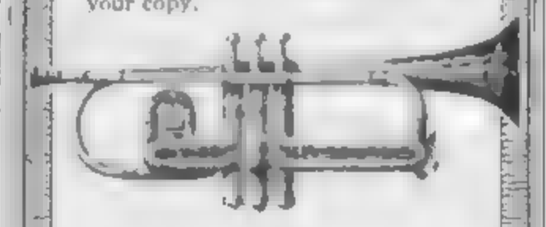

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(Continued from Page 73)

"There is—is something ——" I was beginning, when Worth crowded in at my side and pushed his broad shoulders out the window to get better view of my operations, then commanded, "Let me have that knife."

He took it from my fingers, dug with its blade, and suddenly from the inside I saw a tiny hole appear in the frame of the sash beside the lock hasp.

"Here we are!"

He brought his upper half back into the room and held up a wooden plug, painted—dipped in paint—the exact color of the sash. It had concealed a hole; pierced the wood from out to in.

"And she saw that in her trance," I murmured, gaping in amazement at the plug. I heard her catch her breath, and Worth scowled at me.

"Trance? What do you mean, Boyne? She doesn't go into a trance."

"That—that—whatever she does," I corrected rather helplessly.

"Never mind, Mr. Boyne," said the girl. "It isn't clairvoyance or anything like that, however it looks."

"But I wouldn't have believed any human eyes could have found that thing. I discovered it only by sense of touch—and that after you told me to hunt for it. You saw it when I was showing you the latch, did you?"

"Oh, I didn't see it." She shook her head. "I found it when I was sitting up there on the roof."

"Guessed at it?"

"I never guess!"—indignantly. "When I'd cleared my mind of everything else—had concentrated on just the facts that bore on what I wanted to know—how that man with the suitcase got out of the room and left it locked behind him—I deduced the hole in the sash by elimination."

"By elimination?" I echoed. "Show me."

"Simple as two and two," she assented. "Out of the door? No; Mrs. Griggsby. So, out of the window. Down? No; you told why; he would be seen. So, up. Ladder? No; too big for one man to handle or to hide. So, a rope."

"But the hole in the sash?"

"You showed me the only way to close that lock from the outside. There was no hole in the glass, so there must be in the sash. It was not visible—you had been all over it, and a man of your profession isn't a totally untrained observer—so the hole was plugged. I hadn't seen the plug, so it was concealed by paint."

I was trying to work a toothpick through the plug hole. She offered me a wire hairpin, straightened out, and with it I pushed the hasp into place from outside, saw the lever snap in to hold it fast. I had worked the catch as Clayte had worked it from outside.

"How did you know it was this window?" I asked, forced to agree that she had guessed right as to the sash lock. "There are two more here, either of which ——"

"No, please, Mr. Boyne. Look at the angle of the roof that cuts from view anyone climbing from this window—not from the others."

We were all leaning in the window now, sticking our heads out, looking down, looking up.

"I can't yet see how you get the rope and hook," I said. "Still seems to me that an outside man posted on the roof to help in the get-away is more likely."

"Maybe. I can't deal with things that are merely likely. It has to be a fact—or nothing—for my use. I know that there wasn't any second man because of the nicks Clayte's grappling hook has left in the cornice up there."

"Nicks!" I said, and stood like a bound boy at a husking, without a word to say for myself.

Of course in this impasse of the locked windows, my men and I had had some excuse for our superficial examination of the roof.

Yet that she should have seen what we had passed over—seen it out of the corner of her eye, and be laughing at me—was rather a dose to swallow. She'd got her hair and her hat and veil to her liking, and she prompted us

"So now you want to get right downstairs—don't you—and go up through that other building to its roof?"

I stared. She had my plan almost before I had made it.

At the St. Dunstan desk, where I returned the keys, little Miss Wallace had a question of her own to put to the clerk.

"How long ago was this building reroofed?" she asked with one of her dark, softly glowing smiles.

"Reroofed?" repeated the puzzled clerk, much more civil to her than he had been to me. "I don't know that it ever was. Certainly not in my time, and I've been here all of four years."

"Not in four years? You're sure?"

"Sure of that, yes, miss. But I can find exactly."

The fellow behind the desk was rising with an eagerness to be of service to her, when she cut him short with: "Thank you. Four years would be exact enough for my purpose."

And she followed a puzzled detective and, if I may guess, an equally wondering Worth Gilbert out into the street.

VII

THE neighbor to the south of the St. Dunstan was the Gold Nugget Hotel, a five-story brick building and not at all pretentious as a hostelry. I knew the place mildly, and my police training, even better than such acquaintance as I had with this particular dump, told me what it was. Through the windows we could see guests, Sunday papers littered about them, half-smoked cigars in their faces, and hats which had a general tendency to tilt over the right eye. And here suddenly I realized the difference between Miss Barbara Wallace, a scientist's daughter, and some feminine sleuth we might have had with us.

"Take her back to the St. Dunstan, Worth," I suggested. Then, as I saw they were both going to resist: "She can't go in here. I'll wait for you if you like."

"Don't know why we shouldn't let Bobs in on the fun, same as you and me, Jerry."

That was the way Worth put it. I took a side glance at his attitude in this affair—that he'd bought and was enjoying a four-hundred-thousand-dollar frolic, offering to share it with a friend; and saying no more, I wheeled and swung open the door for them.

The man at the desk looked at me, calling a quick, "Hello, Jerry—what's up?"

"Hello, Kite. How'd you come here?"

The Kite as a hotel man was a new one on me. Last I knew of him, he was in the business of making book at the Emeryville track; and I supposed—if I ever thought of him—that he'd followed the ponies south across the border. As I stepped close to the counter he spoke low, his look one of puzzled and somewhat anxious inquiry.

"Running straight, Jerry. You may ask the chief. What can I do for you?"

Rather glad of the luck that gave me an old acquaintance to deal with I told him, described Clayte, Worth and Miss Wallace standing by, listening; then asked if Kite had seen him pass through the hotel going out the previous day at some time round one o'clock carrying a brown sole-leather suitcase.

The readers of the Sunday papers who had been lured from their known standards of good manners into the sending of sundry interested glances in the direction of our sparkling girl took the cue from The Kite's scowl to bury themselves for good in the voluminous sheets they held, each attending strictly to his own business, as is the etiquette of places like the Gold Nugget.

"About one o'clock, you say?" Kite muttered, frowning, and twisted his head round and called down a back passage. "Louie! Oh, Louie!" And when an overalled porter, rather messy, shuffled to the desk, he put the low-toned query: "D'you see any stranger guy gripping a sole-leather shirt box snoop by out yestiddy, after one, thereabouts?"

And I added the information: "Medium height and weight, blue eyes, light brown hair, smooth face."

Louis looked at me dubiously.

"How big a guy?" he asked.

"Five feet seven or eight, weighs about a hundred and forty."

"Blue eyes, you say?"

"Light blue—gray blue."

"How was he tucked up?"

"Blue-serge suit, black shoes, black derby. Neat, quiet dresser."

Louie's eyes wandered over the guests in the office questioningly. I began to feel impatient. If there was any place in the city where my description of Clayte would differentiate him, make him noticeable by comparison, it was here. Neat, quiet dressers were not dotting this lobby.

"Might be Tim Foley?" he appealed to the Kite, who nodded gravely and chewed his short mustache. "Would he have a big scar on his left cheek?"

"He would not," I said shortly. "He wasn't a guest here, and you don't know him. Get this straight now: A stranger going through here, out; about one o'clock; carried a suitcase."

"Bulls after him?" Louie asked, and I turned away from him wearily.

"Kite," I said, "let me up to your roof."

"Sure, Jerry." Released, the porter went on to gather up a pile of discarded papers.

"Could he—the man I've described—come through here—through this office and neither you nor Louie see him?" I asked.

The Kite brought a box of cigars from under the counter with, "My treat, gentlemen. Naw, Jerry; sure not—not that kind of a guy. Louie'd 'a' spotted him. Most observing cuss I ever seen."

Miss Wallace, taking all this in, seemed amused. As I turned to lead to the elevator I found that again she wanted a question of her own answered.

"Mr. Kite," she began—and I grinned; Kite wasn't the Kite's surname or any part of his name—"who is the guest here with the upstairs room—on the top floor—has had the same room right along—for five or six years—but doesn't ——"

"Ease up, ma'am, please!" Kite's little eyes were popping; he dragged out a handkerchief and fumbled it round his forehead. "I've not been here for any five or six years—no, nor half that time. Since I've been here most of our custom is transient. Nobody don't keep no room five or six years in the Gold Nugget."

"Back up," I smiled a little at his excitement. "To my certain knowledge Steve Skeels has had a room here longer than that. Hasn't he been with you ever since the place was rebuilt after the earthquake?"

"Steve?" the Kite repeated. "I forgot him. Yeah—he keeps a little room up under the roof."

"Has he had it for as long as four years?" the young lady asked.

"Search me."

The Kite shook his head; but Louie, the overalled, piloting us the first stage of our journey in a rackety old elevator that he seemed to pull up by a cable, so slow it was, grumbled an assent to the same question when it was put to him, and confirmed my belief that Skeels came into the hotel as soon as it was rebuilt, and had kept the same room ever since.

Miss Wallace seemed interested in this; but all the time we were making the last lap, by an iron stairway, to that roof house we had seen from the top of the St. Dunstan; all the time Louie was unlocking the door there to let us out, instructing us to be sure to relock it and bring him the key, and to yell for him down the elevator shaft because the bell was busted—the quiet smile of Miss Barbara Wallace disturbed me. She followed where I led, but I had the irritating impression that she looked on at my movements, and Worth's as well, with the indulgent eye of a grown-up observing children at play.

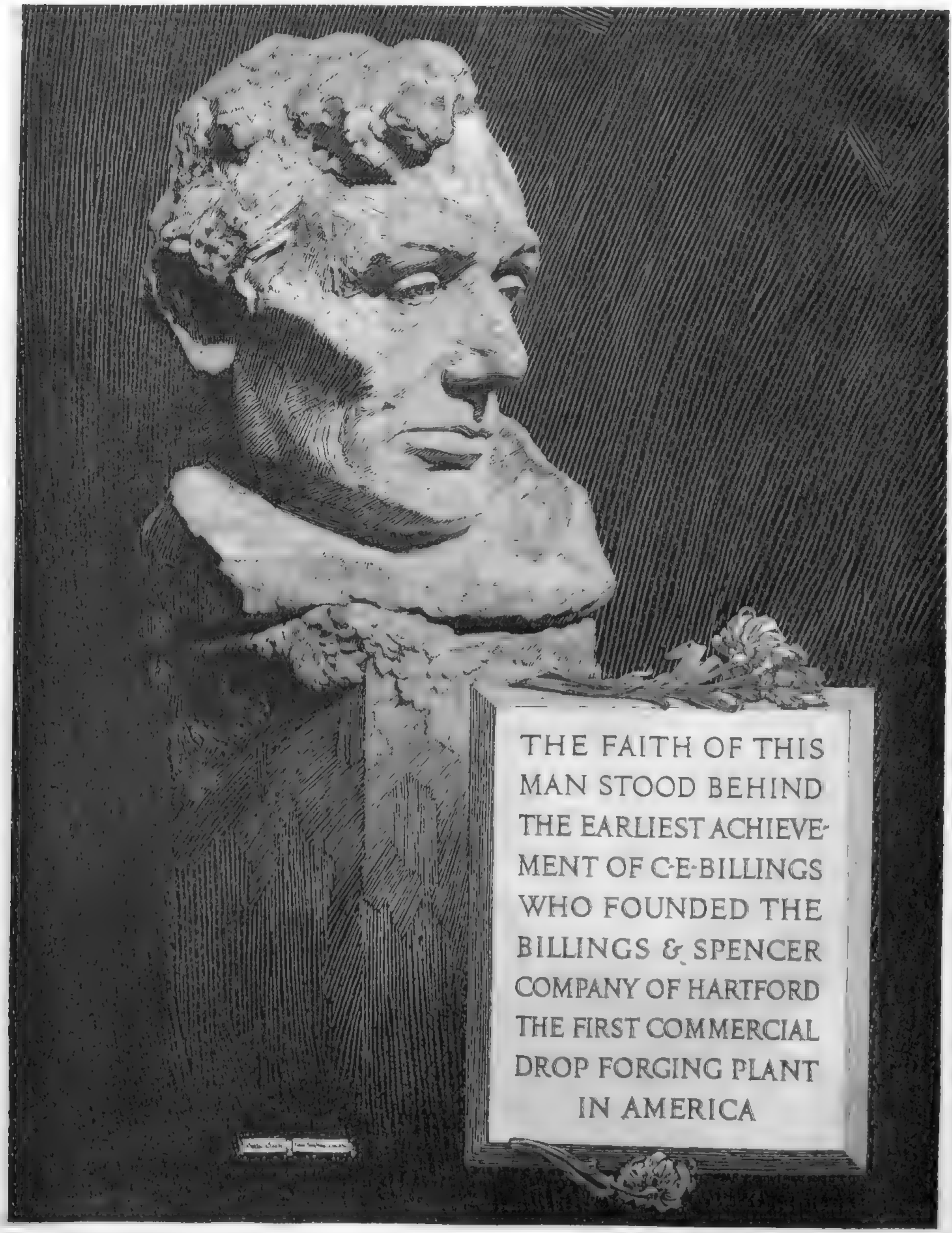
On the roof of the Gold Nugget we picked up the possible trail easily; Clayte hadn't needed to go through the building, or have a confederate staked out in a room here, to make a downward get-away. For here the fire escape came all the way up, curving over the coping to anchor into the wall, and it was a good iron stairway, with landings at each floor, and a handrail the entire length, its lower end in the alley between Powell and Mason streets. Looking at it I didn't doubt that it was used by the guests of the Gold Nugget at least half as much as the easier but more conspicuous front entrance. Therefore, a man seen on it would be no more likely to attract attention than he would in the elevator. I explained this to the others, but Worth had attacked a rack of old truck piled in the corner of the roof house, and paid little attention to me.

Miss Wallace nodded with her provoking smile and said, "Once—yes; no doubt you are exactly right. I wasn't looking for a way that a man might take once, under pressure of great necessity."

"Why not?" I countered. "If Clayte got away by this means yesterday—that'll do me."

"It might," she nodded, "if you could see it as a fact, without seeing a lot more. Such a man as Clayte was—a really wonderful man, you know"—the dimples were deep in the pink of her cheeks as she flashed a laughing look at me with this clawful—"a really wonderful man like Clayte," she repeated, "wouldn't have trusted to a

(Continued on Page 79)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(Continued from Page 78)

route he hadn't known and proved for a long time."

"That's theory," I smiled. "I take my hat off to you, Miss Wallace, when it comes to observing and deducing, but I'm afraid your theorizing is weak."

"I never theorize," she reminded me. "All I deal with is facts."

She had perched herself on an overturned box, and was watching Worth sort junk. I leaned against the roof house, pushed Kite's donated cigar, unlighted, into a corner of my mouth and stared at her.

"Miss Wallace," I said sharply, "what's this Steve Skeels stuff? What's this reroofing stuff? What's the dope you think you have, and you think I haven't? Tell us, and we'll not waste time. Tell us, and we'll get ahead on this case. Worth, let that rubbish alone. Nothing there for us. Come here and listen."

For all answer he straightened up, looked at us without a word—and went to it again. I turned to the girl.

"Worth doesn't need to listen to me, Mr. Boyne," she said serenely. "He already has full faith in me and my methods."

"Methods be—be blowed!" I exploded. "It's results that count, and you've produced. I'm willing to hand it to you. All we know now we got from you. Beside you I'm a thick-headed blunderer. Let me in on how you get things and I won't be so hard to convince."

"Indeed, you aren't a blunderer!" she said warmly. "You do a lot better than most people at observing." High praise that, for a detective more than twenty years in the business; but she meant to be complimentary. "I'm glad to tell you my processes. How much time do you want to give to it?"

"Not a minute more than will get what you know." And she began with a rush.

"Those dents in the coping at the St. Dunstan, above Clayte's window—I asked the clerk there how long since the building had been reroofed because there were nicks made by that hook and half filled with tar that had been slushed up against the coping and into the lowest dents. You see what that means?"

"That Clayte—or some accomplice of his—had been using the route more than four years ago. Yes."

"And the other scars were made at varying times, showing me that coming over here from there was quite a regular thing."

"At that rate he would have nicked the coping until it would have looked like a huck towel," I objected. .

"A huck towel," she gravely adopted my word. "But he was a man who did everything he did several different ways. That was his habit—a sort of disguise. That's why he was shadowy and hard to describe. Sometimes he came up to the St. Dunstan roof just as we did; and once, a good while ago, there were cleats on that wall there so he could climb down here without the rope. They have been taken away some time, and the places where they were are weathered over so you would hardly notice them."

"Right you are," I said feelingly. "I'd hardly notice them. If I could notice things as you do—fame and fortune for me!" I thought the matter over for a minute. "That lodger on the top floor, Steve Skeels," I debated. "A poor bet. Yet—after all, he might have been a member of the gang, though somehow I don't get the hunch ——"

"What sort of looking person was this man Skeels?" she asked.

"Quiet fellow. Dressed like a church deacon. 'Silent Steve,' they call him. I'll send for him downstairs and let you give him the once-over if you like."

"Oh, that's not the kind of man I'm looking for." She shook her head. "My man would be more like those down there in the easy-chairs—so he wasn't noticed in the elevator or when he passed out through the office."

"Wasn't it cute of him?" I grinned "But you see we've just heard that he didn't take the elevator and go through the office Saturday, anyhow, which is the only time that really counts for us, the time when he carried that suitcase with a fortune in it."

"But he did!" she persisted. "He went that way. He walked out the front door and carried away the suitcase."

"He didn't!" Worth shouted, and began throwing things behind him like a terrier in a wood rat's burrow.

Derelict stuff of all sorts; empty boxes, pasteboard cartons, part of an old trunk, he hurtled them into a heap, and dragged out a square something in a gunny sack. As he jerked to clear it from the sacking I glanced at little Miss Wallace. She wasn't getting any pleasurable kick out of the situation. Her eyes seemed to go wider open with a sort of horror, her face paled as she dropped in on herself, sitting there on the box. Then Worth held up his find in triumph, assuming a famous attitude.

"The world is mine!" he cried.

"Maybe 'tis, maybe 'tisn't," I said, and ran across to look at the thing close.

Sure enough, he'd dug up a respectable brown sole-leather suitcase with brass trimmings, such as a bank clerk might have carried, suspiciously much too good to have been thrown out here. Could it be that the thieves had indeed met in one of the Gold Nugget's rooms or in the roof house up here, made their divvy, split the swag, and thus clumsily disposed of the container? At the moment, Worth tore knuckles and latches free, yanked the thing open, reversed it in air—and out fell a coiled rope that curved itself like a snake—a three-headed snake; the triple grappling iron at its end standing up as though to hiss.

We all stood staring; I was too stunned to be triumphant. What a pat confirmation of Miss Wallace's deductions! I turned to congratulate her and at the same instant Worth cried, "What's the matter, Bobs?" for the girl was sitting, staring dejectedly, her chin cupped in her palms, her lips quivering. Nonplused, I stooped over the rope and suitcase, couling up the one, putting it in the other—this first bit of tangible, palpable evidence we'd lighted on.

"Let's get out of this," I said quickly. "We've done all we can here—and good and plenty it is too."

Worth took the suitcase out of my hands and carried it, so that I had to help Miss Wallace down the ladder. She still looked as though she'd lost her last friend. I couldn't make her out.

Never a word from her while we were getting down, or while they waited and I shouted for Louie.

It was in the elevator, with the porter looking at everything on earth but this suitcase we hadn't brought in and were taking out, that she said, hardly above her breath, "Shall you ask at the desk if this ever belonged to anyone in the house?"

"Find out here—right now." And I turned to the man in overalls with "How about it?"

"Not that your answer will make any difference," Worth cut in joyously. "Nobody need get the idea that they can take this suitcase away from me—'cause they can't. It's mine. I paid four hundred thousand dollars for this box; and I've got a use for it." He chuckled. Louie regarded him with uncomprehending toleration—queer doings were the order of the day at the Gold Nugget—and allowed negligently: "You'll get to keep it. It don't belong here." Then, as a coin changed hands: "Thank you!"

"But didn't it ever belong here?" our girl persisted forlornly, and when Louie failed her, jingling Worth's tip in his calloused palm, she wanted the women asked, and we had a frowsy chambermaid called who denied any acquaintance with our sole-leather discovery, insisting, upon definite inquiry, that she had never seen it in Skeels' room, or any other room of her domain. Little Miss Wallace sighed and dropped the subject.

As we stepped out of the elevator, I behind the others, Kite caught my attention with a low whistle, and in response to a furtive, beckoning, backward jerk of his head I moved over to the desk. The reading gentlemen in the easy-chairs, most consciously unconscious of us, sent blue smoke circles above their papers. Kite leaned far over to get his mustache closer to my ear.

"You ast me about Steve," he whispered.

"Yeah," I agreed, and glanced round for Barbara, to tell her here was a chance to meet the gentleman she had so cleverly deduced. But she and Worth were already getting through the door, he still clinging to the suitcase, she trailing along with that expression of defeat. "I'm sort of looking up Steve. And you don't want to tip him off—see?"

"Couldn't if I wanted to, Jerry." The Kite came down on his heels, but continued to whisper hoarsely. "Steve's bolted."

"What?"

"Bolted," The Kite repeated. "Hopped the twig. Jumped the town."

"You mean he's not in his room?" I reached for a match in the metal holder, scratched it, and lit my cigar.

"I mean he's jumped the town," The Kite repeated. "You got me nervous asking for him that way. While you was on the roof I took a squint round and found he was gone—with his hand baggage. That means he's gone outa town."

"Not if the suitcase you squinted for was a brown sole-leather ——" I was beginning, but The Kite cut in on me.

"I seen that one you had. That wasn't it. His was a brand-new one, black and shiny."

Suddenly I couldn't taste my cigar at all.

"Know what time to-day he left here?" I asked.

"It wasn't to-day. 'Twas yestiddy. About one o'clock."

As I plunged for the door I was conscious of his hoarse whisper following me: "What's Steve done? What d'ye want him for?"

I catapulted across the sidewalk and into the machine.

"Get me to my office as fast as you can, Worth!" I exclaimed. "Hit Bush Street—and rush it."

VIII

AFTER we were in the machine my head was so full of the matter in hand that Worth had driven some little distance before I realized that the young people were debating across me as to which place we should go first, Barbara complaining that she was hungry, while Worth, ungallantly eager to give his own affairs immediate attention, argued, "You said the dining room out at your diggings would be closed by this time. Why not let me take you down to the Palace, along with Jerry, have this suitcase safely locked up, and we can all lunch together and get ahead with our talk?"

"Drive to the office, Worth," I cut in ahead of Barbara's objections to this plan. "I ought to be there this minute. We'll have a tray in from a little joint that feeds me when I'm too busy to go out for grub."

I took them straight into my private office at the end of the suite.

"Make yourself comfortable," I said to Miss Wallace. "Better let me lock up that suitcase, Worth; stick it in the vault. That's evidence."

"I'll hang onto it." He grinned. "You may keep the rope and hook. This has got another use before it can be evidence."

Not even delaying to remove my coat I laid a heavy finger on the buzzer button for Roberts, my secretary; then, as nothing resulted, I played music on the other signal tips beneath the desk lid. It was Sunday, also luncheon hour, but there must be someone about the place. It never was left entirely empty.

My fugue work brought little Pete, and Murray, one of the men from the operatives' room.

"Where's Roberts?" I asked the latter.

"He went to lunch, Mr. Boyne."

"Where's Foster?" Foster was chief operative.

"He telephoned in from Redwood City half an hour ago. Chasing a Clayte clew down the peninsula."

"If he calls up again tell him to report in at once. Is there a stenographer about?"

"Not a one; Sunday, you know."

"Can you take dictation?"

"Me? Why, no, sir."

"Then dig me somebody who can. And rush it. I've ——"

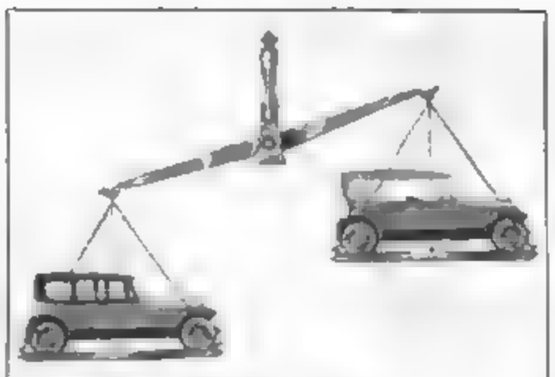
"Perhaps I might help." It was little Miss Wallace who spoke; about the first cheerful word I'd heard out of her since we found that suitcase on the roof of the Gold Nugget. "I can take on the machine fairly."

"Fine!" I tossed my coat on the big center table. "Murray, send Roberts to me as soon as he comes in. You take Number Two trunk line, and find two of the staff—quick; any two. Shoot them to the Gold Nugget Hotel." I explained the situation in a word. Then, as he was closing the door: "Keep off Number One trunk, Murray; I'll be using that line." And I turned to little Pete.

"Get lunch for three," I said, handing him a bill. From his first glance at Barbara one could have seen that the monkey was hers truly, as they say at the end of letters. I knew as he bolted out that he felt something very special ought to be dug up for such a visitor.

The girl had shed coat and hat and was already fingering the keys of the typewriter, trying their touch. I saw at once

(Continued on Page 81)



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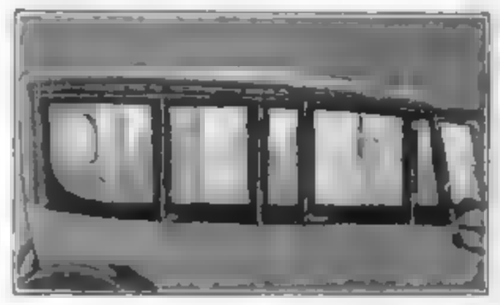

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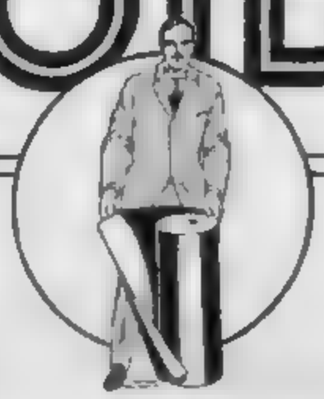


SHINGLES ROLL ROOFINGS BUILT-UP ROOFS BUILDING PAPERS
FELTS PAINTS VARNISHES PLASTICS

(Continued from Page 79)

she knew her business, and I turned to the work at hand with satisfaction.

"You'll find telegram blanks there somewhere," I instructed. "Get as many in for manifold copies as you can make readable. The long form. Worth ——"

I looked round, to find that my other amateur assistant was following my advice, stowing his precious suitcase in the vault; and it struck me that he couldn't have been more tickled with the find if the thing had contained all the money and securities instead of that rope and hook.

He had made the latter into a separate package, and now looked up at me with "Want this in here, too, Jerry?"

"I do. Lock them both up, and come take the telephone at the table there. Press down Number One button. Then call every taxi stand in the city—find their numbers at the back of the telephone directory—and ask if they picked up Silent Steve at or near the Gold Nugget yesterday afternoon about one; Steve Skeels—or any other man. If so, where'd they take him? Get me?"

"All hunk, Jerry." He came briskly to the job. I returned to Miss Wallace with "Ready, Barbara?"

"Yes, Mr. Boyne."

"Take dictation: 'We offer five hundred dollars ——' You authorize that, Worth?"

"Sure. What's it for?"

"Never mind. You keep at your job. 'Five hundred dollars for the arrest of Silent Steve Skeels ——' Wait. Make that 'arrest or detention.' Got it?"

"All right, Mr. Boyne."

—— "'Skeels, gambler, who left San Francisco about one in the afternoon yesterday, March sixth. Presumed he went by train; maybe by auto. He is man thirty-eight to forty; five feet seven or eight; weighs about one hundred forty. Hair, light brown; eyes light blue ——' Make it 'gray-blue,' Barbara."

Worth glanced up from where he was jotting down telephone numbers to drawl "You know who you're describing there?"

"Yes—Steve Skeels."

I saw Miss Wallace give him a quick look, a little shake of her head, as she said to me, "Go on—please, Mr. Boyne."

"'Hair parted high, smoothed down; appears of slight build, but is well muscled. Neat dresser, quiet, usually wears blue-serge suit, black derby hat, black shoes.'"

"By golly—you see it now yourself, don't you, Jerry?"

"I see that you're holding up work," I said impatiently.

And now it was the quiet girl who came in with "Who gave you this description of Steve Skeels? I mean, how many people's observation of the man does this represent?"

"One. My own," I jerked out. "I know Skeels; have known him for years."

"Years? How many?" It was still the girl asking.

"Since 1907—or thereabouts."

"Was he always a gambler?" she wanted to know.

"Always. Ran a joint on Fillmore Street after the big earthquake, and before San Francisco came back downtown."

"A gambler." She spoke the word just above her breath, as though trying it out with herself. "A man who took big chances—risks."

"Not Steve." I smiled at her earnestness. "Steve was never anything but a piker always—a tin-horn gambler. Hid away from the police instead of doing business with them. Take a chance? Not Steve!"

Worth had left the telephone and was leaning over her shoulder to read what she had typed.

"Exactly and precisely," he said; "the same words you had in that other fool description of him."

"Of whom?"

"Clayte."

Worth let me have the one word straight between the eyes, and I leaned back in my chair, the breath almost knocked out of me by it. With an effort I pulled myself together and turned to the girl:

"Take dictation, please: 'Skeels' eyes are wide apart, rather small but keen ——'"

And for the next few minutes I was making words mean something, drawing a picture of the Skeels I knew, so that others could visualize him. And it brought me a word of commendation from Miss Wallace, and made Worth exclaim: "Sounds more like Clayte than Clayte himself. You've put flesh on those bones, Jerry."

"You keep busy at that phone and help land him!" I growled. "Finish, please: 'Wire information to me. I hold warrant. Jeremiah Boyne, Bankers' Security Agency.' That's all."

The girl pulled the sheets from the machine and sorted them while I was stabbing the buzzer. Roberts answered, breezing in with an apology which I nipped.

"Never mind that! Get this telegram on the wires to each of our corresponding agencies as far east as Ogden and Denver. Has Murray got in touch with Foster?"

"Not yet. Young and Stroud are outside."

"Send them to bring in Steve Skeels," I ordered. "Description on the telegram there. Any word, Worth?"

"Nothing yet." Worth was calling one after another of the taxi offices. Little Pete came in with a tray.

"All right, Worth," I said. "Turn that job over to Roberts. Here's where we eat."

The kid's idea of catering for Barbara was club sandwiches and pie à la mode. It wouldn't have been mine; but I was glad to see he'd guessed right. The youngsters fell to with an appetite. For myself, I ate, the receiver at my ear, talking between bites. San José, Stockton, Santa Rosa—in all the near-by towns of size, I placed the dragnet out for Silent Steve, tin-horn gambler.

They talked as they lunched. I didn't pay any attention to what they said now; my mind was racing at the new idea Worth had given me. So far, I had been running Skeels down as one of the same gang with Clayte; the man on the roof; the go-between for the get-away. My supposition was that when the suitcase was emptied for division, Skeels, being left to dispose of the container, had stuck it where we found it. But what if the thing worked another way? What if the whole half million which came to the Gold Nugget roof in the brown sole-leather case walked out of its front door in the new black shiny carrier of Skeels the gambler?

Could that be worked? A gambler at night, a bank employee by day? Why not? Improbable; but not impossible.

"I believe you said a mouthful, Worth," I broke in on the two at their lunch. "And tell me, girl, how did you get the idea of walking up to the desk at the Gold Nugget and demanding Steve Skeels from The Kite?"

"I didn't demand Steve Skeels," she reminded me rather plaintively. "I didn't want—him."

"What did you want?"

"A room that had been lived in."

She didn't need to add a word to that. I got her in the instant. That examination of hers in Clayte's room at the St. Dunstan; the crisp, new-looking bedding, the unworn velvet of the chair cushions; the faded nap of the carpet, quite perfect, while that in the hall had just been renewed. Even had the room been done over recently—and I knew it had not—there was no getting round the total absence of photographs, pictures, books, magazines, newspapers, old letters, the lack of all the half-worn stuff that collects about an occupied apartment. No pin holes or defacements on the walls, none of the litter that accumulates. The girl was right; that room hadn't been lived in.

"Beautiful!" I said in honest admiration. "It's a pleasure to see a mind like yours, and such powers of observation, in action, clocking out results like a perfectly adjusted machine. Clayte didn't live in his room because he lived with the gang all his glorious outside hours. There was where the poor rabbit of a bank clerk got his fling."

"'Oh, yes, it works logically. He held himself down to Clayte at the St. Dunstan and in the bank, and he let himself go to—what? Outside of it, beyond it, where he really lived?"

"He let himself go to Steve Skeels—won't that do you?"

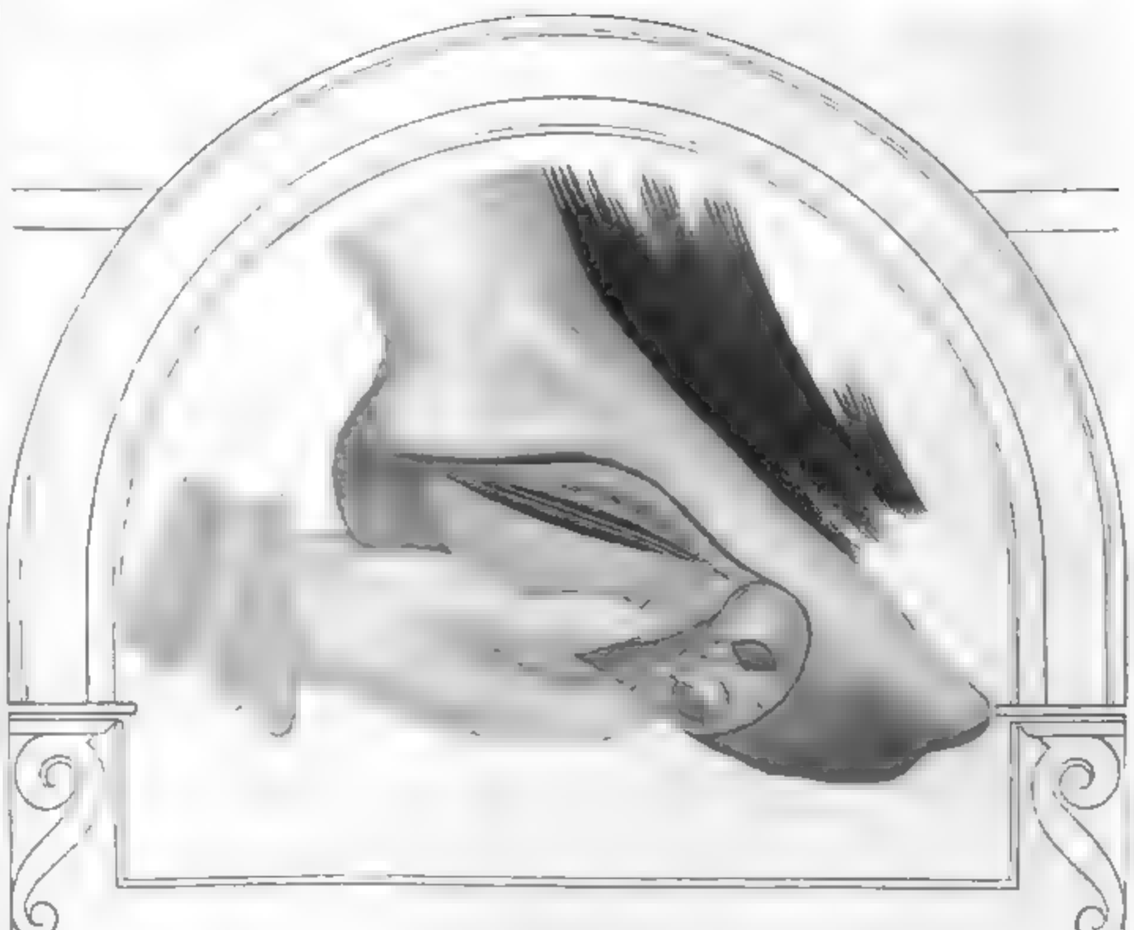
"No," she said so positively that it was annoying. "That won't do me at all."

"But it's what you got," I reminded her rather unkindly; and then was sorry I'd done it. "It's what you got for me—and I thank you for it."

"You needn't," she came back at me—spunky little thing. "It isn't worth thanking anybody for. It's only a partial fact."

"And you think half truths are dangerous?" I smiled at her.

"There isn't any such thing," she instructed me. "Even facts can hardly be split into fractions; the truth is always whole and complete."



Removing callouses by taking off the pressure

Callouses on the sole are caused by pressure from one or more of the bones which form the ball of the foot becoming lower than those on either side of it.

Bones in this exposed condition are forced to bear more weight than nature intended. To prevent it from forcing through, nature thickens the flesh beneath the bone by forming a callous. To further protect you, nature makes these callouses sensitive so that you will step on the lowered bone more carefully.

Complete relief from your callouses comes when you support the lowered bone in normal position with a Wizard Adjustable Arch Builder and Callous Reliever.

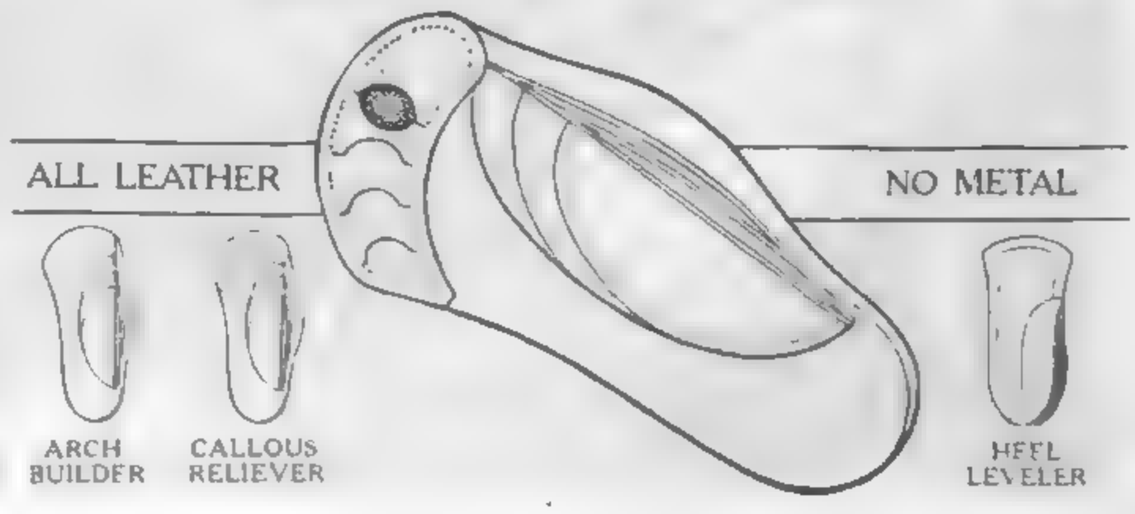
Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be placed in exactly the right spot to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Callous Relievers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1752 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 810 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT

ARCH BUILDERS



A belt must endure unusual usage. To keep its looks, and give long service, it must be specially shaped as is the Braxton.

How long should a Man's Belt last?

Six months? A year? Two years? Three years?

A year's wear from the general run of belts used to be thought good service.

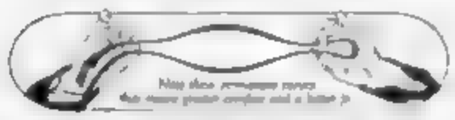
But men who buy Braxtons expect three or four years' wear—and get it.

This is because the Braxton is a belt that's built differently—a belt that's specially reinforced and shaped at the hips for comfort, and for style. It can't sag, curl or get out of shape. It keeps its fine looks always.

And in this belt, too, there's an individual quality of leather, finish, and workmanship that goes with correct dress.

You'll find Braxtons in the most select leathers, at all the better men's shops. Buckle on your Braxton today.

The Perkins-Campbell Co., Cincinnati, O.



BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED

"As far as you see it," I amended. "For instance, you insist on keeping the gang all under Clayte's hat—or you did at first. Now you're refusing to believe, as both Worth and I believe, that Steve Skeels is Clayte himself. I should think you'd jump at the idea. Here's your wonder man."

She leaned back in her chair and laughed. I was glad to hear the sound again, see the dimples flicker in her cheeks, even if she was laughing at me.

"A wonderful wonder man, Mr. Boyne," she said. "One who does things so bunglingly that you can follow him right up and put your hand on him."

"Not so I could," I reminded her gayly. "So you could. Quite a different matter."

She took my compliment sweetly, but she said with smiling reluctance, "I'm not in this, of course, except that your kindness allowed me to be for this day only. But if I were, I shouldn't be following Skeels as you are. I'd still be after Clayte."

"It foots up to the same thing," I said rather tartly.

"Oh, does it?" she laughed at me. "Two and two are making about three and a half this afternoon, are they?"

"What we've got to-day ought to land something," I maintained. "You've been fine help, Barbara ——"

And I broke off suddenly with the knowledge that I'd been calling her that all through the rush of the work.

"Thank you."

She smiled inclusively. I knew she meant my use of her name as well as my commendation. I began clearing my desk preparatory to leaving. Worth was going to take her home, and as he brought her coat he spoke again of the suitcase.

"Hey, there!" I remonstrated. "You don't want to be lugging that thing with you everywhere, like a three-year-old kid that's found a dead cat. Leave it where it is."

"Give me an order for it then," he said. And when I looked surprised: "Might need that box, and you not be in the office."

"Need it?" I grumbled. "I'd like to know what for."

But I scribbled the order. Over by the window the young people were talking together earnestly; they made a picture against the light, standing close, the girl's vivid dark face raised, the lad's tall head bent, attentive.

"But, Bobs, you must get some time to play about," I heard Worth say.

"Awfully little." Her look up at him was like that of a wistful child.

"You said you were in the accounting department," he urged impatiently. "A lightning calculator like you could put that stuff through in about one-tenth of the usual time."

"I use an adding machine," she half whispered, and it made me chuckle.

"An adding machine!" Worth exploded in a peal of laughter. "For Barbara Wallace! What's their idea?"

"It isn't their idea; it's mine," with dignity. "They don't know that I used to be a freak mathematician. I don't want them to. Father used to say that all children could be trained to do all that I did—if you took them young enough. But till they are, I'd rather not be. It's horrid to be different; and I'm keeping it to myself—in the office, anyhow—and living my past down the best I can."

As though her words had suggested it, Worth spoke again: "Where did you meet Cummings? Seems you find time to go out with him."

"I've known Mr. Cummings for years." Barbara spoke quietly, but she looked self-conscious. "I knew he was with those friends of mine at the Orpheum last night, but I didn't expect him to call for me at Tait's—or rather I thought they'd all come in after me. There wasn't anything special about it—no special appointment with him, I mean."

I had forgotten them for a minute or two, closing my desk, finding my coat, when I heard someone come into the outer office, a visitor, for little Pete's voice went up to a shrill yap with the information that I was busy. Then the knob turned, the door opened, and there stood Cummings. At first he saw only me at the desk.

"Your friend calling for you again, Bobs—by appointment?" Worth's question drew the lawyer's glance, and he stared at them, apparently a good deal taken aback, while Worth added: "Seems to keep pretty close tab on your movements." The low tone might have been considered joking, but there was war in the boy's eye.

It was as though Cummings answered the challenge, rather than opened with what he had intended.

"My business is with you, Gilbert." He came in and shut the door behind him, leaving his hand on the knob. "And I've been some time finding you."

He stopped there, and was so long about getting anything else out that Worth finally suggested, "The money?" And when there was no reply but a surprised look: "How do you stand now?"

"Still seventy-two thousand to raise." Cummings spoke vaguely. This was not what brought him to the office. He finished with the abrupt question: "Were you at Santa Ysobel last night?"

"Hold on, Cummings," I broke in. "What you got? Let us ——"

I was shut off there by Worth's "It's Sunday afternoon. I want that money to-morrow morning. You've not come through? You've not dug up what I sent you after?"

I could see that the lawyer was absolutely nonplused. Again he gave Worth one of those queer, probing looks before he said doggedly: "The question of that money can wait."

"It can't wait!" Worth's eyes began to light up. "What you talking, Cummings—an extension?" And when the lawyer made no answer to this: "I'll not crawl in with a broken leg asking favors of that bank crowd. Are you quitting on me? If so, say it—and I'll find a way to raise the sum myself."

"I've raised all but seventy-two thousand of the necessary amount," said Cummings slowly. "What I want to know is: How much have you raised?"

"See here, Cummings," again I mixed in. "I was present when that arrangement was made. Nothing was said about Worth raising any money."

Cummings barely glanced round at me as he said, "I made a suggestion to him; in your presence, as you say, Boyne. I want to know if he carried it out." Then, giving his full attention to Worth: "Did you see your father last night?"

On instinct I blurted, "For heaven's sake, keep your mouth shut, Worth!"

For a detective that certainly was an incautious speech.

Cummings' eye flared suspicion at me, and his voice was a menace.

"You keep out of this, Boyne."

"You tell what's up your sleeve, Cummings," I countered. "This is no witness-stand cross-examination. What you got?"

But Worth answered for him, hotly: "If Cummings hasn't seventy-two thousand dollars I commissioned him to raise for me I don't care what he's got."

"And you didn't go to your father for it last night?" Cummings returned to his question. He had moved close to the boy. Barbara stood just where she was when the door opened. Neither paid any attention to her.

But she looked at the two men, drawn up with glances clinched, and spoke out suddenly in her clear young voice, as though there was no row on hand, "Worth was with me last night, you know, Mr. Cummings."

"I seem to have noticed something of the sort," Cummings said with labored sarcasm. "And he'd been with that wedding party earlier in the evening, I suppose."

"With me till Miss Wallace came in." Worth's natural disposition to disoblige the lawyer could be depended on to keep from Cummings whatever information he wanted before giving us his own news. "What you got, Cummings?" I prompted again impatiently. "Come through."

His eyes never shifted an instant from Worth Gilbert's face.

"A telegram—from Santa Ysobel," he said slowly.

Worth shrugged and half turned away. "I'm not interested in your telegram, Cummings."

Instantly I saw what the boy thought—that the other had taken it on himself to apply for the money to Thomas Gilbert, and had been turned down.

"Not interested?" Cummings repeated in that dry, lawyer voice that speaks from the teeth out; on the mere tone I braced for something nasty. "I think you are. My telegram's from the coroner."

Silence after that; Worth obstinately mute; Barbara and I afraid to ask. There was a little tremor of Cummings' nostril, he couldn't keep the flicker out of his eye as he said, staring straight at Worth: "It states that your father shot himself last night. The body wasn't discovered till late this morning, in his study."

IX

OF ALL unexpected things, I went down to Santa Ysobel with Worth Gilbert. It happened this way: Cummings, one of those individuals on whose tombstones may truthfully be put, "Born a man—and died a lawyer," seemed rather taken aback at the effect of the blow he'd launched. If he was after information I can't think he learned much in the moment while Worth stood regarding him with an unreadable eye.

There was only a little grimmer tightening of the jaw muscle, something bleak and robbed in the glance of the eye; the face of one, it seemed to me, who grieved the more because he was denied real sorrow for his loss, and Worth had tramped to the window and stood with his back to us, putting the thing over in his silent, fighting fashion, speaking to none of us.

It was when Barbara followed, took hold of his sleeve and began half whispering up into his face that Cummings jerked up his hat from the table where he had thrown it and snapped, "Boyne—can I have a few minutes of your time?"

"Jerry," Worth's voice halted me at the door, "leave that card—an order—for me. For the suitcase."

Cummings was ahead of me, and he turned back to listen, but I crowded him along and was pretty hot when I faced him in the outer office to demand, "What kind of a deal do you call this—ripping in here to throw this thing at the boy in such a way? What is your idea? What you trying to put over?"

"Go easy, Boyne." Cummings chewed his words a little before he let them out. "There's something queer in this business. I intend to know what it is."

"Queer," I repeated his word. "If the lawyers and the detectives get to running down all the queer things—that don't concern them a little bit—the world won't have any more peace."

"All right, if you say it doesn't concern you," Cummings threw me overboard with relief, I thought. "It does concern me. When I couldn't get—him"—a jerk of the head indicated that the pronoun stood for Worth—"at the Palace, found he'd been out all day and left no word at the desk when he expected to be in, I took my telegram to Knapp, and then to Whipple. They were flabbergasted."

"The bank crowd," I said. "Now why did you run to them? On account of Worth's engagement with them to-morrow morning? Wasn't that exceeding your orders? You saw that he intends to mee it, in spite of this."

"Why not because of this?" Cummings demanded sharply. "He's in better shape to meet it now his father's dead. He's the only heir. That's the first thing Knapp and Whipple spoke of—and I saw them separately."

"Can that stuff. What do you think you're hinting at?"

"Something queer," he repeated his phrase. "Wake up, Boyne. Knapp and Whipple both saw Thomas Gilbert a little before noon yesterday. He was in the bank for the final transfer of the Hanford interests. They'd as soon have thought of my committing suicide that night—or your doing it. They swear there was nothing in his manner or bearing to suggest such a state of mind, and everything in the business he was engaged on to suggest that he expected to live out his days like any man."

I thought very little of this; it is common in cases of suicide for family, friends or business associates to talk in exactly this way, to believe it, and yet for the deep-seated moving cause to be easily discovered by an unprejudiced outsider. I said as much to Cummings. And while I spoke we could hear a murmur of young voices from the inner room.

"Damn it all," the lawyer's irritation spurted out suddenly, "with a cub like that for a son I'd say the reason wasn't far to seek. Better keep your eye peeled round that young man, Boyne."

"I will," I agreed, and he took his departure. I turned back into the private room.

"Worth"—I put it quietly—"what say I go to Santa Ysobel with you? You could bring me back Monday morning."

He agreed at once, silently but thankfully, I thought. Barbara, listening, proposed half timidly to go with us, staying

(Continued on Page 85)

Make It Your Preferred Pie
For its Flavor and Nutrition

RAISIN pie—*real* raisin pie—is in a class alone for flavor and nutrition, so it's the *great dessert* for a light noon-day lunch.

The raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound, the finest kind of fuel for an afternoon's hard work.

Iron, too—*natural* iron, the kind that's most easily assimilated in the blood.

Makes red corpuscles, the stuff that health itself is made of.

It's a *man's* pie—raisin pie! If your restaurant, lunch room, cafeteria or hotel doesn't serve it often, tell them *you* want it for *your* lunch frequently.

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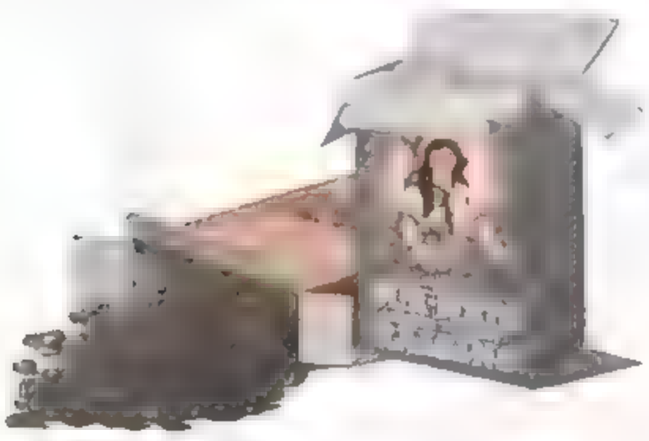
Ask for *California Raisin Pie*, made with Sun-Maid Raisins, plump, tender, juicy, luscious fruit-meats, sun-cured California table grapes. These grapes are too delicate to ship fresh. They make the finest raisins grown.

Ask your wife to use them for all home cooking purposes—in cakes, pies, puddings, breakfast foods and in scores of other ways. Ask her to send for free book giving delicious recipes for healthful raisin foods.

Sun-Maid Raisins are sold by all dealers. Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*, Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*.



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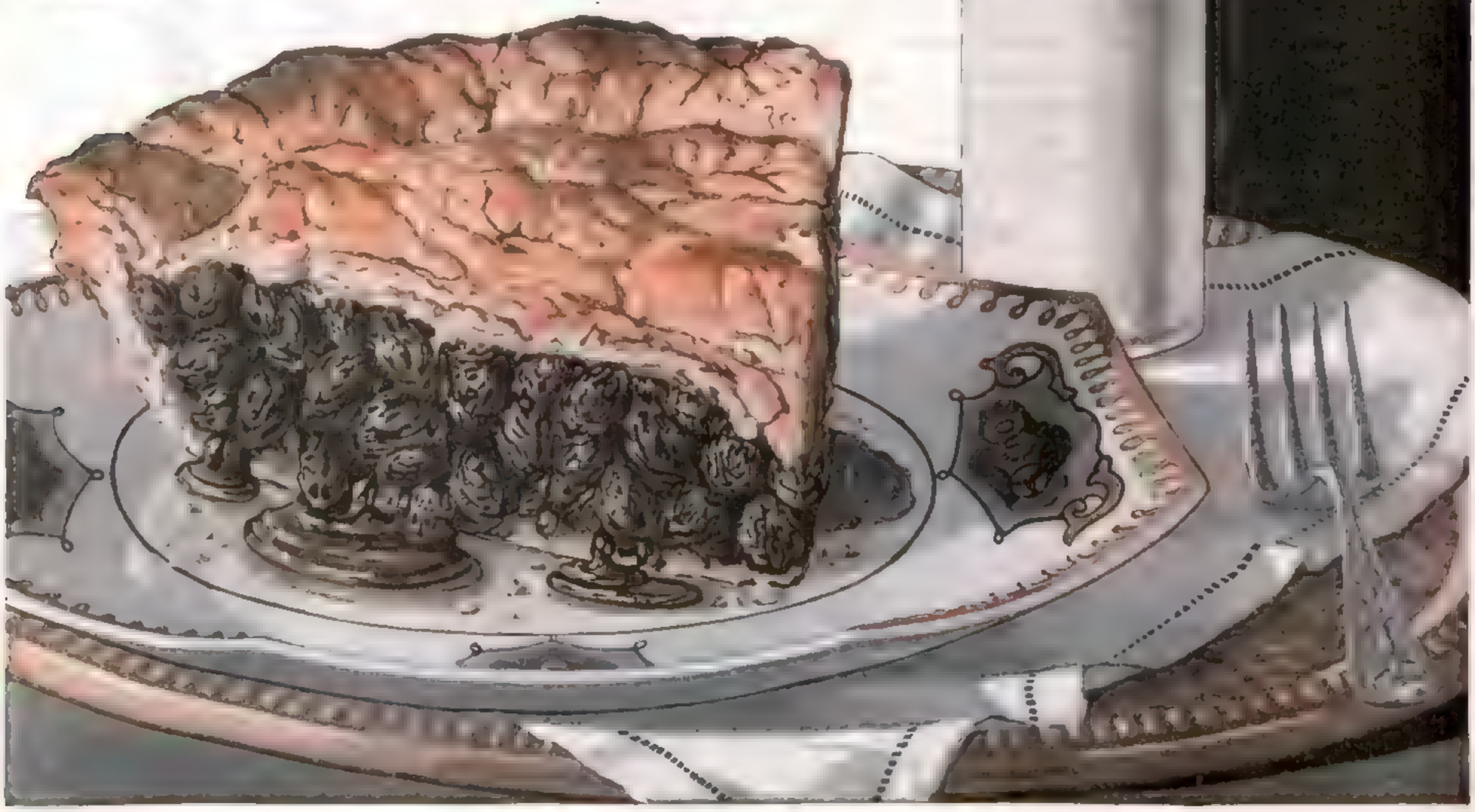

Will your furnace scoop last through the winter?

It's hard enough to make your coal last through the winter without letting a crippled coal scoop add to your worries.

Yet in thousands of homes today worried taxpayers are trying to get through the winter with coal scoops whose blades are worn short or unevenly, dull, frayed or bent; whose handles are splintered or broken.

For three dollars you can get a furnace scoop that will last for years and be in as good condition at the end of each winter as it was when you gave it its first load to carry. Red Edge furnace scoops give you one less thing to worry about. They penetrate the coal pile easily and don't waste your time and patience in trying to push the blade all the way through. They withdraw with a full load and save you coal by spreading it evenly in the fire-box.

They are made to fit the furnace door. All the coal goes into the furnace—not half of it on the cellar floor. They don't show at all the abrasion of the coal, the cement floor or the cast-iron furnace.

They are the strongest and longest-lived scoops that can be made, because their blades are rolled from Chrome-Nickel steel and attached to handles made in our own factory from second growth Northern White Ash. The blades, after special heat-treatment, become as hard as tool steel and as tough as spring steel.

Each completed scoop must pass three severe tests before it can receive the Red Edge trade mark. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test for determining the hardness of the steel.)

These are the same materials and the same methods used in making Red Edge shovels, which have won fame with great railway systems, mines, contractors and large industries.

For many years the heavy orders of the big users required practically the entire output of Red Edge products. A short time ago, however, we enlarged our factory and the new plant trebles our capacity. This large increase in production enables us to keep on supplying the quantity purchasers and at the same time put a dependable scoop within the reach of every householder.

If this advertisement reminds you, as it no doubt will, of the annoyance your furnace scoop has given you all winter, hurry to your hardware dealer and insist upon getting the best scoop made. You'll get a Red Edge.

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THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania

WYOMING

RED EDGE

SHOVELS – SCOOPS – SPADES

WYOMING SHOVELS

(Continued from Page 82)

the night at the Thornhill place, being brought back before worktime Monday, and her suggestion was accepted simply. So it came that when we had a blowout as the crown of a dozen other petty disasters which had delayed our progress toward Santa Ysobel, and found our spare tire flat, Barbara jumped down beside Worth where he stood dragging out the pump, and stopped him, suggesting that we save time by running the last few miles on the rim and getting fixed up at Capehart's garage. He climbed in without a word and drove on toward where Santa Ysobel lies at the head of its broad valley, surrounded by the apricot, peach and prune orchards that are its wealth.

We came into the fringes of the town in the obscurity of approaching night; a thick tule fog had blown down on the north wind. The little foothill city was all drowned in it; treetops, roofs, the gable ends of houses, the illuminated dial of the town clock on the city hall, sticking up from the blur like things seen in a dream. As we headed for a garage with the name Capehart on it we heard, soft, muffled, seven strokes from the tower.

"Getting in late," Worth said absently. "Bill still keeps the old place?"

"Yes. Just the same," Barbara said. "He married our Sarah, you know. Was that before you went away? Of course not." And she added for my enlightenment: "Sarah Gibbs was father's housekeeper for years. She brought me up."

We rolled into the big, dimly lighted building; there came to us from its corner office what might have been described as a wide man, not especially imposing in breadth, but with a sort of loose-jointed effectiveness to his movements and a pair of roving, yellowish-hazel eyes in his broad, good-humored face, mighty observing I'd say, in spite of the lazy roll of his glance.

"Been stepping on tacks, mister?" he hailed, having looked at the tires before he took stock of the human freight.

"Hello, Bill." Worth was swinging out. "Give me another machine—or get our spare filled and on—whichever's quickest. I want to make it to the house as soon as I can."

"Lord, boy!" The wide man began wiping a big paw before offering it. "I'm glad to see you."

They shook hands. Worth repeated his request, but the garage man was already unbuckling the spare, going to the work with a brisk efficiency that contradicted his appearance.

Barbara sitting quietly beside me, we heard them talking at the back of the machine as the jack quickly lifted us, and Worth went to it with Capehart to unbolt the rim; a low-toned steady stream from the wide man, punctuated now and then by a word from Worth.

"Yeh," Capehart grunted, prying off the tire. "Heard it m'self 'bout noon—or a little after. Yeh, Ward's undertaking parlors."

"Undertaking parlors!" Worth echoed.

Capehart, hammering on the spare, agreed. "Nobody in town that knowed what to do about it; so the coroner took a-holt, I guess, and kinda fixed it to suit hisself. Did you phone ahead to see how things was out to the house?"

"Tried to," Worth said. "The operator couldn't raise it."

"'Course not." Capehart was coupling on the air. "Your chink's off every Sunday—has the whole day—and the devil only could guess where a Chinaman'd go when he ain't working. Eddie Hughes ought to be on the job out there—but would he?"

"Father still kept Eddie?"

"Yeh." The click of the jack, and the car was lowering. "Eddie's lasted longer than I looked to see him. Due to be fired any time this past year. Been chasing over 'crost the tracks. Got him a girl there, one of these cannery girls. Well, she's sort of married, I guess, but that don't stop Eddie. 'F I see him I'll tell him you want him."

They came to the front of the machine; Worth thrust his hand in his pocket.

Capehart checked him with "Let it go on the bill." Then as Worth swung into his seat Barbara leaned forward from behind my shoulder, the careless yellowish eyes that saw everything got a fair view of her, and with a sort of subdued crow, "Look who's here!" Capehart took hold of the upright to lean his square form in and say earnestly, "While you're in Santa Ysobel don't forget that we got a spare room at our house."

"Next time," Barbara raised her voice to top the hum of the engine. "I'm only here for overnight now, and I'm going down to Mrs. Thornhill's."

We were out in the street once more, leaving the cannery district on our right, tucked away to itself across the railroad tracks, running on Main Street to City Hall Square, where we struck into Broad, followed it out past the churches and to that length of it that held the fine homes in their beautiful grounds, getting close at last to where town melts again into orchards. The road between its rows of fernlike pepper trees was a wet gleam before us, all black and silver; the arc lights made big misty blurs without much illumination as we came to the Thornhill place.

Worth got down and, though she told him he needn't bother, took Barbara in to the gate. For a minute I waited, getting the bulk of the big frame house back among the trees, with a single light twinkling from an upper-story window; then Worth flung into the car and we speeded on, skirting a long frontage of lawns, beautifully kept, pearly with the fog, set off with artfully grouped shrubbery and winding walks. There was no barrier but a low stone coping; the drive to the Gilbert place went in on the side farthest from the Thornhills'. We ran in under a carriage porch. The house was black.

"See if I can raise anybody," said Worth as he jumped to the ground. "Let you in, and then I'll run the roadster round to the garage."

But the house was so tightly locked up that he finally had to break in through a pantry window. I was out in front when he made it, and saw the lights begin to flash up, the porch lamp flooding me with a sudden glare before he threw the door open.

"Cold as a vault in here."

He twisted his broad shoulders in a shudder and I looked about me. It was a big entrance hall with a wide stairway. There on the hat-tree hung a man's light overcoat, a gray fedora hat; a stick leaned below. When the master of the house went out of it this time he hadn't needed these. Abruptly Worth turned and led the way into what I knew was the living room, with a big open fireplace in it.

"Make yourself as comfortable as you can, Jerry. I'll get a blaze here in two shakes. I suppose you're hungry as a wolf—I am. This is a hell of a place I've brought you into."

"Forget it," I returned. "I can look after myself. I'm used to rustling. Let me make that fire."

"All right." He gave up his place on the hearth to me, straightened himself and stood a minute, saying, "I'll raid the kitchen. Chung's sure to have plenty of food cooked. He may not be back here before midnight."

"Midnight!" I echoed. "Is that usual?"

"Used to be. Chung's been with father a long time. Good chink. Always given his whole Sunday, and if he was on hand to get Monday's breakfast—no questions."

"Left last night, you think?"

Worth shot me a glance of understanding.

"Sometimes he would—after cleaning up from dinner. But he wouldn't have heard the shot, if that's what you're driving at."

He left me, going out through the hall. My fire burned. I sat thawing back the kinks the long chill ride had put in me. Then Worth hailed; I went out and found him with a coffeepot boiling on the gas range, a loaf and a cold roast set out. He had sand, that boy; in this wretched homecoming his manner was neither stricken nor defiant. He seemed only a little graver than usual as he waited on me, hunting up stuff in places he knew of to put some variety into our supper.

Where I sat I faced a rear window, and my eye was caught by the appearance of a strange light quite a little distance from the house, apparently in another building, but showing as a vague glow on the fog.

"What's down there?" I asked.

Worth answered without taking the trouble to lean forward and look. "The garage—and the study."

"Huh? The study's separate from the house?" I had been thinking of the suicide as a thing of this dwelling, an affair in some room within its walls. Of course Chung would not hear the shot. "Who's down there?"

"Eddie Hughes has a room off the garage."

"He's in it now."

"How do you know?" he asked quickly.

"There's a light—or there was. It's gone now."

"That wouldn't have been Eddie," Worth said. "His room's on the other side, toward the back street. What you saw was the light from these windows shining on the fog. Makes queer effects sometimes."

I knew that wasn't it, but I didn't argue with him, only remarked, "I'd like to have a look at that place, Worth, if you don't mind."

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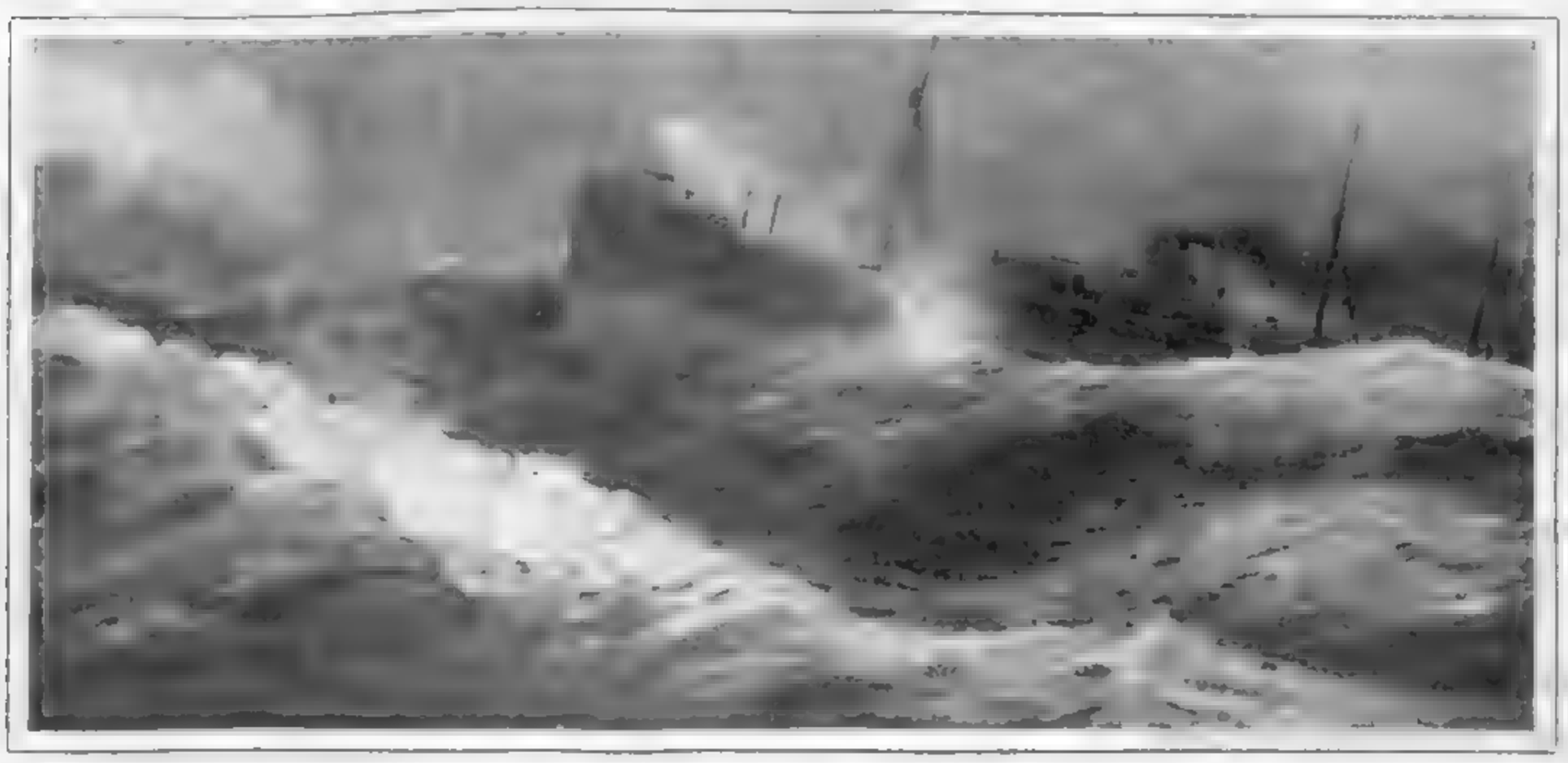

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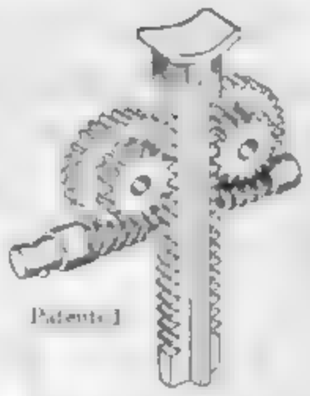

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IVORY GARTER COMPANY
NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

THE RICHELIEU DIAMONDS

(Continued from Page 11)

can! Wherever I see it. I shall pounce upon it, and God help any weaker animal who stands in my way!"

So spoke the eyes of Maurice's customer, and yet above those eyes was a forehead of intelligence which seemed to say "Be careful!" And between the eyes was a space that said "Be imaginative and ingenious too!" And while his features were thus engaged upon a conflict which is as old as the human race, you might have perceived that he was dressed in that perilous height of fashion which is seen on the stage more often than on the street. In his walk, too, there was a subtle hint of the theater, so that if you had still been watching him and he had suddenly started tossing up his hat, his cane, his gloves and five new tennis balls you might very well have smiled to yourself and have whispered to your neighbor, "This man is good. I saw him at Atlantic City last summer. Wait till you see him throw the eggs in the egg cups, and never miss an egg!"

But as for Maurice, already drawing a velvet roll from the safe, he had never been to Atlantic City. He unfolded the roll and a moment later six magnificent rubies were gleaming at them from the counter.

"I think I like this one the best," said the customer at last.

"A wonderful gem, m'sieur," said Maurice. "You will never regret your choice"—which was taken from the illustrious Chevalier in his calmer moments.

"You think it would set well in a ring?"

"Oh, marvelously well! You would like to see some settings?"

"In a moment. How much did you say this stone was worth?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

"You haven't changed your price, I see."

The customer was holding the ruby between his thumb and finger, and Maurice was watching him, his cheeks warm with that color which Madame Chevalier had once remarked, but still with his disarming smile. On the shelf behind Maurice was a blue vase, about two feet high, with a large mouth and a narrow neck. Around the vase two peacocks had been fashioned, half raised and half embedded in the enamel. If you had looked at them it might have pleased your fancy to think that these two peacocks seemed to be watching the sale of the ruby over Maurice's shoulder; and whether or not the customer felt their glances upon him, he lifted his eyes and looked, first at the two birds and then at the young salesman before him.

"The lady for whom I am buying this ring," he began, still holding the stone between his thumb and finger—"she would like it all the more, I am sure, if she knew something of the history behind it, and so—— Good Lord, what's that?" he breathlessly interrupted himself. "A bomb?"

The first explosion in the street outside was quickly followed by another, and Maurice, his color ebbing a little, glanced toward the window. Simultaneously the customer flicked his thumb and finger—and outside a third explosion smartly followed the second.

"It's nothing very exciting," said Maurice, his glance returning to the six stones upon the counter. "At least the passers-by seem unperturbed."

"A car, perhaps," nodded the customer. "They sometimes make that noise. But returning now to the ruby," he continued, "I will go to the bank and get the money and return in half an hour."

Whereupon he departed, and hurrying around the corner he went straight to the car which had brought him to the scene.

"It's all right," he reported under his breath. "I flipped it into the peacock vase. Buy it as cheap as you can."

"Too bad you didn't flip it into your pocket," said the other; "then we wouldn't have to monkey with the vase."

"Yes," said the other impatiently, "and if he had suspected anything he would have given a signal to lock the door, and I'd have been searched and got ten years. We've been all over that before. This way there isn't an ounce of risk for either of us. All you've got to do now is to go and buy that vase, and we're fifteen thousand dollars to the good for an easy day's work."

"Better than vaudeville, eh?" grinned the other. "Well, here goes for the vase."

He disappeared, and a minute later he, too, entered the shop of Chevalier et Cie, and started by pricing the pictures.

"Too steep, too steep," he said, frowning to himself a little. "I want to get a nice wedding present, but I don't want to buy the whole store. How about these vases? How do they run?"

"At various prices," said Maurice with his disarming smile. "Now here is a beauty—a cloisonné—which I could let you have for twelve hundred."

"Don't like it," grumbled the other. "How much is the next one?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"Don't like it. There's one that doesn't look so dear—the one with the peacocks on it. Now if you want to sell that—reasonable, mind!"

"*Hélas, m'sieur,*" mourned Maurice, shaking his head, "with a most unerring taste you have indicated the finest vase that we have ever handled—after the Satsuma manner, as you perceive, and quite possibly the work of the master Tsa-Tso. If it were for m'sieur's own collection I would say without hesitation, yes, buy it. But for an ordinary wedding present, I am afraid it would be too expensive."

"How much?" asked the other abruptly.

"Five thousand dollars—and not a penny less would buy it."

"Do you mind if I look at it?" asked the other after a startled pause.

"Not at all, m'sieur. You may carry it to the front if you wish."

Near the window the customer carelessly canted it toward the light and peeped down the narrow neck. Yes, there it was, glowing with a sulky red and filling the sphere with a fifteen-thousand-dollar beauty.

"A rotten price," he grumbled at last. "But if that's the best you can do I guess I'll take it."

He counted out fifty hundred-dollar bills from a roll which didn't have much of a curve left when the counting was completed.

"I will wrap it up for you?" suggested Maurice. "Or shall we send it?"

"No, it's all right," said the other. "I've got a car outside. I'll carry it just as it is."

Maurice followed him to the door, and then with a proud arch of his neck he walked toward Louise's desk. She watched him approach with that shy look of welcome which has the same effect upon the masculine heart as an impassioned bell ringer has upon a set of chimes.

"Do you hear anything?" he asked, still approaching.

"No," she smiled. "What is it?"

"It sounds but faintly yet, I know," he told her, "but I begin to hear the jingle-jingle of my golden spur."

"You like to hear it?" she smiled again.

"Like to hear it!" he repeated. "You know what it means to me, do you not, Louise?"

"I wonder!" she breathed.

"You wonder?" he cried, drawing a step nearer, and just what would have happened next if they had been left alone it is rather hard to tell; but precisely at that moment the door opened and in came Madame Chevalier, coldness in her eye, a frown upon her brow, and that great fool of a bearded Nancy following closely at her heels.

IV

"I HAVE sold the Japanese vase, madame," announced Maurice a few minutes later.

Madame was seated at her desk in the rear office, and when Maurice had entered she was gazing sadly at the photograph of the illustrious Chevalier which held the place of honor behind her inkwell. For a number of reasons Monsieur Nancy had grated upon her that noon—his precise little voice, his air of superiority, his pride in his beard, the scent upon his handkerchief, and finally the magnificent solitaire upon the little finger of his right hand; all these had irritated madame, especially the ring upon his finger.

"I never noticed it there before you died," she whispered to the photograph, and voicing a question which was old when the Persians ruled the world she uneasily asked herself "Where did he get it?" and didn't like one of the answers which presented itself to her mind.

"Now in the old days," she continued, still looking at the photograph, "when you and I went out to lunch together, we always

(Continued on Page 88)

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

Photo by Fairchild Aerial Camera Corporation

Getting Around

THE way to be in easy reach of all New York, to save time and energy and annoyance in getting around, is to live at the Pennsylvania. This airplane photo may give you a new conception of the hotel's nearness (in both minutes and blocks) to the principal theatres and shops.

No. 1 is **Hotel Pennsylvania.**

No. 2 is the **Pennsylvania Terminal,** connected by subway arcade and elevator with the hotel lobby.

No. 3 is **Times Square,** which commands the theatre district. It's easily possible to be seated in a Forty-Second Street theatre (the New Amsterdam, for instance), in less than ten minutes after you leave your room at the hotel.

No. 4 is the **Bush Terminal Building**—an important spot to buyers.

No. 5 is **Bryant Park** and the **Public Library**—where Fifth Avenue crosses Forty-Second Street.

No. 6 is the **Grand Central Station.**

No. 7 is **Tiffany's,** which is generally considered the center of the mid-town shopping district.

No. 8 is **Herald Square,** with transportation lines running in every direction.

SUBWAY STATIONS (local and express) in the building; bus lines and surface cars pass the door; Elevated is a block away. Leaving a fourteenth-floor room of the Pennsylvania, for a downtown destination, a guest will use the Subway and be on the street at Park Place in 16 minutes; at No. 1 Wall Street in 19; at the Whitehall Building (the end of the island) in 24. These figures are for elapsed time from the guest's room, and assume an unhurried trip.

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

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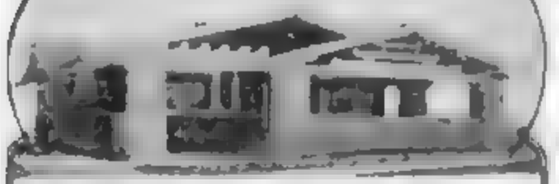

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Durable, dependable dries hard overnight
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(Continued from Page 86)

had a table by the window, and the head waiter knew you and the waiters knew you and the boys knew you, and everyone stopped at our table for the smile and the good word. But to-day ——"

It was then that Maurice had entered and made his announcement:

"I have sold the Japanese vase, madame."

She looked at him, although in truth her thoughts were still upon her departed idol.

"The peacock vase?" she absently asked.

"The very one, madame."

"Ah, yes. I remember the day when he found it, and told me he had bought two peacocks and asked if he could bring them home. He always said he would get a thousand dollars for it some day—if he did not lose his voice. Eh, my poor Edouard! And you, Maurice, you say now you have sold it. At a fair price, I hope? You did not give it away?"

"That shall be for madame to judge. I sold it for five thousand dollars."

Even madame, schooled as she was to wonders, felt herself gasping a little.

"Five thousand dollars," she demanded, "for a vase which cost so little as that?" And for the first time in many months she felt that thrill which she had begun to think was lost to her forever. "Tell me about it," she said, and pointing to a chair by the side of her desk she leaned forward, stout and breathless, and waited as eagerly as any young girl who waits to be told that never before in all this world was one so sweet and fair as she.

"He had been before—my customer for the ruby," began Maurice, "and more than once I had thought it strange, because—if madame can follow me—he was not the type for rubies, but rather for the sort of diamonds that make a great show for the money. So I watched him, madame, and to-day when he called, walking stiffly with the nervousness that was in him, I watched him more closely than ever."

"But, Maurice, a moment! You are telling me about the vase?"

"*Au vrai, madame*, as you will very soon see. I noticed to-day that he held the ruby between his thumb and finger—like this—which is not at all a natural thing to do, and when a shot suddenly sounded outside I said to myself 'Ah-ha!' and stepped upon the button which locks the front door. At the second shot I turned my head a little, but watching him still from the corner of my eye I saw him flip the ruby over my shoulder and heard it scratch as it fell inside the mouth of the peacock vase."

"Eh! Eh! And all this time I was eating my lunch! I wonder it did not choke me!"

"As madame may remember," continued Maurice, "the vase had a very small neck, and to keep it clean inside I had stuffed the neck with tissue paper, which could not be seen from where the customers stand. So at the third shot I stepped sideways as though in alarm and threw a glance into the mouth of the vase—and surely enough, resting upon the tissue paper was the ruby, and when I looked back at the customer I saw he had substituted an imitation stone in order to deceive me as to the count. So then, of course, the inference was simple, and I at once released the lock upon the door. 'Within five minutes,' I told myself, 'I shall have a customer for the vase, and if he does not pay for it through the nose, then indeed I shall know myself unworthy of the great man who taught me that whenever I saw a game I should play it if I could, but never should I abuse a trust that was reposed in me.'"

"Ah, my dear Maurice, you remembered that? But then you always were a good boy. Go on!"

"So as soon as my customer had gone I put the real ruby back into the safe, and taking the tissue paper out of the vase I dropped into the bottom of it the imitation stone which he had so thoughtfully left behind him. And none too soon! Hardly had I completed these preparations when the other dragon arrived."

"The other dragon?" demanded madame quite breathlessly.

"The other customer, I mean. And believing that the fifteen-thousand-dollar ruby was still in the vase, he bought the vase."

"For five thousand dollars?"

"For five thousand dollars. It is true, madame."

She looked at him, and perhaps for the first time she saw that he was grown up, and was no longer to be thought of in terms of fifty-cent pieces in a nightshirt pocket and traces of tears around a freckled nose. Yes, not only was he grown up, but she saw that he was handsome, too; and having proved the strength of his grip in the matter of the rubies, he stood before her now with that quiet look of confidence which is seldom seen except on those who have the world by the tail and know just how to twist it for their own particular good.

"You have done well, Maurice," she slowly said at last. "It sounded like old times again, and if my dear Edouard is hovering near," she added, slightly raising her voice and looking up, "as I often think he is—watching all and hearing all—I know he would say the same thing if he could—'You have done well, Maurice, and we both feel proud of you.'"

The young man flushed with pleasure, and watched madame as she turned and rummaged among the letters on her desk.

"In fact," she continued, "you have acquitted yourself so well that I am tempted to trust you in a mission of the first importance. You have heard of the Richelieu diamonds?"

"But yes, madame. More than once m'sieur spoke about them."

"Then perhaps you know how the story goes. It is said that the great cardinal gave them to a charming lady, but repented later of his gift. The lady, afraid that she might lose them, fled to Canada; and from that day to this the diamonds have reposed there in the possession of the De Sigourneys, for that was the lady's name. But now the present Mademoiselle de Sigourney is the last of her line, and she is thinking of selling the family heirloom in order to do some good in the world before she dies. Ah, yes, I knew I would find the letter."

Maurice read it as attentively as he did all things, and then in silence he handed it back.

"At first I thought I would go myself," continued madame, "but for some reason known best to *le bon Dieu*, who made us all, a woman does not like to do business with a woman, and something tells me I would do no good. And then I thought perhaps I would send—someone else; but if I sent one, let us say, who is fond himself of diamonds, who knows whether I would finally receive the Richelieu gems—or something else again? So now, Maurice, I think I will send you up to Canada and see what you can do. You would care to undertake the mission?"

"Oh, willingly, madame!" said Maurice, his eyes shining like those of a young novice who scents another dragon from afar.

"And you could start?"

"To-morrow, if you wish."

"To-morrow, then. I will get things ready for you."

Hearing a muffled creak outside, Maurice suddenly opened the door and then returned to the desk.

"M'sieur Nancy was listening at the door," he whispered to madame, "and though he tried to hide his face, he did not look well pleased."

MADEMOISELLE DE SIGOURNEY lived in one of those stone mansions that seem to embody the ancient spirit of Canada—a mansion that spoke of the days when the Chien d'Or first gnawed his golden bone, and the governor lived in his castle and the intendant in his palace; and the Dufferin Terrace was no more thought of than a victoriously dying Wolfe or an annual swarm of tourists or a long line of sight-seeing automobiles laboriously throbbing up the Sous-le-Cap. Indeed, when Maurice was first admitted into the Sigourney mansion, he thought for a moment that he had made a mistake and had entered a public gallery of old masters, so majestic and yet so cold was the hall in which he found himself, so darkened by time were the canvases on the wall. But presently a servant conducted him into a smaller, more cheerful room overlooking the city of Cornwall and the St. Lawrence River below. And there it was that he met Mademoiselle de Sigourney.

Even if no one had told him, Maurice would have guessed who she was, for in her every attitude and every word she unconsciously reflected the old seignorial manner. Her hair was silvery, but her eyebrows were still dark, and although they nearly met over a nose that might have reminded you dimly of an eagle's beak, the eyes beneath them were friendly enough; yet every now and then, if you had been there, you might have caught in them that look which comes only to little children who have no grown-ups to love them, and to grown-ups who have no little children to make them smile.

"I am sorry that M'sieur Chevalier could not come himself," she began, "for of all the jewelers that I consulted, he was the one whom I trusted the most."

At that Maurice's face fell, and although he didn't know it, he drew an almost inaudible sigh.

"If this is a trust instead of a game," he thought, "I shall not go far."

From out of a drawer mademoiselle drew a morocco case and silently handed it to him.

"Will you tell me, please," she said, "the price that I should get for these, and the price that you will give?"

There were four items in the case—a rosette, evidently made to be worn in the hair or clasped around the forehead; a brooch that matched it; a ring that had probably been made for a queen, and a necklace. Maurice looked at them, and they returned his scrutiny with gleaming glances of their own—white for innocence, red for hope, green for jealousy and the blue of stars for that clear joy which cannot be told in words.

"Beautiful!" he said.

"Hush!" she whispered, her mouth working as a child's will sometimes work when it is trying to write a hard word. "You would like pen and paper to make your computation?"

"It is unnecessary, mademoiselle, since I know the last offer which M'sieur Chevalier made you."

"And that is their value to-day?"

Maurice made a wry face.

"No, mademoiselle. Since you put the matter on a basis of personal trust, I am obliged to say that diamonds have risen in value ten per cent since those last figures were given you."

"And you will raise your price accordingly?"

"Yes," he added, and sighed again.

"Then you shall have them," she said, speaking quickly, as though afraid that she might change her mind. "If you will wait a few minutes I will send for my attorney, and you shall arrange the payment and get the receipt from him."

It was nearly half an hour later when Maurice left the Sigourney mansion, the morocco case securely stowed away in his inner breast pocket.

"Brrrh!" said he. "These people who trust you—how annoying they are! I know they always affected m'sieur in just the same way."

He glanced back at the mansion and caught sight of a man, not far behind, who might have been following him.

"If he isn't an accident—this one behind," thought Maurice, "I begin to suspect old Nancy. He has either warned the customs or has written a friend up here."

A public-service car had just discharged a passenger a few doors ahead of him, and was about to drive off again.

"Wait," said Maurice, briskly jumping into the tonneau, "you have another passenger. I would like to see the country around Cornwall, and will pay you like a madman if you only amuse me well."

Perhaps you remember that. It was a bit of the illustrious Chevalier.

The car moved forward. There was no other in sight, and Maurice knew that, for a time at least, he had thrown off any possible shadow.

"In buying goods abroad," he told himself, "there are only two things that can possibly count—the price and the duty. So far as the price is concerned, that is now a matter of history, and instead of a brilliant stroke of purchasing, I am like the boy who counted a dozen apples and said there were twelve. True, but not intriguing. The only thing left is the duty. If M'sieur Nancy has warned the customs in an anonymous letter they would search me to the eyebrows and confiscate the jewels when they found them. What triumph then for Naa-Naa! And yet if I go home, having first paid a good price and then the full duty, Madame Chevalier would look at me as though I were something missing, and it will be a long, long time before I have another chance to win my golden spur."

By this time they had reached an open part of the city, and the car, swinging around a corner, suddenly came to a stop. Just ahead of them was evidently the end of a circus parade, the van of which had already turned into a tented field. From over the town came an aeroplane, just as

(Concluded on Page 91)

The Perfected Phonograph

THE perfected phonograph is far more than a mere machine for the production of mechanical music. It is a true musical instrument; reproduces all other instruments and all voices with exact fidelity, and is responsive to the will and personality of its operator. Such a phonograph is

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

The Phonograph Designed and Built Complete by the World's Leading Manufacturers of Musical Instruments

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WORDS are inadequate to convey the charm and superiority of the Aeolian-Vocalion. We cordially invite all interested in phonographs to communicate with us, and will gladly furnish free catalog and address of nearest representatives.

"JOIN THE QUARTETTE YOURSELF"

TAKE the Graduola in your hand and make the voices YOUR OWN—make them do YOUR bidding.

"Carry me back to Ole Virginny
That's where the cotton and the
corn and 'taters grow.'

The dear old melody seems to come right from our very hearts. Start your voices with a moderate volume; swell a little on the third or fourth word, and then soften on "Old Virginny"—remember this is a sacred, hallowed name to the old slave who is singing. Now a little stronger, and if your feeling prompts you, end the next line with quite a crescendo, as though you were a little boastful of your old home.

But it does not matter much how you change the expression, you are giving the record a personal warmth, a "livingness" that no performance on an ordinary phonograph can approach. And greater than all, you are expressing your own music-feelings, just as though you had a wonderfully trained singing voice of your own.

THE Aeolian-Vocalion is the phonograph perfected. The acoustic paraphernalia by which phonographs create "tone" are, in the Vocalion, scientifically accurate and of advanced design. All of the pleasure received from listening to a talented artist, to a great violinist, to quartettes, bands, orchestras, etc., is experienced when listening to the Vocalion. Its powers of reproduction are extraordinary—its tone rich, full, pure and distinctive.

Vocalions are handsome articles of furniture. Their lines are artistic, in good taste and elegant. They are beautifully finished in fine case-woods, and in both their conventional and Period models represent the most advanced standards in furniture designing.

The Vocalion possesses every mechanical feature necessary to a phonograph. Its Universal Tone Arm enables it to play all records so as to produce the best possible results. Its Automatic Stop is a model of simplicity and efficiency. Its motor and other parts are all made by The Aeolian Company and reflect the exceptional skill, experience and equipment of this distinguished house.

THE WONDERFUL GRADUOLA

IN its possession of this revolutionary feature, the Vocalion stands alone.

The Graduola makes the Vocalion a true musical instrument. It operates on the principle of the *human throat*. Its operation is as simple, instinctive and easily mastered as the natural modulation of one's own voice.

Using the Graduola imparts life, variety, spontaneity to every record. Without changing its essential character, it adds the subtle changes in tone and color that distinguish different performances by the same artist.

Using the Graduola prevents records from growing tiresome.

And using the Graduola gives its operator the same sense of personal control—individual expression of ideas—as is felt by the orchestra leader, and almost the same as felt by the artists themselves.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

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The rubber on the tread of the ordinary tire is always in a stretched condition. When in action it presents a taut, easy-cutting surface to sharp stones, gravel and grit.

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Compressed rubber is extremely hard to cut or tear and resists wear.

The Converse Cord is so designed that the tread is compressed from both sides towards the center when in contact with the road. This concentrated elasticity gives the Converse tread extra power and toughness to resist road punishment.

This principle of Compression, built into the treads of Converse Tires, means only one thing—*greatly increased mileage.*

The Converse Tire with its "Compression Tread" construction—the product of the best engineering brains—marks the biggest development in the tire industry since the manufacture of the first Cord Tire.

The Converse dealer knows—ask *him!*

More Miles—Less Skid

(Not a phrase, but a fact)

Converse Tires

(Concluded from Page 88)

evidently one of the attractions of the show.

"Two ascensions daily—I know the kind," thought Maurice, watching the approaching plane. "He flies well too—that bird. At least the customs would never bother him."

The thought brought a glow to his cheek.

"He probably carries passengers too," he added to himself. "So many minutes for so many dollars," and touching the chauffeur's shoulder, he quickly added, "All right, *mon ami*. Now we have stopped, I think I will get out here."

VI

WHEN Maurice reached the aviator the latter was adjusting his carburetor.

"You are having a little trouble with her?" he cheerfully asked.

"No," grunted the other without even turning to look.

"I am tickled to hear you say it, for I am thinking of making a flight with you. You take up passengers?"

"Beginning again at three o'clock. Five minutes for ten dollars. You pay at the gate."

"For five minutes I will give you an extra tip of fifty dollars," whispered Maurice, bending over, "providing only you will let me name my destination."

The aviator straightened himself and they looked at each other. He was somewhat older than Maurice had thought, and if you had been there you might have noticed that he had those observing eyes which miss nothing that generally go with a buttoned mouth which says nothing.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked. "Across the river?"

"At the very first guess you have guessed it. If you guessed again for fifty years you would not guess so well."

"Nothing doing," said the aviator shortly.

"Why not?"

"Against the law—that's all."

"Pooh-pooh!" said Maurice. "Surely it isn't against the law to take a passenger for a little fly on the river. Then something goes wrong—you understand?—and you are obliged to make a landing on the American side, not far from a railway station. There you fix your machine, but your passenger says, 'No more for me! You nearly drowned me in the river coming over and I'll go back by ferry.' How's that for a story, now?"

"It wouldn't be worth a hoot in Hades," said the other thoughtfully, "only you get me at a good time. I'm working on a new model engine, and a hundred dollars will buy quite a few parts. Make it a hundred, cash down right now, and I'll take you across as soon as I've got this carburetor straightened out."

"That gives me time to go to my hotel," nodded Maurice, "and as for the cash to be paid in advance, I will give you fifty now and fifty when we land."

Whereupon he reached for his wallet, every man making a mistake at times, even as Napoleon made his at Waterloo. It was a pigskin wallet that opened like a book, and in the flap was a cut-out frame in which Maurice had inserted one of his cards. Now as he opened this pocketbook and began reaching in with his thumb and finger for the ten-dollar bills, he forgot about the framed card and didn't know that the aviator was reading—"Chevalier et Cie. Precious Stones. Fifth Avenue, New York. Represented by Maurice E. Gerard."

"Precious stones, eh?" thought the aviator. "So that's the game! One thing sure," he added, still more thoughtfully, "if he was to lose 'em he couldn't put up any holler, and if I had five thousand dollars I could get the new engine done, and then ——"

A vision of fame and fortune passed before him—bay wreaths, trips to Cuba, directors' meetings, midnight cabarets, newspaper reporters, tarpon fishing, breakfasts in bed: a vision that was only broken by Maurice smilingly handing him fifty dollars.

"What time shall I be back again?" he asked.

"About an hour."

"About an hour," repeated Maurice, and within the appointed time he had returned, a satchel in his hand and a cap upon his head. "I have rolled up my hat and put it in the case," he said. "You are ready?"

He had made too many flights under the tutelage of Mars to be greatly stirred a few minutes later when the earth began to drop away from under them, but never before had he flown with such a prize almost within his grasp.

"Oh, but what a triumph when I get back home again!" he thought. "Even m'sieur himself never thought of a thing like this! He is going down the river a little way to get out of sight of the town—and now he is crossing. *Eh, mon Dieu*, what a view!"

For the next few minutes he was wrapped in admiration of the river below, of the patterned fields on either side, of the distant ponds like splashes of melted silver.

"And now he is over," he thought as they began to leave the river behind them; "and now I bet he is looking for a good place to land. Yes, there is a railway, and over there I see a town."

They made their descent in a meadow which was shielded by trees from a distant farmhouse.

"I never saw a better landing," smiled Maurice, unstrapping himself. "Lucky the hay was cut—yes?"

"That's all right," said the aviator, who had already jumped to the ground. "I'm going to cut a little hay myself now. Up with your hands, you big stiff, or you'll never see Fifth Avenue again!"

In mingled chagrin and dismay, Maurice slowly raised his hands, and stared first at the muzzle of the automatic which was pointed at his nose and then at the surly-looking figure behind it.

"Thought I was an easy mark, didn't you?" asked the latter. "Thought I didn't know you came from New York and was smuggling precious stones. Now listen to me! I'm going to rest the end of this gun right up against your top lip—smell it?—and the first wiggle from you you'll never know what happened."

With his free hand he began searching, and it wasn't long before he came to the morocco case which Maurice had received from Mademoiselle de Sigourney only two short hours before.

"Thought I'd get something," grimly nodded the other, pressing the catch and peeping inside. "Anything else? Any gun? No? Nothing else but your wallet and your watch and your keys and a handful of loose money. I'll just feel your wallet over—and open your watch. No, nothing there.

"Now listen to me, bo! You tried to put something over on Uncle Sam, and I've put something over on you. So you've got no kick coming—understand? I'm not looking for your pocketbook or your watch either. Keep 'em. I'm no cheap crook any more than you are. I'm going to take your satchel, though, so I can look it over when I get more time. That's all. You can hop out now and start walking for that pine tree at the far end of the meadow. Left! Right! Left! Right ——"

Poor Maurice was halfway to the pine tree when he heard the roar of the aëroplane engine start again, and a few minutes later he was watching the lessening hawk-like figure in the sky.

"Name of a name!" he muttered to himself at last. "So he was a dragon too!"

VII

THE first thing Maurice noticed when he walked into the store was that the peacock vase was on the shelf again, but the next moment he saw Louise, and immediately forgot about the vase.

He was on the point of forgetting other things, too, when Madame Chevalier came out of her rear office, and then of course Maurice had to follow her back to her desk and tell his story. And, oh, if you had been there to see her face drop when he came to the part where he was held up in the meadow!

"And so you lost them?" she asked in a hollow voice.

"Ah, no, madame," said Maurice. "I learned a lesson from the rubies, and took with me a number of false gems. Then when I went back to the hotel to make ready for my trip across the river I took the Richelieu diamonds from their case and sewed them in the lining of my cap. Into the empty case then I put the false stones, so that if we made an unlucky landing and fell into the arms of a customs official I would still have a card up my sleeve."

Madame drew such a deep breath of relief that if you had been there you might have wondered where she put it.

"And the Richelieu diamonds, you say, are in your cap?"

In smiling silence Maurice handed her his traveling cap, one of those large, baggy, English affairs which bulge out so nobly over the forehead and project so grandly over the ears.

"Eh, eh!" she said. "I can feel something here—and here. Wait till I get my scissors!"

With the scissors in her hand she began to unpick the threads, and while she worked she talked.

"Did you notice anything in the store as you came through?" she asked.

"I noticed that the peacock vase was back again," said Maurice, remembering.

"Yes! While I was out to lunch one day they brought it back and exchanged it for a pearl necklace. You could have knocked me down when I saw it! Of course that fool of a Nancy knew no better—and I couldn't say much, because Louise was listening—but I said enough! And when at last I gave him his hat he was glad enough to go. Eh! Eh! I'm coming to them now!"

She gently pulled open one of the seams, and a moment later the Richelieu diamonds lay gleaming on the desk before her—white for innocence, red for hope, green for jealousy and the blue of stars for that clear joy which cannot be told in words.

For a long time madame looked at them, and then at last she drew one of her deep sighs.

"Maurice," she said, "while you were away I have been thinking. This is the last coup of Chevalier et Cie. More than once I tried to get m'sieur to confine himself to the regular business, but with him I did not have so much authority. With you, however, it is different. Besides, it would only be a question of time when Louise would know, and that would be bad for all of us. No, this is the last coup. Something tells me I must make it so. Something even tells me that, now the responsibility is mine, I may not rest until we have paid the duty on these gems. You have done well; but now—*eh, bien*, we will do these things no more."

"Madame is not displeased with me?" asked Maurice.

"Displeased with you? What nonsense! Make sure the office door is shut, and then I will tell you something that will show you how displeased I am with you."

VIII

THAT night when dinner was over Maurice said to Louise: "What do you say to a stroll in the park or a ride on the top of a bus?"

At this direct attack Louise turned pale, and turned to her mother, who was wearing the Richelieu ring. Louise had expected to see the frown of astonishment, but instead she caught that maternal smile, half proud and half troubled, which seems to say, "Do as you please, my daughter.

"So far I have guided you in safety, but now the time is drawing nigh when you must guide yourself. Remember the things I have taught you. I can say and do no more."

So they went out together—Maurice and Louise—and at first they walked shyly, silently, like two young people who had hardly met before.

"Did your mother tell you?" Maurice timidly asked.

"Tell me what?"

"That she had offered me a position as manager of the business, with a percentage of the profits and a salary as well?"

Louise shook her head, but didn't say anything, instinct telling her perhaps that she had reached one of those moments of life when it is more blessed to listen than to speak.

"I told her I would tell her to-morrow," continued Maurice. "That is why I asked you to come for a walk with me to-night—so I could talk it over with you and see what you thought best."

And still Louise said nothing, but gently, and yet, oh, so proudly, she placed her hand upon his arm.

"I love you, Louise," he said at last.

Her answer came like the echo of bells over a great distance—one of those echoes that are so sweet and far away that when you listen you have to hold your breath or else you lose them.

"I love you, Maurice," said she.

Again, as before, they walked together in silence. As before? Well, not quite as before. A few minutes before Maurice had walked humbly, thoughtfully, like a novice who was not yet sure how things would end; but now he walked proudly and commandingly, as a young knight should when he knows that at last he has won his golden spurs.

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THE PEST AND THE PIE-DOUGH CAKE

(Continued from Page 9)

"'I feel sure that when you hear what I have to offer you will decide that you can well afford to take some more,' he said.

"'I am dead sure that I haven't time to listen to you,' I said. 'Good day.'

"'I see that you think I am just an ordinary insurance solicitor presenting the stereotyped plan of insurance,' says he. 'You accordingly make the conventional excuse to avoid being unprofitably bored. You ——'

"I swung my chair around. 'You get out of here, and get out quick!' I said.

"'Of course I have no wish to intrude on your valuable time, and if you really want me to go I'll go at once,' he returned. 'I must apologize for having troubled you. At the same time I should like to explain briefly ——'

"I got up and started for him, but he didn't flinch, so I switched to the door and called for a couple of husky, brutal men. Two of the office force responded. 'Now, will you walk out or would you sooner be chucked out?' I asked him.

"'If you are quite sure that you can't spare me a few minutes to give you an outline of our plan,' he answered. 'I assure you that you won't consider them misspent. I have here ——'

"'Tackle him, boys,' I told them. But Mr. Drender dodged back.

"'Well, if you are really too busy now, I'll do myself the honor of calling on you sometime to-morrow,' he said. 'Good day, sir.'

"'You call to-morrow and see what you get,' says I threateningly.

"He came the next day. Sent in his card and the boy said that he had an appointment. Of course I didn't know the name and didn't recollect any appointment with Mr. William Drender, but I said I would see him, and in walks our friend, beaming.

"'You were kind enough to tell me to call this morning,' he said, pulling out some papers, 'and I will show you that I appreciate your courtesy by taking up as little of your time as possible. Now here, in a nutshell, is our plan.'

"I threw a book at him and followed it up myself. I ran him to the outer door of the office and tried to kick him, but he was too quick for me.

"The next day he caught me in the vestibule below.

"'You were a little hasty with me yesterday, Mr. Daggett,' he said, 'but I don't want you to stand in your own light. This insurance is going to be of the greatest benefit to you and your family.'

"I walked on, and he kept at my side until I got to the elevators and told the starter to keep him out of the building. I thought I had got rid of him, but the next night as I had taken my seat in the train going home somebody said, 'Excuse me, but is this seat taken?' and I looked up, and here he was again.

"He took the seat before I could object, and remarked on the beauty of the weather. I didn't even grunt. When the train was well out of the station he observed that he was glad to see me, as he particularly wished to set before me the advantages of a policy in the Dodo. We were going too fast to make it safe for me to jump out of the window, so I listened, and dog-gone the fellow, he put the thing so clearly and so well that I couldn't help being interested."

Daggett stopped and smiled.

"I took out a policy in his old company two days later," he concluded. "After that he let me alone for a couple of weeks, and then came back to urge me to increase my holdings. In self-defense I had to hire him myself, and I have only regretted it on the several occasions when he has decided that he wanted more salary. Of course he got what he wanted. So much so that I am paying him now almost half of what he is worth to me. This consolidation was his idea, and he has done all the work on it. Now can you see where your interest lies?"

"Daggett," said Mr. Goss, "all this is no doubt interesting to anybody who is interested in Mr. Drender, but frankly I'm not. I want to forget Mr. Drender. I don't want to be reminded of him in any way, shape or manner. Mr. Drender, in what seems to be a characteristic way, has forced himself into my house no less than three times after I had forbidden him to show his nose in it; he has accosted me on the street until I have threatened to hand him over to the police; he has purposely contrived in my absence to get himself admitted to membership in my club, so that, by George, I am obliged to keep away from it, and he has bombarded me with letters on the follow-up system. Lately, I am bound to say, he has discontinued this persecution, and I was beginning to think and hope that somebody had killed him—and here he comes up again!"

This last sentence Mr. Goss uttered with real pathos.

"I am surprised to hear that William discontinued anything until he had gained his point," remarked Daggett. "What was it he wanted?"

"I suppose I might as well tell you," said Mr. Goss after a moment's consideration. "He began by seriously annoying—a member of my family. Well, my daughter, Adelia, since you insist on knowing. He had the infernal impudence to propose to her something over a year ago, and since then he has been making life a burden to her and to her mother and to me. There you have it. You may imagine how I feel when you seriously inform me that he is to be given the highest executive position in this contemplated—I say contemplated—consolidation of our interests."

I know that I could imagine his feelings. I pay very little attention to the newspaper gossip of what is absurdly called society, but I couldn't help knowing that Adelia Goss was one of the most prominent and photographed of the younger set in the very leading circle. A young woman of great charm, highly accomplished in the various fooleries of her class, and as the daughter of her father presumably heiress to a considerable fortune. "Infernal impudence" didn't seem to be too strong a term to express William Drender's presumption. Even Daggett looked grave, although I was not sure that there was not a twinkle in his eyes.

"H'm," he said. And then, "You are sure that Miss Goss was not inclined to encourage him? Young ladies sometimes—eh?"

"She refused him very decidedly and with absolute finality," Mr. Goss answered. "She was rather amused at the idea of such a person as a suitor at first, but when, after she had told him as kindly as possible that her decision was final, he persisted in calling and renewing his proposal, it became no laughing matter, even to her. She was at last obliged to appeal to me. I kicked him out."

"Actually?"

"In a manner of speaking. And I forbade him the house, in spite of which he two or three times, on some pretext or another, gained admission to see me and otherwise annoyed me, as I have told you. He also continued his intolerable importunities whenever he met my daughter at the houses of her friends."

"How did he break into these houses—without a jimmy?" Daggett inquired. "William never impressed me as a society bud."

"How does he break in anywhere?" demanded Mr. Goss impatiently. "You and Mr. Evenson have told us. And he seems to have some way of ingratiating himself with certain people. Well, I couldn't hand him over to the police, as I threatened, on account of the undesirable publicity; and, not being a young and able-bodied man, I couldn't take the course that naturally suggested itself to me."

"I attended to that little detail," said Pauling unexpectedly.

The odd thing was that Mr. Goss seemed as surprised by this announcement as the rest of us.

"You did?" he cried. "Why wasn't I informed?" A gratified smile slowly wrinkled his pink cheeks and the corners of his eyes as he looked at the young lawyer. "Then that accounts for the let-up," he said. "I'm much obliged to you, Lionel. I'm proud of you."

"I'm not particularly proud of myself," said Pauling. "For a man of my size and weight who has been pretty well taught how to handle himself it was no great trick to beat up a shrimp like Drender. I want

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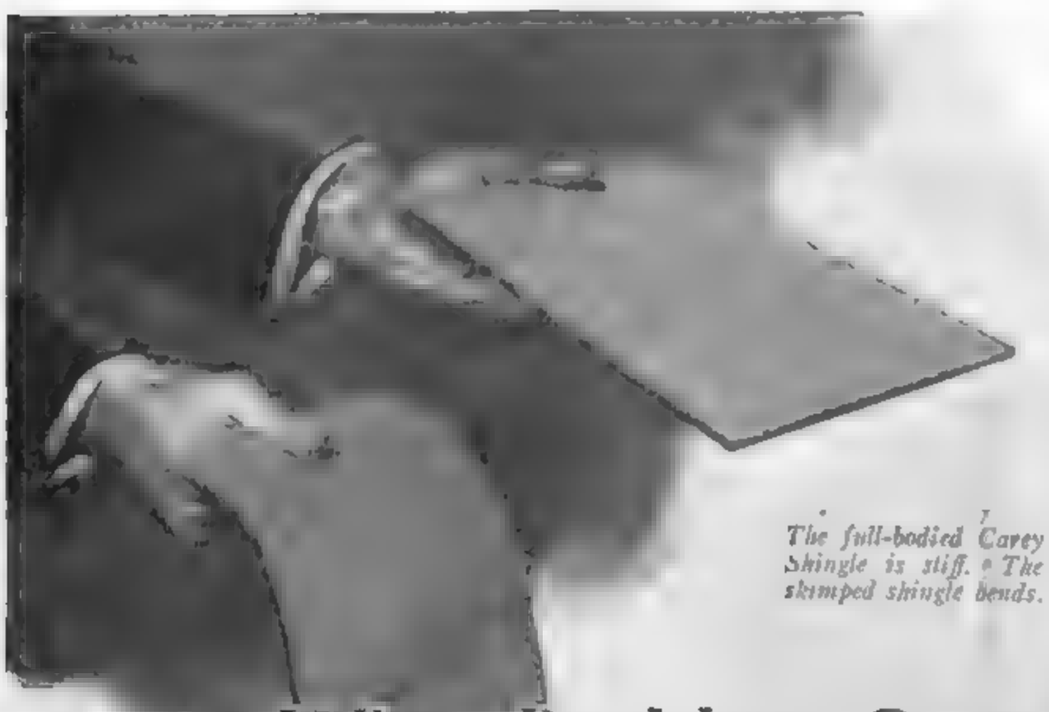

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to explain that, and at the same time I should like to confirm Mr. Goss' statement that he was really annoying Miss Goss. If I had not been sure of that—and if I had not supposed that the threat of a thrashing would be enough to abate the nuisance—I might not have proceeded to extremities. I don't know. At all events I had no choice."

"When was this?" inquired Mr. Goss.

"About six months ago. It happened at Mrs. Blesler-Graham's dinner dance. Mr. Drender had been making himself obnoxious to Miss Goss throughout the evening, and she had already complained to me of his tiresome conduct. A little later I saw him quite evidently bothering her, and as she made a movement to escape he had the cheek to lay his hand on her arm to detain her. I walked up and, excusing myself to Miss Goss, asked him if I could have a word or two with him in private.

"'Later on, if you don't mind,' he said. 'At this moment I am telling Miss Goss something of a confidential nature—if you don't mind.'

"'I don't think I care to hear it,' Adelia—Miss Goss said; so at that he got up and followed me out into the garden.

"'Make it snappy, please,' he said rather offensively when I stopped in a secluded spot.

"I said that I would try to, and told him briefly that if he did not stop forcing his unwelcome attentions on the lady whom we had just left I would be obliged to pulverize him, *vi et armis*. He said nothing whatever."

"Rather unusual for William," Daggett commented. "Seems hard to believe."

"He simply slipped his coat off," Pauling continued. "He folded it neatly and laid it to one side; then he took the links out of his cuffs, put them in his waistcoat pocket and rolled up his sleeves."

"More like it," Daggett remarked. "And then?"

"It was simple butchery, of course," said Pauling. "I really hated it; but he got up as fast as I knocked him down, and kept coming—until he couldn't get up and I had to help him to his feet. I'm afraid I hurt him more than I intended.

"'I'm sorry,' I told him, 'but you can't do that sort of thing and get away with it. It isn't done.'

"He wiped his mouth and spat two or three times, and then muttered rather indistinctly, 'A fat lot you know about it.'

"I told him that if he would rest on the bench to which I had led him I would bring my car around to the garden gate and take him home. Then I left him, but when I returned he had disappeared. I went back to Miss Goss, and without mentioning what had happened told her that Mr. Drender was not likely to trouble her any further. She was very glad to hear it."

"That would be about the time William was damaged in the Robey Street car smash," murmured Daggett, looking at Pauling reflectively.

"But six months ago," said Mr. Goss with a puzzled air.

"I am coming to that," said Pauling, flushing slightly. "I am sorry to say that I found it necessary to do the job all over again. Drender not only resumed his importunity with regard to Miss Goss, but he began to worry her father. I was informed that he had embarrassed her very much by coming to her table at Mooney's, where she was having tea with a woman friend, and conducting himself like an accepted suitor. He had afterward insisted on escorting the ladies to their car, and Ade—Miss Goss told me that she almost had to run over him to get away from the curb. Soon after that we found him among the guests at a week-end party at Ravinia, and it was quite obvious that he needed another lesson. I will say, however, that he literally asked for it. I was about to remonstrate with him, I admit, and perhaps he saw it in my eye. Anyway, he forestalled me.

"'I should like to have a word or two with you in private, Mr Pauling,' he said. 'There is a dusted mead in a near-by bosky dell to which we might repair with a reasonable certainty that we will be free from interruption.'

"We were not interrupted until the affair was about concluded, which was unfortunate for him, because I was in a bad humor and he didn't give me much of a chance to be easy with him. He was quicker on his feet this time, and seemed to have acquired some ideas of defense, moreover, he landed on me occasionally—once on the back of my neck as I went past him; and once he clinched and beat a tattoo on my upper lumbar region that made me suspect he had been tutoring, and removed any merciful scruples that I might have had. I went to work on him very seriously from that moment, and I am almost ashamed to say that I kept on smashing him long after there was any necessity for it. He was a pretty gory object, and quite thoroughly licked, even if he didn't know it, when Miss Goss arrived on the scene."

"Adelia?" Mr. Goss exclaimed.

Pauling nodded.

"And what did Adelia have to say about it?" inquired Daggett, taking that liberty with the young lady's name in characteristic fashion.

"What Miss Goss said reflected entire credit on her, and was in accordance with her generous womanly nature," Pauling replied. "She was extremely indignant with me, and took me to task very severely, as I deserved—in some measure at least; and she was sweetly compassionate and sympathetic with Drender, who, I will say, showed himself absolutely undeserving.

"He was inexcusably rude to her," Pauling went on to explain at a lift of Daggett's bristling eyebrows. "He almost struck her hand aside when she would have helped him up, and his exact words, as I remember them, were, 'What do you want to come butting in for? Beat it!'

"Of course that rotten, ungentlemanly behavior destroyed whatever sympathy she may have felt. She drew back in perfect amazement, and watched him as he slowly got to his feet, recovered his hat and staggered off through the underbrush. Then she turned to me and apologized for what she had said. 'The little wretch!' she exclaimed. 'I am sorry that I interfered. I wish you had done twice as much to him.'"

"So do I," said Mr. Goss savagely. "But it seems it was sufficient to discourage him," he added.

"In a way, and as far as Miss Goss is concerned, yes," Pauling agreed. "But I wouldn't say that he was altogether discouraged."

"Why?" asked Mr. Goss.

"Because ten days ago Mr. Drender met me as I was returning from lunch and invited me to a little west-side gymnasium, where he had arranged to have the place entirely to ourselves for two hours. A much shorter time would have sufficed, as it happened. He was my automobile accident."

Pauling touched his swollen and discolored jaw significantly, and then raising the black-silk patch over his eye disclosed an extensive shiner, as we boys used to call it, in a still highly prismatic condition, in spite of the time that had elapsed since its infliction. It must have originally been what we used to term a lulu. Drawing down his lower lip with some tenderness, he directed our attention to a vacant place in his row of teeth.

"I have also a broken rib that incommodes me considerably," he said. "I hold no brief for Mr. Drender, but I am bound to acknowledge that what he did to me was amply sufficient. In my place he would probably have taken more than he gave me, but I was content to call it a licking and let it go at that. My foot slipped, and if I had not eaten quite so heavy a lunch—but I don't know. I will state that if Mr. Drender contests the lightweight championship at any time I'll put a little of my money on him. That is why I say that I have a high respect for Mr. Drender. I'm sorry for him, too, because I think he entertains a hopeless—well, that is about all I have to say."

"You're all right, Pauling," declared Daggett heartily. He frowned as he considered for a moment or two. "I quite understand your position," he said, addressing Mr. Goss, who was looking at him steadily and expectantly. "I don't blame you for feeling sore. You have reason to be, and I think your opposition to Drender is justified to a great extent. It's certainly a bad thing to start an enterprise with serious dissensions, and I'm not going to try to force Drender on you; but the question, as I see it, is whether you can look at this matter of his appointment in a purely business light. You say that he is no longer annoying you or your daughter, and I make a guess that Mr. Pauling has arranged with the young lady to prevent any further anxiety on that score"—here Pauling smiled a sort of reluctant assent—"and that being the case, couldn't you forget what has passed and consider Drender

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March 5, 1920.

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Exceptional *power* of the truck and excellent service rendered Garford owners by The Garford Company.

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THE GARFORD MOTOR TRUCK CO., LIMA, OHIO

TRUCKS

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merely as a man whom we need—if I can satisfy you that he is? I can tell you that Waterman and Dolby have both been trying to get him for a year or two, and they are men who are pretty good judges of executive ability. I needn't tell you that I like William, and I have promised him the job if I could swing it. At the same time no man is indispensable, and I realize that if your opposition is strong enough I can't get him in. I'm putting this as a matter of business, but I'm not bonehead enough not to recognize the fact that private considerations influence business. It's up to you."

"No!" cried Mr. Goss, bringing his plump fist down on the table with a bang.

Almost with the effect of an echo, there came a rap at the door. Then rap—rap—rap—rap with metronomic regularity.

"Come in!" shouted Daggett.

The door opened gently and closed noiselessly behind William Drender. But it was a new William Drender. His demeanor was no longer modest and serious; it was smiling and aggressively confident. His face was flushed and his gray eyes seemed to have a peculiar brightness. He appeared to be so happily assured that I felt very sorry indeed for him, in view of the humiliation to which he was to be subjected.

"Sit down, William," Daggett invited kindly.

"Thanks, I'll stand," said William—"to address the meeting." He looked at us severally, as he had at his previous entrance; but more slowly, and his smile widened. "As I observed a little while ago, what I want to say concerns Mr. Goss, Mr. Pauling, you, Mr. Daggett, and"—he looked me full in the face and chuckled—"and I am very glad to have you present, Cousin Evenson."

I took the hand that he extended across the table and shook it more warmly perhaps than the circumstances demanded. But blood is thicker than water.

"You knew me, did you, you young scoundrel?" I said. "You had the advantage of me for a time."

"I know it," he replied. "I purposely avoided meeting you in connection with this business, as I also avoided Mr. Goss and Mr. Pauling, and I asked Mr. Daggett to refrain from mentioning me—for a reason. Perhaps, by the way, you wouldn't mind informing Mr. Goss that I come of a respectable family, and that I made good on the recommendation that you gave me to the Dodo Mutual Life Insurance Company."

"I'm not interested," said Mr. Goss coldly.

"You will be," William returned.

I stated briefly, but I think impressively, what I knew to be the facts: That William's mother had been my cousin; that he had been a good son to her, not only supporting her from an early age, but refusing to take advantage of better opportunities than our little town afforded, since doing so would have obliged him to leave her; that on his mother's death I had, by correspondence, secured him a position with the Dodo, where he had, as he said, made good.

"I have not seen him since his childhood," I concluded, "but I have heard of him frequently, and every account has given me a favorable impression of his character and capability."

"Glad to hear it," Mr. Goss said politely. "I shall not attempt to dispute it."

"I can add that the Dodo people told me that he was a crackajack in every respect and particular," said Daggett. "I consider, speaking from a business standpoint, that they were right. Now, Goss."

"I don't intend to recede from my position by one hair's breadth," declared Mr. Goss stubbornly. "As I told you, I don't believe that Stillwell will come into the consolidation; but if he were willing to, and if you and he joined against me, I wouldn't consent to Mr. Drender's appointment as general manager or special office boy of the concern; not if I had to go out of business the next day. That is final."

"Stillwell is coming in," Daggett said. "William persuaded him, and thereby showed himself to be some little persuader. Didn't you hear him tell me so? That Stillwell would be at our meeting to-morrow?"

"It's a matter of indifference to me," said Mr. Goss; but anyone could see that it hit him hard.

"And Mr. Stillwell quite approved of me as manager," said William rather plaintively.

"I don't!" snorted Mr. Goss. "Dammit, I don't!" he cried shrilly with an access of passion, and he again thumped the table with his fist.

"No use!" sighed Daggett. "William, sit down and listen to me, son. You know that I think a heap of you, and all that; but we can't have you in with us in this new deal. Nothing doing. I would like to have you, and I've tried to work it, but Mr. Goss objects very decidedly, and I don't see any way of getting around his objections, do you?"

"Perhaps ——" William began.

"Don't interrupt," snapped Daggett. "There is no way. Now I want this consolidation to go through. I wouldn't want it bad enough to turn you adrift, but I know that you can get a job that's just as good—better, because you would have an enemy in the organization here. You are to blame for it, William, because you have undoubtedly made yourself a pest and a nuisance to Mr. Goss. I personally wouldn't mind that so much, and I feel quite sure that Mr. Goss would not; but when you touch a man's family you touch something sacred. You get me?"

William smiled and nodded.

"I hate to have to say this to you, William," Daggett resumed, "but the truth is that I sympathize with Mr. Goss, though I am sorry on your account. I have a daughter of my own, and if you had attempted to hound her as you have hounded Miss Goss I would certainly have broken your darned neck. Persistency is a good thing, but in this instance you have carried it about a mile and a half too far."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Goss. "You have stated my position exactly, Daggett." He seemed greatly relieved by Daggett's acquiescence, and I thought the answer was Stillwell.

As for William, he bore his disappointment admirably, I thought. I was proud of the composure with which he listened to Daggett's strictures on his conduct, but I must say I was surprised when he proceeded to argue the point. Persistent as he was, I really must say that I was surprised at that.

"Let me presume on your patience a moment or two while I get at this," he said, the good-humored smile still on his face. "May I take it as agreed that I originated the idea of this consolidation, worked out the plan in all its details, and either in person or through the agency of others secured the approval of all the parties concerned? Correct? Very well. Mr. Daggett has told you that he thinks me competent to fill the position of manager, and that he wished and has tried to have me appointed. Is that right? Very well. Mr. Stillwell, a person who is of some importance to us—I may say that he is indispensable—he is agreeable to my appointment too. Mr. Goss has said that he will not dispute my qualifications. No trouble in that respect. What ground of objection now remains? Mr. Goss' feelings of resentment as a father. Mr. Goss personally could forgive or at least overlook my urgent attentions had they been confined to him, but I have also made myself highly objectionable to his daughter, and that, by a process of elimination, remains his sole objection to me as manager—outweighing all other considerations. Is that your position, Mr. Goss?"

"I'm tired of the subject, and I won't have Miss Goss discussed," Mr. Goss replied testily. "You can put it that way if you like. Yes, that's my position."

"Then I think that one objection can be overcome," said William cheerfully. "I've been using the telephone while I waited."

He went to the door, opened it and made a beckoning motion with his head. The next instant we were all on our feet, one chair being overturned with a crash that was entirely disregarded. A young woman had appeared before us—a young nymph clad in a bewildering street gown unsuitable to any known street and wearing a hat that couldn't possibly have been made for anybody but her; a vision of loveliness so colorful and radiant that the dingy room seemed suddenly illuminated by her presence.

"Adelia!" cried Mr. Goss.

She smiled enchantingly, blew him a kiss, and then moved close to William and took his arm. I saw her flash a glance at Pauling; and, alas, there was no pity in it, but defiance, and something like enmity.

"We were married this morning," William announced, standing very erect and with his chest well out. "Gentlemen, I am introducing you to my wife."

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You will see that it pays

This new method of teeth cleaning shows its benefits quickly. Some results are very rapid. Man, woman or child will in a week see effects delightful and convincing. Millions have already seen them.

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Film is now known as the teeth's great enemy. It absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped some trouble caused by film.

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Dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat that film each day. The ways are efficient, as proved by able authorities. Now leading dentists everywhere advise them.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Other modern essentials are also found in it. A ten-day test will be sent to you to show its effects, if you ask.

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Pepsodent reaches wherever the film goes, and attacks it in two effective ways. It also gives three vital aids to Nature.

It multiplies the salivary flow, Nature's tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

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These effects accord with modern dental requirements. They mean such cleansing, such protection as you need. Get this 10-Day Tube and see how much they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific reasons for the other good effects. It will mean a new era in teeth cleaning.

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THE man who is handy with tools—who works a lot around his home, needs Boss Work Gloves to protect his hands from dirt, paint, and minor injuries. Women need them every day to dust, sweep, black the stove, oil the floors, and for many other odd jobs.

Boss Work Gloves are tough enough to insure long wear—and flexible enough to allow the free feel of any job. They are made of the finest quality white canton flannel. In ribbed, band, and gauntlet wrists. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls.

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THE BOSS **MEEDY**—Best quality, medium weight canton flannel.

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The Boss line includes highest quality leather palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens.

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING CO.
Kewanee, Ill.

BOSS WORK GLOVES

WHY DON'T THE CHURCHES SETTLE THINGS?

(Continued from Page 26)

would straightway be need of another Reformation. All who are called to the apostolic succession must be willing to fare forth without baggage or purse.

I question, though, if even Saint Paul himself would be willing to hold down the job of the average modern city preacher. Doubtless conditions would be different with a Paul in the pulpit, but the disconcerting fact confronts us that church attendance is on the decline throughout the land.

A few years ago, in the office of a metropolitan daily, there was an editorial discussion upon the subject of church news. A member of the staff proposed, as a feature story to set the town talking, that the newspaper arrange to cover, by its own men and without announcement, all the church services in the city on a given Sunday, recording the exact number of persons present at each, with their sex, and the seating capacity of the building. The idea was a good one, but it was discarded because the chief thought it would be regarded as an act of hostility by the churches! The stark naked facts would, he said, humiliate the Christian sentiment of the community.

No discerning person will accept the volume of attendance upon established churches as the final test of the interest of people in religion. The undoubted spiritual solicitude of a multitude of nonchurchgoers is one of the most arresting factors in the present situation. Nevertheless, church attendance must be looked upon as a criterion of the spiritual sensitiveness of a community. In truth, many modern clergymen seem to hold the idea that the church is little more than a crowd to hear them preach. They talk of their audiences rather than of their congregations—an important distinction; for a congregation may worship without a preacher, but the audience idea puts into first place the speaker.

Dull Popular Sermons

During six months of the past year my work called me on Sundays into a score of Eastern cities and small towns, mostly the latter. I attended church at least once every Sunday. Sometimes during the summer I had difficulty in finding a church to attend. In one Pennsylvania small town with five churches I tried three of them in vain, no morning services being held because of the absence of the preachers, before I found the fourth church open—and with a congregation of less than fifty persons, though the room was built to hold five hundred. I could not learn whether there was preaching in the fifth church or not, since it was a small one on the edge of town; and nobody seemed to know or care much about even the churches with which they themselves were nominally connected. I am not here discussing the question of community coöperation and efficiency in religion, but only touching upon the quality of the preaching I heard. Most of the services were poorly attended, some of them pitiably so; and yet I could not marvel at the fact, considering the sort of sermons to which the congregation had to listen. With only two or three exceptions the discourses were dull, dreadfully dull and commonplace. Some of the dullest were those which strove hardest to be popular, and to keep as far away as possible from the stern sublimities of faith. I heard a plenty of threadbare anecdotes—a clerk in a denominational bookstore once told me that books of illustrations and sermon outlines are the best sellers to preachers—and I heard comments upon current events that would never get for their authors positions as editorial writers on newspapers; and I heard mechanical and stereotyped arrangements of Scripture texts; and I heard almost everywhere "the language of Canaan," which is a euphemism for the shop talk of theology, in place of simple, clear United States speech of the twentieth century. But rarely did I hear a man who preached "as a dying man to dying men," as a consciously burdened prophet of the Most High, declaring with pertinency and conviction "Thus saith the Lord!"

There is something desperately lacking in much of the day's preaching; else a singularly spirit-hungry generation would not be turning its back upon the open doors of the churches. Whether the responsibility must be borne by the theological seminaries, the preachers themselves or the churches at large, I cannot say. It is a commonplace to blame the Sunday paper, the golf course and the automobile as the successful rivals of the churches, but the preacher who cannot compete with these, when he has as his ally all the instinctive yearnings after spiritual realities which fill the breast of the normal person, is a pretty poor salesman of his line of goods. If the churches cannot stand up against the comic supplements they are weaker in the knees than they have any right to become.

Where are the great preachers of a generation ago? Then the churches took their leadership and ideals from strong personalities who proclaimed in their own pulpits and in denominational assemblies the truth for the times. Nowadays one would be hard pressed to name half a dozen great preachers in any of the largest cities in the land, and a significant proportion of these are importations from abroad. Nor does one commonly find great utterances in the religious press; books and secular publications are the vehicles for the religious thought of our day.

Religious Leadership

Leadership in religion has been largely surrendered to salaried officers of denominational and nondenominational organizations. The rush to fill nonpastoral, nonpreaching positions on the part of able clergymen is one explanation of the lowering of the level of present-day sermons. By becoming a secretary to something or other a minister escapes the dreary round of parish tasks, the exactions of a congregation, the necessity for preparing new sermons every week, the limitations of stated meetings which tie him down to one locality, the privations consequent upon a small salary. As a secretary the clergyman automatically becomes a leader. Instead of doing a monotonous round of Christian work, the minister who has become a board secretary now tells others to do it; he has a stenographer, an expense account and a good salary; and he is expected, at his organization's charges, to be present at all the interesting big religious conventions, wherever held. Also, he needs only two or three well-practiced addresses and sermons in his repertory instead of having to grind out two new sermons a week before an unappreciative congregation.

Let me not leave a wrong impression here. These general secretaries and supervisors of religion are personally good men. Their motives are of the best. They have been allured by what they consider a call to a larger field and greater service; for the distant pasture usually seems greener than the one in which we stand.

In the army everybody grumbled at the general staff—the size of its personnel, its pay and its blunders. That is what I am doing at this point with respect to religion. The general staff of the churches in America to-day is of a magnitude out of all proportion to the army. By examination of the 1920 Year Book of the Federal Council of Churches I find that the number of salaried general officers in the denominations and in the allied nondenominational Christian bodies reaches a very large total. This list is confessedly incomplete, and it takes no account of the hundreds of closely related organizations, religious and benevolent and reform, both national and local. An idea of the financial burden all this fixed charge is upon the Christian constituency becomes apparent after a little figuring. Allowing an average salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year for these employed general officers—some receive twice that sum—we get a huge annual total for the salary list of the principals. Give each man only one stenographer at twenty-five dollars a week and we have another big sum. To all this add office rent in downtown buildings, together with printing and publicity bills. The obvious deduction would seem to be that fewer secretaries and general organizations and more and better preachers are a real need of present-day American Christianity.

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THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

"George, are you forgetting Harry's stag party tonight?" "More fun at home, dear, with you and the Gulbransen. Come, sing this one with me."

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Only you who know Gulbransen history can appreciate the importance of this announcement. 1921 is the fifth year of the famous Gulbransen "National Price" policy. In the beginning it was pronounced "absurd," "unworkable." Never before had a piano maker guaranteed the same price to every buyer everywhere in the United States.

But through these trying years of climbing prices Gulbransen National Prices have advanced the least. Meanwhile the Gulbransen has become the largest selling player-piano. Finally Gulbransen National Prices have become the standard of value for the entire industry. Now all player-pianos are compared with Gulbransens for quality and value.

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Quality remains unchanged. And our increased capacity to 45,000 player-pianos yearly is now bringing the Gulbransen to many new localities. If you have not seen our instruments in your locality, write us for our dealer's name.

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All Gulbransen Player-Pianos contain the exclusive patented Gulbransen Playing Mechanism invented by A. G. Gulbransen 20 years ago and still being perfected and manufactured under his personal supervision. The White House Model gives you this Gulbransen Playing Mechanism in as fine an upright piano as can be built, regardless of price. The Suburban Model gives you the same Playing Mechanism in an inexpensive piano, yet a satisfying instrument on which we are proud to put the name Gulbransen. The Country Seat Model contains the same Playing Mechanism and stands midway between the other two in piano quality.

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GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY, CHICAGO

GULBRANSEN
(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)
Player-Piano

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(Concluded from Page 98)

Among the consequences of religion's having yielded to the great American idea of depending upon organization is that some of the men holding these secretarial jobs are likely to exceed bounds in trying to demonstrate their usefulness. If there were not men drawing salaries for telling the rest of us how to observe the Lord's Day this Sabbatarian storm would never have broken on our heads. Some of them hold positions from which the great body of Christians have long since moved. Everybody knows that the great majority of church members do read Sunday papers, and go driving on Sunday, and ride on the trains on Sunday, and spend a part of Sunday out-of-doors or in social intercourse. In so doing they have the approval of both the Bible and their own consciences. The Sabbath code called blue laws—which are largely dead letters upon the statute books—are derived from Puritan usages rather than from the Scriptures; just as a deal of gloomy theology has in it more of Milton than of the Bible. There is always a tendency for usages to become set, so that one generation's liberty may be the next generation's bondage.

The latest drive against any measure of individual liberty in observing the first day of the week gets its force, however, only from the necessity for finding expression for the tumult of spiritual fires within the breasts of people. They want to do something to bring religion to bear upon contemporary life; therefore they are persuaded that the point of Sabbath observance will serve. So used are church folk to following after professional leaders that many of them do not perceive that an antiquated and unscriptural interpretation of the proper keeping of Sunday only plays into the hands of the agencies whose business it is to discredit the moral and religious sentiment of the land. A second glance at the trend of the current discussion in the public press shows that it inclines to strengthen the antiprohibition movement in the land. Clearly if church people may be made to appear as mere joy killers and as advocates of all forms of narrowness and intolerance and repression, their power to sway the country will be gone.

Sensible Sabbath-Keeping

A strong and wholesome and Christian home life is more important to the cause of church and country than a strong church life—though the two ought never to be dissociated, since each should contribute to the other. The Christian home antedates the Christian church and must ever have priority over it. The theologians themselves have always been clear on that point.

Jesus surely would not hesitate to use train or trolley or automobile on Sunday if by so doing He could serve the higher welfare of life. On the other hand, it is impossible to conceive of Him as supporting a wide-open Sunday with business as usual. Central to the Bible's idea of the Sabbath is rest from the vocations and avocations of the six other days, which means a cessation of all money-making occupations and cares. Church folk and workingmen and economists and sociologists are one in desiring that Sunday should not become like other days, but should be kept for the cultivation of man's noblest nature. The few who would impose certain arbitrarily selected practices of a century ago upon all the world are unintentionally misrepresenting both the spirit of the day and the very genius of religious liberty. There will be only harm wrought to the churches by any attempt to compel all men to conform to the peculiar practices of the few. Humanity cannot be driven to church; it can only be drawn there. So deep and ineradicable is the spiritual questing of the race that it delights to be attracted to living expressions of faith. Do the churches themselves realize how alluring is the priceless treasure they possess? Or do they discern the present eagerness after spiritual satisfaction?

A simple return to the ways of democracy is the one obvious remedy for the decline of the churches—lacking the rise of a new Peter the Hermit or Savonarola or George Whitefield to reawaken the whole nation. Centralization of leadership, or at least of direction, in a group of salaried secretaries has failed. The multiplication of machinery and engineers in religion has left the people colder than ever. Thoughtful observers of religious tendencies—and their number is greater than may be commonly supposed—are suggesting decentralization and a going back to the old-fashioned usage of strengthening the local church and the local community. The churches can do with fewer organizations and secretaries if only they may have more and better preachers. We may count up too many moribund religious organizations which, in Zangwill's arresting phrase, "continue to live because they have not the courage to die." They are a load upon the churches rather than lifters of the churches.

Instead of depending upon the Christians of a neighborhood to put their shoulders—laymen and clergy together—under their immediate share of responsibility for Christian ideals and Christian work, we have for nearly a generation past agreed to let George do it—George being some expensive organization or movement centering in a large city, usually New York. Indefatigable propaganda has assured the world over and over again that each and all of our religious problems were to be solved by the particular one of these huge enterprises at the moment to the fore.

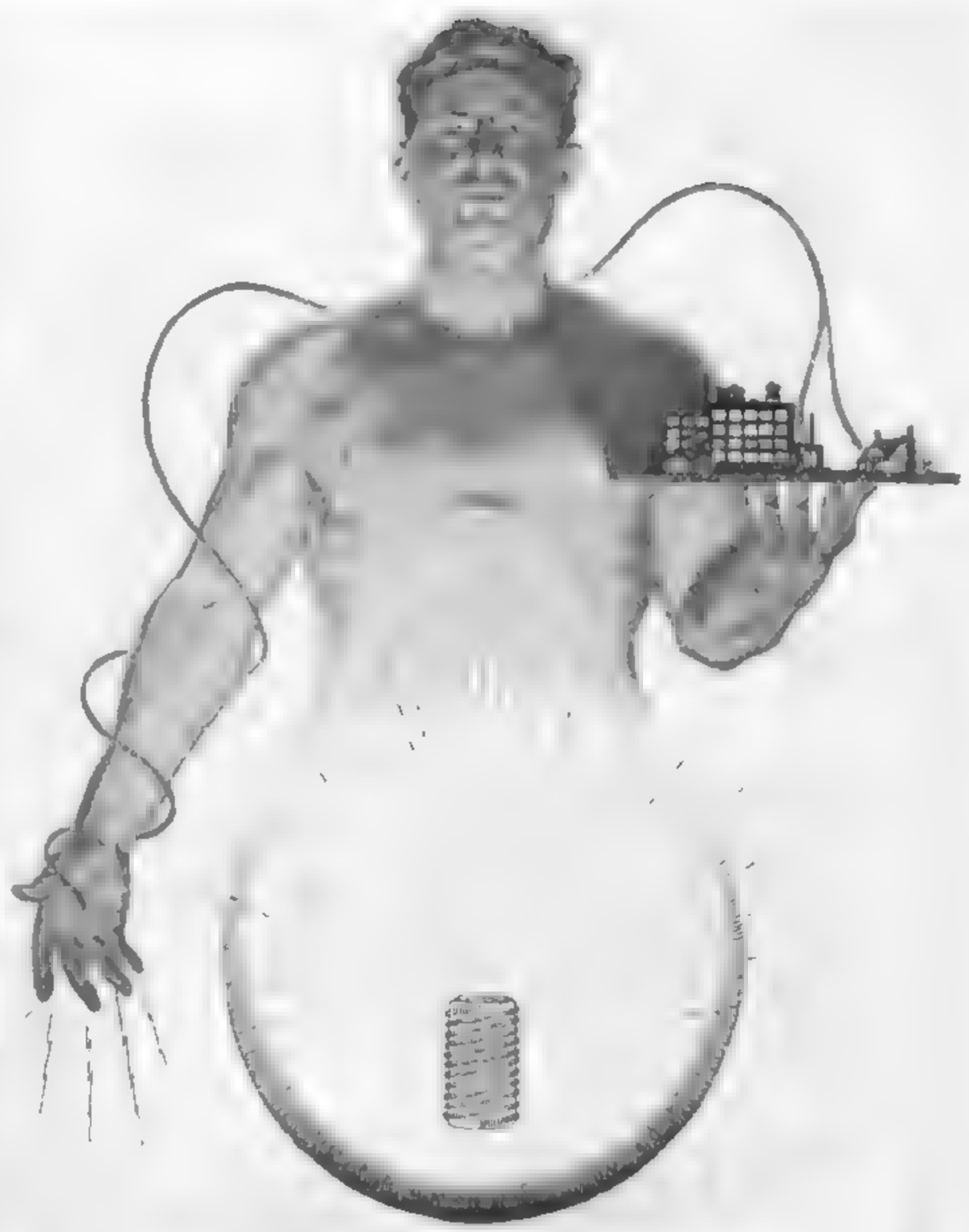
As a brutal fact, clearly on record, the big schemes of a generation past have all failed to arrest the religious decline in America; even church statistics show that organized Christianity is not holding its own of late.

Individual Responsibility

Inevitably the responsibility for the state of religion devolves once more upon the members and ministers of individual congregations and denominations. The churches have suffered in their wholesale business; they must now strengthen their retail branches. Instead of diverting their members' thoughts to roseate prospects of an early reunion of Christendom they will now have to find a sensible, efficient method of working together in each neighborhood. After all, the Christian unity that really counts and ultimately produces the largest results is the unity of Christians in service and worship right where they live. One working, vital interchurch community effort is worth many speeches upon far-distant reunions. This is the sort of thing that will happen when in a resurgence of democracy and religious zeal Christian men and women of all names definitely set themselves to facing the tasks over against their own homes, instead of waiting for some patented process of power in a great city to do their work for them.

An unheralded, unsensational and unreported little gathering of the active Christian men and women in every neighborhood, to take counsel upon effective measures for vitalizing their own churches in the light of the present crisis—a sort of district council of war—would be more efficacious just now than any pretentious general-staff meetings. To set the rank and file of church people to thinking and talking and praying together over the state of things is the democratic and the most practicable method of meeting the emergency. These folk are not one step behind the foremost leaders in devotion to and concern for the spiritual well-being of the world. They are the ones whose interest and gifts maintain the whole Christian enterprise, in both its domestic and international phases. Their faith and loyalty are the surest foundation upon which the cause of religion to-day may depend. They are at present surcharged with spiritual solicitude; a great expectation is manifest among them.

The best ground for optimism concerning the future of religion, humanly speaking, is the character of the uncounted company of everyday Christians in America. Their numbers and their quiet godliness and simple trust can be realized only by the person who has traveled over a wide area of country and been admitted into a large number of homes. He finds Bibles on the tables and hears grace said before meat; and perceives, in countless almost indefinable ways, that these warmhearted, modest folk are deeply reverent and God-fearing as well as wholly patriotic. They are genuine; ready to do a good turn for a neighbor or for a wayfarer; and rich in all the homely virtues which are the flower and fruit of the Christian religion. They are ready to follow any clear light of leading and to walk in any plain path that is marked out by crosses. They are the church, and they are the hope of a vitalization of our troubled times by the great inspirations and inhibitions of the Christian faith.



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Sense and Nonsense

Deeply Moved

IN THE recent campaign a statesman from below Mason and Dixon's Line, distinguished for his oratorical gifts, was persuaded to assist a fellow Democrat in a Northern state, seeking reëlection.

The silver-tongued Southerner therefore had occasion to address a meeting in a small but politically enthusiastic community.

He made a very eloquent appeal for support for his colleague, at the conclusion of which a very local orchestra, engaged for the purpose, undertook to pay a musical tribute to the visiting speaker by rendering My Old Kentucky Home.

The instrumentalists were more energetic than musical, yet the old air was recognizable and the speaker was much impressed, more perhaps with the spirit of the orchestral effort than its success.

As he looked over the audience he observed a man seated near the orchestra, apparently intent upon the music. The man was visibly overcome. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

The Southern statesman walked over to the man and said: "I sympathize with you, suh, residing, as you do, so far from your homeland. What part of the South are you from, suh?"

"Hell," replied the other, "I'm no Southerner. I'm a musician."

Hogg Versus Hogg

FORMER Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, was lately recalling to a party of friends some of the happy days of the long ago in Washington.

In those days, he said, there were such things as bars; and his old friend Hirtubus Hogg spent a great deal of his time on the fringe of these oases.

One night, after an unusually long sojourn near his favorite bar, Mr. Hogg navigated painfully home and at last found himself safe and sound in his bedroom. Mrs. Hogg was waiting up for him.

"Hirtubus," she said, after a swift appraisal of his condition, "I am ashamed of you—utterly ashamed. You are a Hogg by name and a hog by nature."

"Yes, m'dear," replied the prodigal meekly, "but even at that I have the advantage over you.

"You are a Hogg by name, but you became a Hogg by choice."

Could Use a Shovel

A SUPERINTENDENT of a large factory was short of help. One morning as a last resort he stopped a tramp who was passing by.

"Are you looking for a job?" he asked the tramp.

"What kind of a job?" the tramp inquired.

"Can you do anything with a shovel?"

"Yes," answered the tramp, rubbing his eyes, "I can fry ham on it."

One of the Mourners

IN THE good old days when Frank Bacon, the star of Lightnin', was barnstorming through the West, his wardrobe, although modest, boasted a dress suit, fairly well preserved.

During one of the periods when he was resting at home a neighbor came over and borrowed the garments for the purpose of attending a local function. Bacon was called away on tour the next day, and forgot the incident until he returned and had need of the suit himself.

As it was necessary to secure the clothes for that very evening he jumped into a hack, crossed town and called at the house of the borrower.

In response to his knock a woman opened the door.

"Jim Spivins in?" inquired the actor.

"No," replied the lady. "No, indeed, he's not in."

"Well," explained Bacon, "my name is Bacon and last time I was home I loaned him my evening clothes. He forgot to bring 'em back. I'm invited out this evening, and I need them. Do you know where they are?"

"Yes," droned the woman apathetically; "yes, Mr. Bacon, I know exactly where they are."

"Well, you can get them for me, can't you?" ventured the owner of the evening clothes.

"Don't believe I can," returned the woman thoughtfully, as though facing a problem. "I don't believe I can."

"Why—why can't you?" This with just a shade of irritation.

"Because—because," hesitated the other.

"Because what?" persisted the actor.

"Because—because we buried him in them last January," she vouchsafed.

One Thing He Hadn't Done

IT WAS at a revival meeting. An old darky rose to his feet.

"Brudders an' sisters," said he earnestly, "you knows an' I knows that I ain't been what I oughta been. Ise robbed hen roosts an' stole hogs an' tol' lies an' got drunk an' slashed folks wi' ma razor, an' shot craps an' cussed an' swore, but I thank de Lord dere's one thing I ain't nebber done—I ain't nebber lost ma religion."

Thought Her Mrs. Ty

AT A THEATER in Savannah, Georgia, some tickets had been left for Mrs. Irvin S. Cobb, who was visiting relatives. The young man at the window was unusually attentive and cordial when Mrs. Cobb called.

"If there is anything in the world we can do for you, Mrs. Cobb, let us know," he said. "We are all great admirers of your husband."

"That is awfully nice of you," she replied, thanking him.

"I see he hit well over .300, even if he didn't cop the big honor," the young man remarked. "Do you know, Mrs. Cobb, if he gets off well in the spring he'll lead the league again sure. That boy certainly swings a mean bat!"

Well Preserved

FORMER Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, has long enjoyed an established reputation as a naval expert; but only lately has he blossomed out as an Orientalist. A few days ago at a public gathering he made formal announcement of a highly important discovery of a collection of Babylonian tablets covered with cuneiform inscriptions.

Mr. Weeks said that the importance of these tablets was entirely due to their subject matter. As a rule, Chaldean tablets bear records of laws, commercial transactions and royal decrees; but those to which the speaker referred preserved for a remote posterity specimens of Eastern humor that were hoary with age when Babylon was but a village.

One of these tablets, according to Mr. Weeks, chronicled a royal ball that the king gave in honor of one of Methuselah's birthdays, when that notoriously aged person was pretty well along in years. It appeared that one of the ladies of the court, having paid her respects to the guest of honor, made bold to ask him which birthday he was celebrating.

"I am nine hundred and sixty years old to-day, my dear," replied the ancient.

"You don't say so!" replied the lady in her best society manner. "You don't look a day over nine hundred and thirty!"

His Knowledge Limited

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS tells of a friend up in his part of the country who purchased a flivver and without any knowledge of that kind of car decided to drive it home.

Two miles out of town the little flivver gave a spasmodic gasp and died in the middle of the road. He tried cranking, throwing sand in the radiator and finally kicked it in the stomach. All to no avail. The engine simply would not start. Finally he spied a big ten-thousand-dollar car coming down the road. He held up his hand for it to stop.

The big machine slowed down and came to a graceful stop alongside the stricken flivver.

"Say," called out Mr. Adams' friend to the chauffeur, "do you know anything about a flivver?"

"Nothing," he replied, "but a couple of funny stories."

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McELWAIN SHOES

TRADE MARK

FALLING PRICES

(Continued from Page 24)

much use. I believe the best professional economists agree that if asked for the bedrock reason they can only say:

"It is a state of mind. People feel upward at one period and downward at another. When they feel upward they go ahead building and buying. Labor is fully employed at good wages and buys freely. Farmers have more money and buy freely. The thing lifts itself by its own boot straps. When they feel downward they stop building and buying. Labor has less wages and less employment. It must curtail buying whether it wants to or not. Farmers have less buying power. The thing keeps hitting itself on the head. It is a state of mind."

Lack of credit doesn't explain it. I remember well the lean years following the panic of 1893, when industry in the United States, figuratively speaking, was flat as a flounder and so many men were out of work that General Coxey proposed to recruit a million of them and march on Washington. I used to go to Chicago periodically in those years. The steel district south of town looked as lonesome as the Pyramids of Egypt—not a stack with a sign of life in it. And uptown the officers of our bank there were blue because they couldn't coax or bully anybody into borrowing a dollar. For months bank money was literally going begging at the lowest rates that had ever been known in this country. Credit was tramping the streets, hat in hand, but nobody would take it. It was a state of mind; people were feeling down. Then, somehow, the state of mind changed; the ball started rolling, and by 1898 we were getting into a fine boom.

I don't follow the stock market much, but I know that about as often as not stocks go up when call money is tight and high, and go down when call money is easy and cheap.

Just lately, while stocks were falling head over heels day after day and week after week, money for stock-carrying purposes could be more easily borrowed, and at lower rates, than some months earlier, when stocks were going up. But people were feeling confident then, and they're not feeling confident now.

I was a youngster when the panic of 1873 happened, but I remember hearing then a good deal of talk about overproduction as the cause of business depression. I am glad to learn from my later reading that that foolish explanation has been discarded. Of course, there may be an overproduction of some particular article. If there is any truth in the newspaper and magazine accounts of conditions in industrial centers a year ago, there must have been an overproduction of silk shirts in the United States at that time. But it is nonsense to say there can be an overproduction of goods in general. I guess that in 1919 workmen—and the people generally, for that matter—conclusively demonstrated their willingness to buy all the goods that anybody could make. Overproduction is no explanation.

High Prices and Prosperity

Prices are tied up with what are called good times and poor times. So far as I can find out from my own observation of forty years, and from what I have read, whenever you find a period of notable, continued rise in prices that was a period of good times; and whenever you find a period of notable, continued fall in prices that was a period of poor times. Also the deepest reason you can discover for good times and poor times is a state of mind.

We've got to make allowance for a very extraordinary factor in our latest price movements; something as though the planet Mars had moved up within navigable distance and begun buying everything in sight, right and left, regardless of price, then drifted out of touch again. The price movement, both up and down, was more violent than any we had known. But in milder form—the price line describing a curve instead of a sharp angle—we have had the same thing before. And this recent headlong fall in prices is still to be accounted for, finally, as the reflection of a state of mind. I don't believe any man or woman can dig anything out of the statistics that will finally account for it. In fact, one of the commonest explanations you see is simply that people decided to stop buying.

Now, prices in themselves make no difference to anybody. All that hurts anybody is a change in prices, and if the change is to hurt anybody to an extent worth talking about it must be comparatively rapid. A farmer, for example, can be exactly as prosperous on fifty-cent wheat as on three-dollar wheat, provided everything else is adjusted to that scale. Farmers are complaining bitterly now because wheat is selling around a dollar and sixty cents a bushel. Ten years ago they were tickled to get only a dollar a bushel. Broadly speaking, it is only a comparatively rapid change in prices that hurts.

Every rapid change, whether it is up or down, must hurt a good many—taking money from one set of people and handing it over to another set. And these price changes go along with something else that is even more important—good times and poor times. A year and a half ago, for example, prices were incredibly high, yet the nation was truly prosperous, for the people who compose it, taking them all round, were living in the highest state of material well-being that they or any other people had ever known. If we are going to have a great lot of shutdown mills and men by the hundreds of thousands out of work or working only half time—which is what the newspapers are talking about at this time—we shall not be truly prosperous. I remember '94, '95 and '96. I don't want to see that again.

The Time to be Nervous

The difference between the top of the boom and the bottom of the depression is accounted for by a state of mind. Money is easier and credit more available at the bottom of the depression than it was at the top of the boom. Of course, there are just as many men and women willing to work and produce and consume. The same plant is there. But people are feeling different—in a different state of mind.

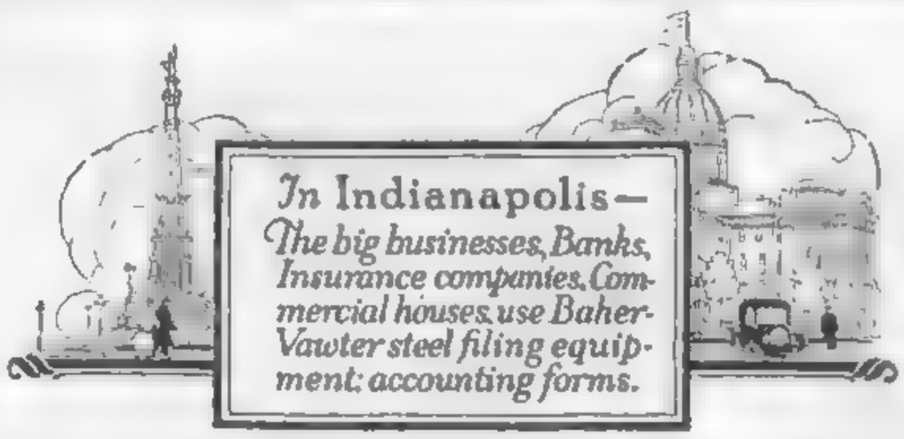
Now, I maintain that it is an unintelligent state of mind. As far back at least as the fall of 1919 men who could read the signs were saying prices were too high, credit too much extended, there should be a halt. Anybody with common sense and the very slightest education in economics could see that for himself. But nobody did halt; everybody went ahead full tilt, and then suddenly everybody halted at once. Again, when we get down into a business depression, money is cheap, credit is easy, labor abundant, materials cheaper; yet for a while everybody hesitates about taking a step ahead.

The time to get nervous about credit is when credit has been expanding rapidly; but as a rough-and-ready generalization, nobody does get nervous until credit stops expanding. Then everybody gets nervous as a cat in a strange garret, and thinks of contraction. The time to be suspicious of prices is when they have been going up rapidly. But we are more suspicious of prices, now that they have been going down rapidly, than we were when they were going up hand over fist. It is an unintelligent state of mind.

I suppose that most people who are good enough to read this composition of mine will agree with me about that. Probably they've heard substantially the same thing before. I imagine I hear them saying, "That's true enough, but it's old stuff. We know that already, and knowing it doesn't get us anywhere. What we want is not a diagnosis of the disease, but a remedy."

A good many remedies have been proposed—greenbacks, for example, and free silver. As a remedy for the fall in farm products Congress is now proposing a further big expansion of credit. A Yale professor of economics proposes to remedy price changes by changing the weight of the gold dollar. All that is natural enough, for we have got into the habit of looking to Washington, or afar off, for a remedy whenever anything is not satisfactory. My remedy is simpler and nearer at hand; also it is far surer.

Leaving out, for the moment, the abnormal factor of war, these rapid, injurious fluctuations are finally due to a state of mind. What is easier than changing your mind—your own individual mind?—for that's the coon I am gunning for. Very likely you will laugh at that at first, or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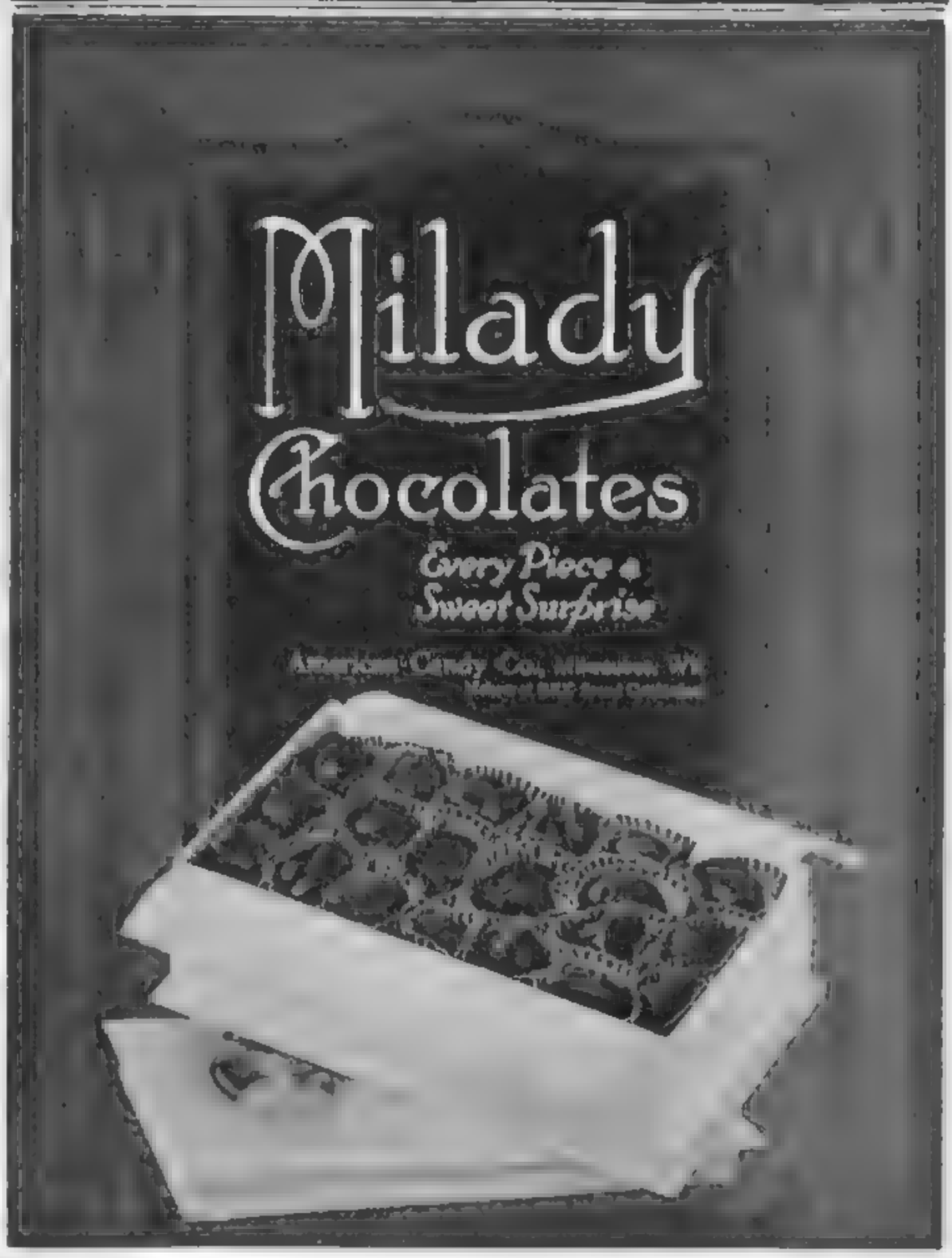

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snort at it, because you have been taught to believe that the state of business in the United States at any given time and the movement of prices are due to some far-away, mysterious persons and forces—magnates, captains of industry, barons, Wall Street, the trusts. There are all sorts of names for those far-away, mysterious persons.

I am sure that those far-away persons are important and useful—in one respect, at least. We all like a play and a picture. I enjoy the movies myself. Economics, even the plain, homely economics of a country bank, make dry reading. I have often noticed that few of our depositors take the trouble to read or understand the very simple little statement of our condition which we are obliged to publish five times a year. Even when it deals with their own money, it is dry reading and some little mental effort is necessary to grasp it. But they enjoy the movies. Now those far-away, mysterious persons make a movie or a play out of our national economics. They're the villain that is always raising hob; or, if you take their word for it, they are the hero that is always ready to die in his tracks for the sake of putting things right. For the purpose of turning dry economics into a popular movie they are indispensable. But I doubt mightily that in any other respect they are a quarter as important as they themselves, and most other people, think they are. I know a bit about Wall Street, as every more or less intelligent country banker does. And I know that as a factor in national economics my country town here, when it is properly multiplied so as to make it stand for all plain, everyday communities, outweighs it a dozen to one.

The state of mind that really counts is yours and mine. I will give you an illustration that you can check up from your own recent experience:

The World War began in August, 1914. Soon the Allies began buying enormous quantities of goods in the United States. They didn't wait to haggle about prices either. They had to have the goods at any price. There was an abnormal condition that was bound to cause an unusual rise in prices.

When the richest governments in Europe were pouring orders and money by the billion into the market no scheme could have prevented a rise in prices. To the end of December, 1916, prices in this market had gone up forty-two points. I use the Government Labor Bureau's index number, which is probably as good as any.

Working Hard and Saving Hard

By that time, you know, the United States was getting close to war, and our own Government was getting into the market for war materials. There was a further rise of fifteen points to the end of March, 1917, when war was a certainty and the President had the proclamation practically on his desk.

Then our Government began buying on an enormous scale, and borrowing on an enormous scale. It spent for goods and services, mostly in this home market, more than twenty-five billion dollars. There, again, was a condition that was bound to cause an advance in prices. From the end of March, 1917, to the end of November, 1918, when the armistice was signed and the war was over, American prices rose forty-five points.

Practically, although not legally, the war was over when the armistice was signed. Our Government and the Allied governments at once let up on all the exigent war buying. Of course, it couldn't all be shut off in a minute, like locking up a shop for the night, but all the pressure was off. By the end of February, 1919, prices had fallen nine points.

Then they started up again, and by the end of June, 1920, they had risen seventy-two points.

Twenty months of war, from March, 1917, to November, 1918—war on far the greatest scale ever known, with the most enormous buying, government spending and government borrowing ever dreamed of—sent prices up forty-five points.

Sixteen months of peace, from February, 1919, to June, 1920, sent prices up seventy-two points. The absolute rise was twenty-seven points greater in the peace period than in the war period.

Now, how do you account for that? The answer, to my mind, is as plain and indubitable as the nose on your face. I could see it, right here in my country bank, before the professional economists got it tabulated.

During the war period a tremendous boosting power was applied to prices namely, the vast governmental expenditures for war purposes. But during that period the plain, everyday people of the United States, taking them by and large, were working like beavers, doing all they could to increase production; and at the same time they were exerting themselves to save. The Government, you remember, discovered twenty million bond buyers in this country, where only a few hundred thousand bond buyers had been known to exist before. Children saved their pennies for War Savings Stamps. The plain, everyday people—just you and I—were working hard and saving hard.

As soon as the armistice was signed many people thought there would be a reaction, or depression, in industry. They were sort of nervous for a little while. Prices did drop nine points. But there was a lot of money in the country; a lot of it in a form that could easily be spent—namely, those same war savings. Europe still needed at least all the foodstuffs and cotton we could spare, keeping up the demand and the prices. It wasn't long until everybody got over being nervous. There was a natural elation in having the war finished and a smashing victory won. Roughly, everybody said, "We've won the war; there isn't going to be any depression"—and cut loose.

Working Easy and Spending Hard

A whole lot of people stopped working hard and saving hard. They took to working easy and spending hard. Then was when stories of workingmen's eighteen-dollar silk shirts multiplied. Finally, that is why prices went up faster in peace than they had in war; and finally, that's why this headlong drop in prices has happened. There is no use blaming either the rise or the fall on any system or on any far-away, mysterious persons. Brethren, we did it ourselves we plain, everyday citizens. And it's no use looking to any system or patented plan or far-away, mysterious persons to save us from the like again.

I notice that a good many people want to change the cast of the economic movie and put labor in for the villain. It is true that I never had any first-hand experience with labor in the sense of unionized, big-plant workmen. But I know the men who work for wages here in our town, and I suspect that the men who work for wages in Detroit and Pittsburgh—so far, at any rate, as they are mainly fairly intelligent, literate Americans—are pretty much like our carpenters and blacksmiths. Anyhow, I am constitutionally opposed to casting any one set of people for the villain.

My notion is that the city workman, by and large, is as good a fellow and as good a citizen as the rest of us. No doubt he did blow himself pretty scandalously from February, 1919, to June, 1920—and maybe before that too. But if you give almost anybody a big increase in money income he'll be very likely to blow himself. I have noticed that often enough in my own town. And I saw a good deal of silk-shirt business, too, right in this town, where there isn't a solitary member of a labor union so far as I know.

It wasn't by any means the silk shirts alone that turned the trick. I have just been reading a book called Profits, Money and Wages, by David Friday, professor of political economy at the University of Michigan. Seems to me he has got his facts well in hand, and his horse sense too. I am always sure a professor of economics will have plenty of figures; but sometimes I strike one that seems to me shy on facts and near zero in horse sense.

In this book David Friday says, "It is no doubt true that the influence of labor has been the chief cause of increased prices since April, 1919."

He takes it that by the summer of 1920 labor had become only two-thirds—or less—as efficient as it was in 1914. A given number of hands on the pay roll would turn out only two-thirds as much goods; but their wages would be more than twice as much as in 1914. Of course, that meant a big increase in the labor cost of an article, and a lessened output.

Everybody I talked with who was in a position to know anything about it in that peace period, when prices were rising faster than they had risen in war, agreed that

(Concluded on Page 109)

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"Standard" KITCHEN SINKS

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

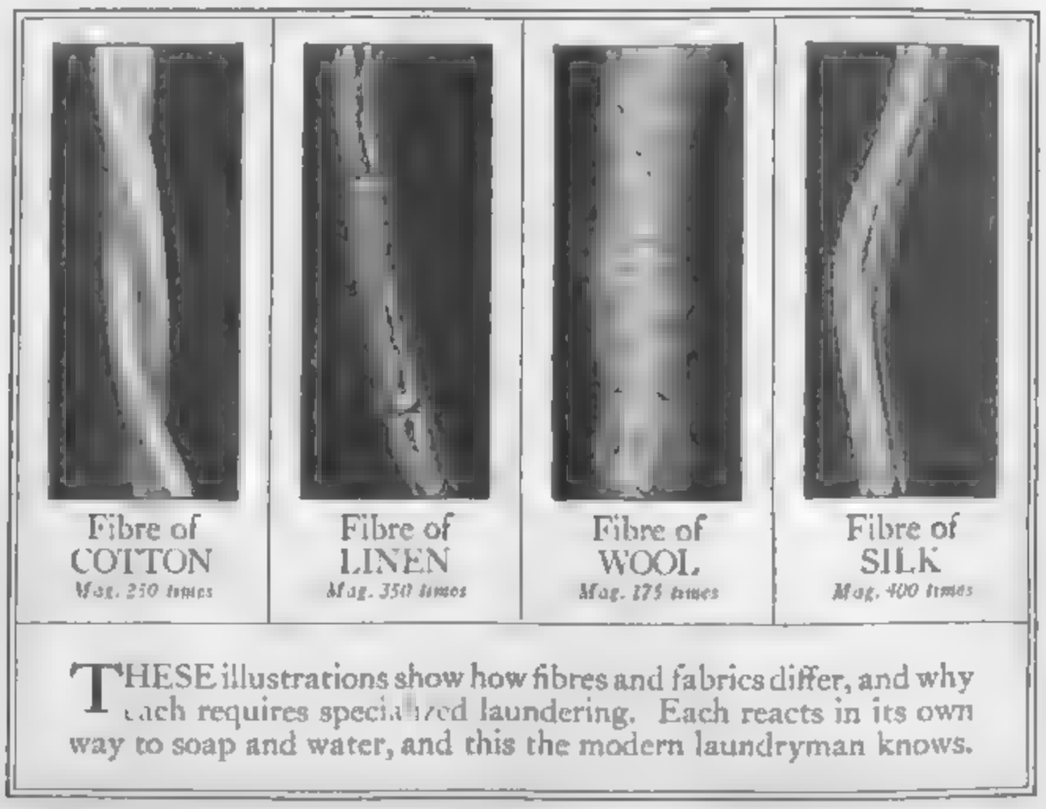
NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST	*EAST ST. LOUIS	16 N. MAIN	*ALTOONA	918 ELEVENTH	KANSAS CITY	921 RIDGE ARCADE
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	MILWAUKEE	428 BROADWAY	SAN FRANCISCO	140-66 BLUXOME
BOSTON	196 DEVONSHIRE	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	*MINNEAPOLIS	11TH	*LOS ANGELES	216-224 S. CENTRAL
PHILADELPHIA	1216 WALNUT	*TOLEDO	311 ERIE	*LOUISVILLE	323 W. MAIN	SYRACUSE	301 HERALD BLDG
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.	*COLUMBUS	168 N. THIRD	*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE. S.	ATLANTA	1217 CITIZENS & SOUTHERN BANK BLDG
*PITTSBURGH	445 WATER	*CANTON	1106 SECOND N. E.	*NEW ORLEANS	546 BARONNE	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*YOUNGSTOWN	458 W. FEDERAL	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AVE. AND SMITH	CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 STANDARD OIL BLDG
*CHICAGO	14 N. PEORIA	*WHEELING	46 EIGHTEENTH	*DALLAS	1200 JACKSON	SEATTLE OFFICE	1714 L. C. SMITH BLDG
*ST. LOUIS	6140 FOREST PARK BLVD.	*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH	*SAN ANTONIO	312 LOSOYA	*TORONTO, CAN.	46 E. RICHMOND
		*ERIE	130 W. TWELFTH	*FORT WORTH	935 MONROE	*HAMILTON, CAN.	20 W. JACKSON

FACTORIES: Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louisville, Ky.; New Brighton, Pa.; Toronto, Can. POTTERIES: Kokomo, Ind.; Tiffin, O.

Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies; Farm Water Supply Systems; Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch. If interested in plumbing fixtures for factories, write for book, "Factory Sanitation."

Cottons, Linens, Woolens, Silks to Wash—

But What Soap Formula?



THESE illustrations show how fibres and fabrics differ, and why each requires specialized laundering. Each reacts in its own way to soap and water, and this the modern laundryman knows.

NO help in the selection of soap was required by housewives in Martha Washington's time. A primitive soap, made from wood ashes and tallow, was the only cleansing agent available.

And this sufficed in most cases, because milord's shirts and milady's "linens" were simple materials—home grown and home spun.

But how different from washday problems of today! Cottons, linens, woolens, silks, and innumerable mixtures each requiring specialized laundering. Soaps, sodas, powders, and a thousand "preparations" to select from.

Which of these is best? How much should be used on a given amount of clothes? What is the effect of a certain soap on silks? On woolens? These are only a few of the questions that come up.

Too often the untrained laundress attempts to use one soap for all. But particular soaps are used for particular purposes in modern laundries—a fine neutral soap for silks and woolens; another to keep colors fast, and still others for other functions and other fabrics.

This, for example, is the prescription recommended by The Laundryowners National Association for the preparation of a suitable soap for washing white goods:

> "Laboratory and commercial-scale observation prove that some form of soda should be employed in washing cotton and linen goods, even when soft water is used. For water of six grains or less of hardness it is recommended that soda be used with soap in the proportion of 5⅓ ounces of soda for every 16 ounces of soap. A stock soap solution may be prepared as follows—Dissolve one pound of neutral flaked soap in two gallons of hot water, agitating with steam until thoroughly dissolved. Stir in 5⅓ ounces of soda ash (or its equivalent) and fill the container up to the four gallon mark with water."

In other details of modern laundering service this same preciseness is observed. In fact, a special corps of investigators who devote themselves exclusively to the study of fabrics, dyes, waters, soaps, and sodas, is maintained by The Laundryowners National Association.

You receive the benefits of this expert service when you send your bundle to a modern laundry—and this service any of the modern laundries in your community can give. Try them and see how competently they will respond.

Mild, neutral chipped soap for washing silks.

Finely proportioned soap solution used for laundering white goods.

Neutral dry soap employed for the washing of woolens.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO., *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

(Concluded from Page 106)

labor was getting less and less efficient—less amenable to discipline, more careless about its job and more careless about the work it was doing.

I noticed that here in our town, and I guess you noticed it in your town. I have a farm, and I noticed it there. I noticed it even here in this small bank.

In my own experience it was usually hard to put my finger on an exact spot that I could raise a row about. But the man I had hired wouldn't show up until fifteen minutes or half an hour after the time he should have gone to work.

And when he did go to work—well, he was dog-gone good-natured about it; sort of like a man fishing, you know; time passing pleasantly and nothing to worry about; if it wasn't done to-day it could be done to-morrow.

I guess that was happening more or less everywhere, and for raising prices that is worse than silk shirts. No doubt it came out strongest in industrial centers and in big plants where many wage earners are employed and where results are more strictly checked up. But I don't want to cast the union workman for the villain. I suppose he was reflecting a pretty general state of mind, just as during the war his exertions to produce and save reflected a general state of mind. I say, let's you and me cast ourselves for the villain of the play. We can get hold of that villain and make him behave.

Finally, working easier and spending harder on the part of you and me were responsible—or more responsible than anything else—for the huge rise in prices since the armistice. That rise in itself predicated a fall, and when the fall began we all went together, so to speak.

To have avoided that nothing was necessary except to have changed our minds, and nothing else would have answered. If we had worked and saved after the armistice as we did during the war there would have been no such huge rise, and then there wouldn't have been so huge a drop.

I say this war and postwar experience points to the remedy. When times are good and prices are going up, trim the ship by increasing the margin of savings. That of itself will keep a brake on the wheels, and if we don't run away in one direction we will not run away in the other. Violent drop is simply the other side of violent rise. An increased margin of savings in good times will steady the ship when it turns on the other tack.

While postwar prices were going up hand over fist after the armistice was signed, some four billion dollars of Liberty Bonds were sold on the stock exchanges. Without doubt a good many of those bonds were sold by people who had saved during the war but were going to spend the money now that war was over. I know three chaps in this town who cashed in their war savings to buy automobiles. Two of them bought on partial payment. Of course, that spending of war savings helped materially to boost prices.

If those same people would come into the market now with their war savings they would not only get more goods for their money, but their buying would help to steady prices.

Hand in hand with soaring prices after the armistice there was a great expansion of credit. The two things always go hand in hand, and there's no use blaming Wall Street or any far-off, mysterious persons for that credit expansion. I could show you something about it from the books of this small bank. But everybody knows that it went on all over the United States, with booms and speculation in farm lands and town lots.

Millions of plain people all over the United States must pay attention to some plain, simple, economic horse sense, and they must take this thing of boom and depression and violent price change right home to themselves, as they did during the war. Then those same millions of people did take it right home to themselves. They were made to realize that looking to acts of Congress or to far-away, mysterious persons would not answer.

They were made to feel that working and saving to win the war was their own individual problem. This other is finally our individual problem.

You and I can prevent these rapid, injurious fluctuations up and down; and if you and I won't, nobody can do it for us.

EASY-GOING

By Lowell Otus Reese

WHEN a wild fanatic climbs upon a box
And with foam upon his whiskers
madly knocks
Everything that we hold dear,
Do we bite him on the ear?
No, we chuckle and we say
"Sassy nut!" and walk away.
We are surely easy-going in the U.
S.
A.

Yes, indeed, we're easy-going in this land
of Yankee Doodle.
When a crooked politician nicks us for a
ton of boodle,
Do we send said politician to express his
deep contrition from a rather cramped
position
In a cell?
Nix! We let him keep the boodle, and go
simply off our noodle
And elect him—it's our nature—to the
coming legislature,
And then, from the meanest beggar to the
town's best-loved bootlegger,
Voice our hearty gratulation and sincerest
admiration in a long, loud acclamation,
For a spell.
But—if he should be a man
Honest, busy, dull and solemn,
He will be an also-ran
In the advertising column.
For we Yankees must have action—never
mind the price we pay;
We are surely easy-going in the U.
S.
A.

Year by year we ride downtown,
Hanging to a greasy strap;
When we finally sit down,
It is in a lady's lap.
Year by year some rude one goes,
Making pathways of our toes;
Then—no wonder, heaven knows!—
We blow up and make a fuss,
Get red-hot beneath the collar;
He can't rub it in on us!
We'll report the blank-dash cuss
If it costs us every dollar
That we've got!
Do we do it?
We do not!

If a dip explores our pocket
And takes everything that's in it,
We go up just like a rocket—
Then forget it in a minute.
But—if he should take a knife
And decapitate our wife,
Why, we seethe with indignation at the foul
assassination and with no procrastination send the villain up for life!
But—if he is good, you know—
Doesn't try to leave the place,
Keeps his teeth as white as snow,
Doesn't slap the warden's face,
Doesn't drink or smoke or chew,
Doesn't murder, steal or fight,
Doesn't rob a train or two,
Doesn't stay out late at night,
Why, we let the poor chap go
In about a year or so.
For no sinister malevolence can dampen our
benevolence;
We're mighty easy-going in the U.
S.
A.

Was I born a poor defective,
Do you think?
Is my ethical perspective
On the blink?
If the crazy things we do
Seem like common sense to you,
Then there's something wrong, I guess,
With my head. But I confess,
To be truthful, I must say, how d'you s'pose
we get that way?
For we're mighty easy-going in the U.
S.
A.

A Series of Pencil Portraits
No. 2—THE SALESMAN

PITY the poor salesman! They used to give him any stray nondescript pencil that happened to be handy. The cheaper the better!

One day, they couldn't read his orders. The battle raged. Then this compromise:—"Give me a good pencil and I'll guarantee the neatest orders you ever saw."

That day the purchasing agent gave him a

DIXON'S ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors:
A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Write For This Booklet
It is called "Finding Your Pencil"

Dixon's Eldorado is made in 17 leads —one for every need or occasion

The ripe berry is at its best for only a few hours.

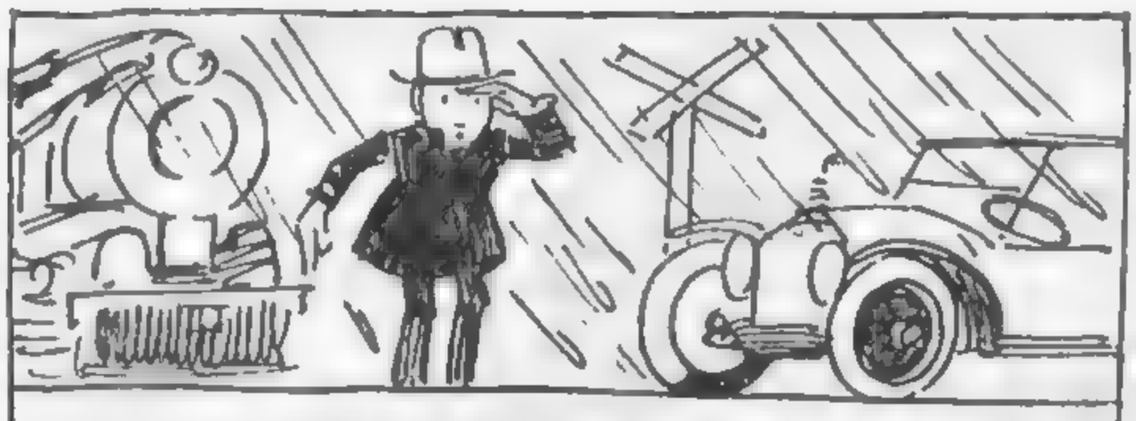
—heavy with flavors and rich juices

That's when PAUL picks it for you and preserves it in pure sugar, at the Kitchens in the Berry Fields.

At your grocer's is PAUL'S JAM, the perfect product of a community.

"From the Valley of the Mountain" is filled with suggestions for enjoying PAUL'S JAM. Send for it

PUYALLUP & SUMNER FRUIT GROWERS CANNING COMPANY
20 Pine Ave Puyallup, Wash.



"If I'd had an Outlook Windshield Cleaner I could have seen without leavin' the car. Now I have a generous feelin' something's comin' my way"

What's the Outlook?

Danger! Loss of population! An accident costly in money and perhaps lives. You can't afford to take such chances. You need an Outlook Windshield Cleaner and you need one before the next cloud crosses the sun. It's the only sure way of *clear vision* in stormy weather. It's the only sure way of comfortable, safe driving. It means *seeing* your way over slippery roads and pavements. In a word, an Outlook Windshield Cleaner is the most practical safety-first accessory you can buy for your car. It can't get out of order. It always works. It costs but two dollars. And you'll bless the day you spent that two, every mile you drive in rain or snow. *Buy now!*

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
5500 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland

OUTLOOK

THE WINDSHIELD CLEANER THAT ALWAYS WORKS

It's easy to make creamy fillings and attractive toppings for pastry, salads and desserts with Angelus Marshmallows—fluffy and fresh, always. What you don't use, serve with cocoa, coffee or as a confection.
Angelus Marshmallows
A most delicious Marshmallow for eating, and in addition especially well adapted for cooking or for making fillings, toppings and desserts.
Toast them whole on open top pies; quarter them and use on fancy cakes; use them whole in puddings and desserts.
Send for free Recipe Book and special instructions for making Angelus cream frostings.
RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Dept. S, Chicago or Brooklyn
Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and other "RELIABLE" Confections
ANGELUS
MARSHMALLOWS

FIREFLIES

(Continued from Page 35)

This flat business, for instance. Gary knew who would pay most of the rent. He knew Stifle for a pompous little baritone with an insipid wife and a genius for excuses. He knew Connie Loew, too, for a small, pennywise, grasping creature who indulged little meanness, justifying this as thrift. Gary felt that he knew who would sleep in the alcove off the kitchen in that flat. So he chilled Shoon's enthusiasm with his tepid approval and then felt miserable and cowardly because he had done it.

"The house is good to-night," he offered, making talk because he felt a subtle resentment in Shoon's manner. "But I'd give a dollar to know what ails that green light. The audience get it but they don't get the whole meaning of it. I've tried every tint I know."

"They're dear to-night," said Shoon casually. "I love them. The nice old men smile and don't applaud and the nice old ladies spat their white gloves together—and the boys in the front rows look so wise. They've seen all the shows in the world, of course, and heard all the music and all the songs." She turned about suddenly. "Why aren't you glad about my flat, Gary? You ought to be glad. After that horrible little room under the roof, with somebody glaring at you across a desk whenever you come in and the vaudeville team quarreling in the next room. Now—I'll be free, Gary. That's what I want—freedom!"

"Do you?" returned Gary, without particular emphasis. "Then I hope you get it. I think I'll put orange silk on that scene next week. That rose-colored drop fights with the music."

"And two black urns," added Shoon.

"Great!" commented Gary. "We think the same way—sometimes—don't we?"

"I'm thinking now that I'd like to walk to-night," said Shoon—"miles and miles."

"All right," agreed Gary, "we'll walk. Here you go now! There's another sour note. Some day I'll kill that saxophone player."

They walked late and very far through a friendly dark, spattered with white, defined pools under the arc lights, through a park that smelled of frosty leaves and the bark of trees, that raw autumnal fragrance which can be as insidious as the perfume of spring, and up to the top of a little hill. There the city lay before them, dark and hollow as the bowl of the sea, spangled with tiny winking lights. The air still held a subtle warmth, and the grass was dry. Shoon stood with her hands in the pockets of her brown sweater, a wool cap pulled down over her hair, poised on the edge of the hill like a brown bird. When she spoke it was suddenly.

"Gary, do you ever feel your soul strain in your body, as though it had wings that were bound down?"

The friendly dark hid Gary's betraying eyes.

"Sometimes," he said. He might have added, "Whenever I look at you." But something canny within him counseled patience. He knew that the heart of Shoon was a sleeping thing; that to waken it rudely was to risk a shock and the shattering of the frail and beautiful dream which he was building laboriously.

Shoon hardly heard him.

"When I stand here something tugs at me. I used to lie on a hill at home and watch the fireflies and wish I could drift out over the world on little flaming wings. I'm happy when I dance, but you can't dance always. You've got to live on the earth. Yet I'm always yearning for the lift of wings on my shoulders."

Gary thought he knew that same helpless surging, that longing for power and for freedom. He knew it at times when pale amethyst inspirations persisted in working out in flat lavender flarings or insipid orchid, streaked and maddening. Lately he had felt it more keenly because he sensed somehow the gropings of Shoon's own wild little soul, and because his own was prone loyally to follow on.

"I know how it is," he said.

"You always understand me, Gary. I don't believe anybody ever did before—nobody in the world."

Shoon took his hand quite unconsciously. They stood poised on the hill, uplifted, searching creatures with youth which was as the strength of the eagle, and then Gary faltered. Shoon's brown fingers were against his palm, her brown hair blew across his face. She was so near—and so dear! Somehow his cheek was pressing hard against the warm wool of her little cap; somehow, drawn it may be by the very ache of him, she was there.

"Nobody loves you as I love you, Shoon," he was saying. "Could you care—ever just a little bit, Shoon? I'm about as miserable a man ——"

His arms held her tight. She was still, hardly breathing, without thrill.

"Could you care—enough to—marry me, Shoon?" he asked her after a little.

And Shoon, in a voice that did not quiver, said: "Why, yes, Gary, if you want me."

And then Gary knew that he had failed. He had not wakened her. He had only roused her to a dazed and dutiful sort of somnambulance which was worse than utter unconsciousness. He kissed her, all the hunger in him on his lips, and Shoon returned the kiss like an obedient child. Gary was disappointed, but he did not despair. At least he had a chance. Some day the bound wings of Shoon's heart would stir, and Gary was too full of the elation of love to realize that they might in their flight alight upon some far, unsearched hilltop. He was content. Shoon had promised to marry him. What more could a man want?

"When?" he asked her as he left her at the lighted door of the Napoli.

Shoon puckered her forehead.

"Oh, not to-night, Gary!" she protested, and he saw with faint amazement that she was not joking. "It's horribly late. To-morrow, maybe. I'll have to do something about my flat."

"We can keep it," said Gary. "Four rooms aren't too much."

"The Stifles and Connie will be disappointed. I do hate to disappoint people."

"I'll tell them. We'll invite them to the wedding."

"And, Gary"—she turned on the glaring steps, halted and came back down—"don't be disappointed in me, will you? I'm not much good. I won't be a very good wife. I hate darning socks and keeping house and all those little cramping things. I—I guess I'm a firefly, Gary."

"If I wanted a cook I'd get one at an employment agency," declared Gary, the unflinching. "Let's see your hand. We'll want a ring."

"Will we? I've never had a ring."

"Ten o'clock? That all right? I'll come at ten then. Good night."

"Good-by, Gary."

A parting like a thousand partings, frank and friendly and without thrill. Gary walked back to his room feeling somehow a little weary. But he kept his optimism burning like a hopeful candle in an indifferent wind. To-morrow he would marry Shoon. She must love him a little—enough for that.

At ten o'clock, in a desolate autumn rain, Shoon and Gary were married. The Stifles were there, holding hands in the dimness of the church; and Connie Loew, sniffing a little; and Morris Tschumy, sitting insolently on the front seat with his felt hat on, looking gross and paunchy and irritable, because everybody knows that marriage is no good for an artiste—and God knows he'd made the girl out of nothing, taught her all she knew, risked good money on the bill—tschk!

At eleven there was a nervous, scrambled sort of wedding breakfast at the St. John's, with Gary laughing a great deal and talking like a man who talks against time, and Shoon smiling and not talking at all, and all the others eating all the food. Then there was the noon rehearsal for the understudies; and after that the matinée, with the principals coming in with raincoats on, growling about their throats; and an hour or so after that to snatch something to eat while Gary flew round trying to get the flat ready before the night performance, so that it was nearly midnight when Shoon and Gary were alone, walking the rain-washed streets in the cool silence. At the door of their apartment building Gary squared his shoulders boyishly.

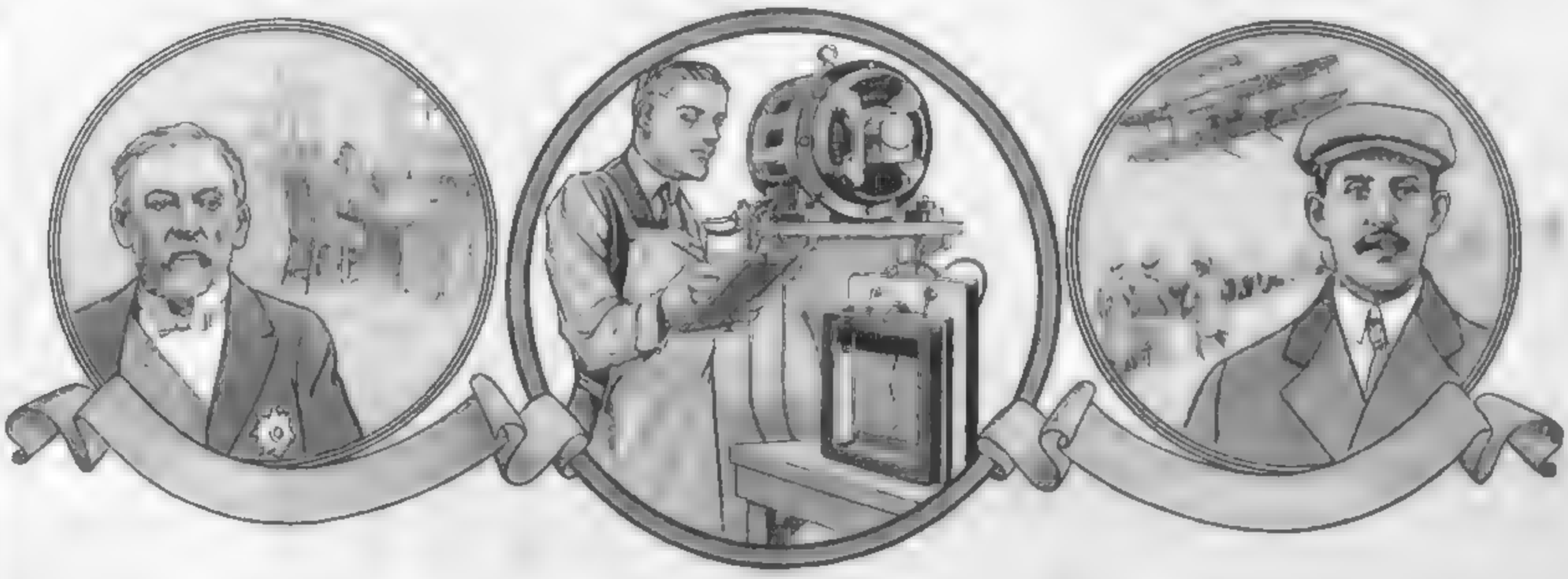
"We're at home, sweetheart," he said.

And it was then that the numbness which had held Shoon all day cracked and rent like a brittle envelope, letting her soul into her eyes—a soul as strange to the

(Continued on Page 113)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

It Is Always The Specialist Who Solves The Great Problems



In medicine, in science and in industry, it is the specialist who forges ahead of the crowd and solves the great problems.

Pasteur would never have made such marvelous contributions to the fight against disease if he had been a general practitioner. Morse would never have given us the telegraph, or Wright the airplane, had they scattered their energies over a dozen fields instead of concentrating in one.

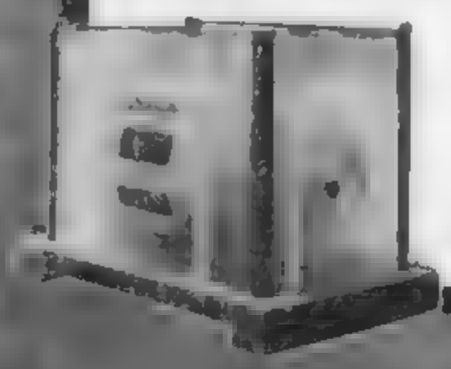
Lincoln Engineers are specialists in a less spectacular but very important field—the *correct* application of electric motors to machinery. They believe that this one field offers opportunity enough for the entire time and effort of any organization no matter how big it may become.

Having no other problems to divert their attention Lincoln Engineers go to the manufacturer of machinery—study the use of the electric motor on each model of his machines—test different types and sizes of motor on it and finally determine the one which will do the work in the best way at the lowest possible cost.

When you buy a machine with a Lincoln Motor attached you are getting the service of a specialist in fitting the power to the machine. The first cost of such a machine and motor is no greater—often less—and the operating cost is always lower than equipment which is bought haphazard—a machine here and a motor there.

Specify that your machinery come direct connected to a Lincoln Motor.

"Link Up With Lincoln"



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Bills of lading, requisitions, shipping records, inventories—how does your organization produce the needed copies of these? With Ditto, swift, exact, economical? Or in the old way, with its endless wastage of time, labor, and materials? Today, efficiency demands Ditto. It is never sold unless it can save. Your office needs it. Send for the Ditto Book and learn why—or, invite him, and the Ditto Man near by will show you where.

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(Continued from Page 110)

lover eyes of Gary Brandon as the thing that shimmers out of a chrysalis is strange. She stood for a moment on the threshold, her hands against her throat, and then she sat down suddenly on the damp doorstep.

"Oh, Gary, I can't!" she cried piteously.

Gary drew a breath like a man stricken with a bullet. But there was a dreary sort of patience in his eyes, the look of a man who has sat all day outside a dreaded door and has seen the latch lift at last. He sat down beside Shoon and took her hand.

"All right, Shoon," he said gently. "All right, dear. I was afraid we were—rushing things. It's been a brute of a day, and you're worn out. Suppose you go upstairs and try to sleep, and I'll run back over to the Napoli."

But Shoon shook her head.

"It isn't that, Gary. It's -oh, I can't—ever! I can't belong! I'd make you wretched! I've got to be free! I want hilltops and the feel of wings on my shoulders. It's miserable, and I hate it, but I can't change it. I've tried—oh, I've tried to-day till I ache! But I can't!"

Gary put an arm round her shoulders—a comforting, brotherly arm.

"It's my fault, Shoon. I wanted you so badly. You ought to have had time. You should have had your mother."

Shoon sat up suddenly.

"Gary, that's what's wrong with me. I'm homesick. I didn't know it till now. This town is so big—and so strange—and I'm tired, Gary. You've been dear, and I tried to fool myself, to fool you—tried to care. But I couldn't. I'm homesick. I want Garby Groom's tree—and the fireflies. Will you let me go home, Gary?"

So Shoon went back home. Gary bought her ticket and kissed her a brotherly farewell at the gate, his young mouth straight and a bit gray. And Morris Tschumy raved in an outraged voice and declared he'd take the piece off the boards. Gary paid the rent on the flat and locked the door and kept the key to look at late of nights, as of course he would. And Hannah O'Neal, her gaunt frame plump and her hands white, because Dan O'Neal was no longer a master plumber but a contractor driving his own sleek sedan, looked at her returning daughter with astounded eyes and exclaimed, "For the love of heaven, what's happened?"

Shoon, a little dashed, set down her suitcase in the hall and kissed her mother warmly.

"Nothing's happened, only that I wanted to come home. Aren't you glad to see me?"

Hannah, who had forgotten her maternal wails over the dubious respectability of a Thespian career in the reflected glory of a daughter whose pictures were printed on the sepia inserts of expensive magazines, embraced that daughter with lukewarm affection.

"Sure, I'm glad," she declared loyally. "Did you give up your job? That's a pity, when you were getting on so fine. Only last night Gordy read a piece about you in the paper. Come upstairs. The girls have company again, but I'll fix you a cot in my room. Always this house is full of company, and the beaus and all—it's enough to drive me wild, what with no good help and Gordy—the only one that was ever any help at all—off to college. Only last night your father was saying that in a week or two we'd run down to the city in the automobile and see Shoon's show. And here you are at home again!"

Within, without, the house was changed. The crayon portraits of the O'Neals and the Burkes were gone from the parlor walls, and in their places hung etchings and color prints. The wash bench had given way to a white garden seat, and a concrete garage replaced the friendly old barn.

The crab apples were gone, except for a few frosted lingerers stuck on the boughs like raisins. But the alley and the ragged common beyond it were not changed. Dried thistles still snatched at Shoon's skirts as she ran across the waste expanse, and cows looked up at her with wistful eyes, searching the frozen grass for sheltered green blades. Against the sky Garby Groom's tree still writhed, the twilight softening its bitter rebelling.

Shoon climbed the little hill slowly. At the top she half expected to see Linton Legare astride the bough, but the bough appeared miraculously frail now, and Linton sat under the tree instead, busily cleaning a shotgun with an oily rag.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought you'd be coming up here. Bryan told me you were back. Rather upset your family, didn't you, getting famous all at once and then chucking the whole thing? Or did you get fired?"

"No," said Shoon, "I didn't get fired."

She wondered how a year could change anyone so much. She had left Linton a callow, dreamy boy with a love for lonely places. Now, somehow, he was suddenly a man, his young face blackened with a beard that needed shaving, lines in his forehead, something missing from his eyes that she had remembered.

"I was homesick, Linton," she confided suddenly. "I missed all this." She gathered in with a hungry gesture the little town under the scudding autumn sky, the twilight coming down thick and gray like shawls against the cold loneliness brooding over the marshes where the fireflies had danced.

"You must see more in it than I do then," he declared with a bit of a rasp in his voice. "Streets that ought to be paved and aren't, houses that ought to be painted and aren't, people with rusty minds and stodgy souls. That's all I see. You raved about freedom—and then you come back to this!"

"That is freedom," argued Shoon, "to come back to the thing you love—whether the coming is wise or foolish."

"I wish I had a chance to get away from it. I have to come up here to do this because mother's afraid of guns. And father—you know what father is. I could have taken a job in the Forestry Service out West, but Great Scott, what a row there would have been!"

Shoon smiled, lip ever so faintly twisted. There had been a row, too, when she had packed her one silk dress and her best slippers and asked Dan O'Neal for money

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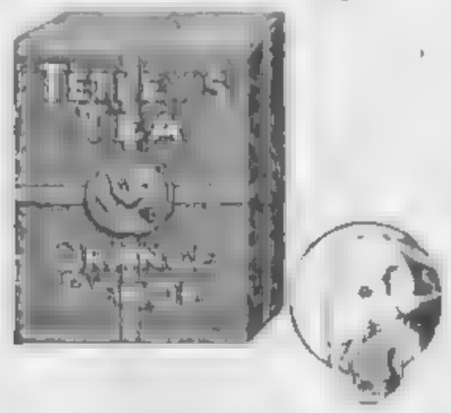

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enough to go to New York. But now her picture was framed on the piano and her father stammered excuses when people asked why she had come home.

"They're having a party to-night," remarked Linton. "Are you going?"

"That's why I came up here," said Shoon. "I don't think that I care for parties."

She did not explain that her refusal to appear at the affair in a spangled gown with jeweled shoulder straps had occasioned much sisterly acrimony, caused her mother to look distressed and her father to demand of his wife outside the door what the devil was the matter with Shoon. She had been stubborn and unkind, she knew. But somehow the thought of that merrymaking, the blatant phonograph records, the jostling dances in the dining room, the shrill stage-struck girls, the boys adolescent and dumb or sophisticated and glib, turned her cold. She couldn't. They were her own, and dear, but she couldn't. They would want her to dance, of course, to blaring jazz music under the light of the parlor chandelier. She couldn't!

"I—I asked the Harrison girl," Linton was stammering. "I didn't know you were coming home. But if you want me to I can break the date."

"Oh, no"—Shoon's protest held a bit too much emphasis—"you mustn't do that!"

He scrambled up.

"Got to be getting along," he remarked uneasily. "Got to shave and everything."

Shoon watched him skitter down the hill—Linton, who collected dead things, dead things pasted on cards and labeled. She had lost a friend now, likely—grown up. Strange how people changed in one year. She did not change. She knew it. She was always the same—desiring nothing but to be free. She sat down in the dry, cold grass. Dark was coming down in heavy palls of gray. There were no fireflies now. Frost had driven them away. Shoon stiffened a little. A thought was troubling her.

Even the fireflies were not free. There was the frost. They danced because they loved it—or was it to make the dark marshes glad, to brighten a dreary place? Was nothing free? Nothing in the world? She stood up. How foolish she had been! Searching always for freedom—which meant only selfishness. Selfish! That was it! When even the stupid fireflies carried a bit of flame into gloomy places. She saw now how it was all planned—the world. You danced, and if you loved to dance, so much the better; but you danced and flashed your little spark to brighten what was drear. And if monotony engulfed you—if darning socks chafed you, or people with their little pleasures and their little pains—if the ducks ate you—that was the way of it. How foolish she had been not to see! And Gary—she could not think of Gary. She had held his heart between her hands, and had thrown it aside as a silly child might toss a diamond into the stubble to run after a firefly. Her throat hurt with a sudden demanding pain, but she knew what she had to do. Life was plain, since the fireflies were all hidden from the frost.

She ran down the hill and over the common and across the garden, which was now a tennis court lined with white. She burst into the kitchen, where Kate, in a silk petticoat, with a bath towel round her shoulders, was scrubbing out cups and her mother was setting plates out on the tables, and there was a smell of coffee and of flowers and of mayonnaise.

"I'll dance at your party," Shoon told them simply.

So she danced. The music was pretty bad. The light was bad, too, Dan O'Neal having run enthusiastically to prisms when he bought the chandelier; but the audience was still and under the spell of her in a minute, so still and tense that no one noticed when Bryan slid out of his corner and opened the front door to admit a belated guest.

Shoon, in the dragon-fly gown of black and sapphire and silver, looked up flushed and smiling at the end of her dance straight into a strong, wistful face, straight into the eyes of Gary Brandon. In that minute she knew that the world was good—that the firefly wins at last the reward of his bright flitting.

"Mother," she cried with a happy little laugh, "this is Gary. It—it's a surprise. We were married—yesterday!"

Hannah O'Neal's kind heart, which would never grow too old to warm with romance, leaped into her brave face.

"God bless you, lad!" she cried a bit huskily. "Sure—take his hat, some of you! And do you get him a chair, Bryan—you stand there like you were struck dumb. Fetch another plate, Kate—it's a new brother you have here, with a good name too. Son, 'tis a heedless lot you've married into, and the one you got the wildest of them all. Do you sit down while I get you a cup of coffee."

But Gary Brandon never heard a word of it.

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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

of the marketing policy on Signet Inks and LePage's adhesives

—how it works for better service to the consumer—
for bigger, better business for the trade

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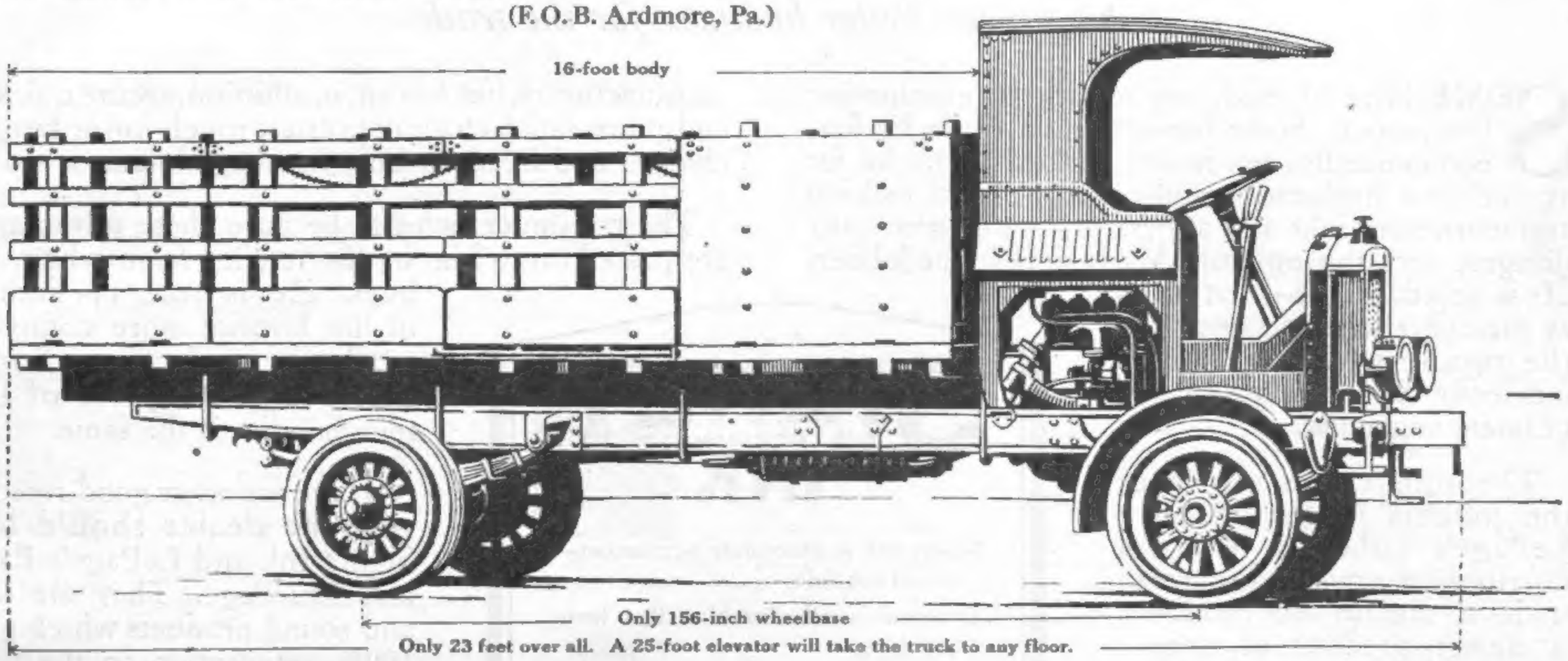

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